IMOGEN AND BELARIUS.
Cymbeline, Act III., Scene vi.

Edition De Luxe

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME SIX

CYMBELINE
TWELFTH NIGHT
MACBETH
MEASURE FOR MEASURE

PR
2754
.H3
vol. 6

THE HAMILTON BOOK CO.,
NEW YORK.

43077

Copyright, 1911
BY
THE HAMILTON BOOK COMPANY

Cymbeline

CONCORDIA COLLEGE LIBRARY
BRONXVILLE, N. Y. 10708

CYMBELINE.

Preface.

The First Edition. *"The Tragedie of Cymbeline"* was first printed in the Folio of 1623; it is the last play in the volume, where it occupies pp. 369-399 (misprinted 993). It has been found desirable to remove it from its position in the Folio so that it may be included in this volume of "Comedies."

The place of *Cymbeline* in the First Folio has led some critics to infer that it was included late, and as an afterthought. The text of the play is certainly unsatisfactory, and possibly represents in many cases the Poet's "rough-cast notes" rather than his finished work.

Doubtful Passages. The Vision in Act V. Sc. iv. was probably by some other hand than Shakespeare's; it recalls the problems connected with the *Masque* in the Fourth Act of *The Tempest;* in both cases it is important to remember the fondness for this species of composition during the reign of James I. The Vision may have been inserted for some special Court representation.

The exquisite simplicity of the dirge sung by the brothers over the grave of Fidele (Act IV. Sc. ii.) seems to have raised doubts in the minds of certain commentators as to the authenticity of the lines; they have found "something strikingly inferior" in the concluding couplets, both in thought and expression; they would reject, as "additions,"

> *"Golden lads and girls all must,*
> *As chimney-sweepers, come to dust,"*

preferring no doubt Collins's more elegant rendering:—

"To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring!"

The "Tragedy" of Cymbeline. The editors of the First Folio erred in describing *Cymbeline* as a "Tragedy," and in placing it in the division of "Tragedies"; '*all is outward sorrow*' at the opening of the story, but its close is attuned to the harmony of peace and happiness, and the play thus satisfies the essential conditions of "Romantic Comedy," or more properly of Shakespearian "Tragi-Comedy,"—life's commingling of tears and laughter, sorrow and joy, joy triumphant in the end.

Date of Composition. No positive evidence exists for the date of composition of *Cymbeline;* the probabilities are in favour of 1609-10.

This limit may be fixed from a notice in the MS. *Diary* of Dr. Simon Forman, a notorious quack and astrologer. His *"Book of Plaies and Notes thereof for common Pollicie"** shows him an enthusiastic play-goer; it contains his reports of three Shakespearian representations at the Globe Theatre in 1610-11; *Macbeth* is referred to under the former year (possibly an error for 1611); *The Winter's Tale* was witnessed on the 15th of May, 1611, two or three months before the diarist's death; *Cymbeline* unfortunately has no date assigned; there is merely the statement, preceding an epitome of the plot,—

"Remember also the story of Cymbalin, King of England in Lucius' time."

Cymbeline's influence on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* (*cp.* the characters of Imogen and Euphrasia†) is

* Among the Ashmolean MSS. (208) in the Bodleian Library; privately printed by Halliwell-Phillipps.

† As a single instance of the borrowings, in thought and phraseology, the following may be noted:—

"The gods take part against me; could this boor
Have held me thus else?" (*Philaster,* IV. i.).

Cp. Cymbeline, V. ii. 2-6.

noteworthy: the date of the latter play cannot be definitely fixed, but the evidence points to *circa* 1610-11; 1608 is the earliest date critics have assigned to it. Similarly Webster's "*White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona,*" printed in 1612, and written *circa* 1608, owes some of its tenderest touches to the most striking scenes in *Cymbeline.*

The relation of these two plays, to the present play, as well as certain striking resemblances between scenes and situations in *Cymbeline* and *Macbeth* (*e.g.* Act II. ii., compared with *Macbeth,* Act II.*), have led to the conjecture that some portions of the work were written as early as 1606-7, the whole being completed in 1609-10; one scholar assigns to the former date Act II. Sc. i., and Act V. Sc. ii.-v.† Another scholar‡ calls attention to a change of treatment to be found in the character of Cloten; in the earlier scenes "he is a mere fool" (*e.g.* I. iii., II. i.); in the later "he is by no means deficient in manliness, and the lack of his counsel is regretted by the King in Act IV. Sc. i." He finds in Act III. Sc. v. corroboration of his view, pointing out that the prose part is a subsequent insertion, having some slight discrepancies with the older parts of the scene. According to this view the story of Cymbeline and his sons, the tribute, etc., in the last three acts, was written at an earlier time, in 1606.§

More important than these questionable theories are the unmistakable links connecting *Cymbeline* with the Shakespearian fragment of *Pericles,* with *The Tempest,* and especially with *The Winter's Tale*—the crowning glories of the close of the Poet's literary life; what the

* Some of the parallels are certainly noteworthy; thus, the reference to Tarquin (ll. 12-14) recalls '*Tarquin's ravishing strides*' (*Macb.,* II i. 55, 56); "*lac'd with blue of heaven's own tinct*" (ll. 22, 23) may be compared with Duncan's '*silver skin laced with his golden blood*' (*Macb.,* II. iii. 118), etc.

† G. M. Ingleby (*cp.* his edition of "*Cymbeline,*" 1886).

‡ F. G. Fleay.

§ *Cp.* "*A Chronicle History of the Life and Works of William Shakespeare.*"

present writer has said of one of these may be said of all: "On all of them his gentle spirit seems to rest; "Timon the Misanthrope' no longer delights him; his visions are of human joy—scenes of forgiveness, reconciliation, and peace—a world where father is re-united with child, husband with wife, brother with brother, friend with friend. Like his own Miranda, Shakespeare in these Romances again finds the world beautiful:—

> *'O wonder!*
> *How many goodly creatures are there here!*
> *How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world*
> *That has such people in 't!'*

Perhaps, after all, John Heminge and Henry Condell knew what they were about, when, in defiance of chronology and of their own classification, they opened their precious Folio with the wonders of Prospero's enchanted island, and closed it with 'the divine comedy' of 'Posthumus and Imogen.'

Sources of the Plot. The main plot of the play is the love-story of Posthumus and Imogen: this theme, with the famous 'wager-*motif*' and the 'chest intrigue,' is set in a framework of pseudo-British History, and blended with episodes belonging to that mythical epoch.

I. The Historical Element. So far as the names of the British King (whose reign was contemporary with the birth of Christ), his two sons, and stepson, are concerned, the historical element was derived from Holinshed's *Chronicles of England* (Bk. III.; ch. xiii.-xviii.); some few meagre incidents were taken from the same source, notably the original of Posthumus's account of the battle, and of his description of the changed fortunes of the fight, summed up in '*a narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.*' The source of this episode is found in Holinshed's *History of Scotland,* near the chapters dealing with the story of *Macbeth.*

The mere name of the heroine is also to be found in Holinshed's account of ancient British story; but it is clear that Shakespeare was already familiar with the name when engaged on *Much Ado About Nothing*; in the opening stage-direction of this play "Innogen" is actually mentioned as "the wife of Leonato."

II. The Story of Imogen. The story of Imogen was derived, directly or indirectly, from the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio; it is one of the Second Day Stories, "wherein was discoursed of those who after being baffled by divers chances have won at last of a joyful issue beyond their hope." The Ninth Story tells "*how Bernabo of Genoa, duped by Ambrogiulo, loseth his good and commandeth that his innocent wife be put to death. She escapeth and serveth the Soldan in a man's habit. Here she lighteth upon the deceiver of her husband and bringeth the latter to Alexandria, where her traducer being punished, she resumeth woman's apparel and returneth with her husband, rich.*"

This rough outline of the plot, at the head of Boccaccio's story, indicates, somewhat at least, how far Shakespeare's version departs from the Italian. Shakespeare may have read the story as told in the *Decamerone,* but there were many other renderings of the theme, which, perhaps originally belonging to Byzantine literature, found a place in Old French Romance and Drama long before it reached Italy; in all probability "*The Romance of the Violet,*" by Gerbert de Montruil, *circa* 1225, was the source of Boccaccio's novel.

From the French, rather than from the Italian, were derived the oldest German and Scandinavian stories of "*The Four Merchants; or, The Virtuous Wife.*" Some such English variant of the Imogen story was probably current in England in the sixteenth century, and may account for certain features of the play; *e.g.* the introduction in Act I. Sc. iv. of the representatives of the four

nationalities,* but it is not at all unlikely that Shakespeare was also acquainted with Boccaccio's narrative. A curious English version appeared in a tract entitled "*Westward for Smelts,*" which was published in 1620; its chief interest lies perhaps in the fact that the story is there associated with English history, and referred to the times of Edward IV.†

III. Imogen and Snow-white. Certain elements of the plot have still to be accounted for:—*e.g.* (i.) the story of the wicked step-dame, with her subtle interest in the poisonous properties of herbs: (ii.) the stealing of the princes, and their free life in the wilds and in their cave-home: (iii.) Fidele's happy life with them in the cave; its sudden end; the re-awakening from death. These, and other points, serve to knit together the two main threads of the plot, but they are nowhere to be found in Holinshed, nor in Boccaccio, nor in the many variants of the "wager-story." The bare enumeration of the three elements must, I think, serve to establish Shakespeare's obligation to another source,—to a folk-story still among the most popular of all nursery tales,—the story of "Little Snow-white." The fairy tale as known to modern English children has come to them from Germany, but there can be little doubt that an English "Snow-white" was known to Shakespeare in his own youth, and was perhaps even dearer to him than the stories of "Childe Rowland" and "Mr. Fox" (*vide King Lear,* III. iv. 188, and *Much Ado About Nothing,* I. i. 216-218). These latter fairy tales are happily still preserved among the

* It is interesting to note that not only was the story of "*The Four Merchants*" well known in Denmark in the XVIth century, but during the same century Iceland had ballads and rhymes on the same theme; the writer possesses transcripts of several such versions.

† Malone alludes to an edition of 1603; but he probably made a mistake; the book may have existed in manuscript years befor . its publication.

treasures of "English Fairy Tales": some day perhaps Shakespeare's "Snow-white" may be added; one would, however, be much surprised if it differed strikingly from the tale so dear to us from infancy.

In the tale as in the play we have (i.) a weak king surrendering his child to the tender mercies of a cruel stepmother, who, to quote from the popular version, "was a beautiful woman, but proud and haughty"; (ii.) the cottage of the dwarfs which gives Snow-white shelter is described in the best and truest versions as a cave in the forest; (iii.) Snow-white, hungry and thirsty, enters the cave uninvited, and is found by the kindly dwarfs, much in the same way as Fidele by Belarius, Guiderius and Arviragus. "Oh, heavens! oh, heavens!" cried the dwarfs, "what a lovely child!" *'By Jupiter an Angel!'* quoth Belarius,

> *'or if not,*
> *An earthly paragon!'* . . .

(iv.) The dwarfs said, "If you will take care of our house, cook, and make the beds, wash, sew, and knit, you can stay with us and you shall want for nothing." Even so was it with Fidele.

> *'But his neat cookery! he cut our roots*
> *In characters,*
> *And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick*
> *And he her dieter.'* . . .

(v.) "Snow-white," the story tells us, "kept the house in order for them; in the mornings they went to the mountains and looked for copper and gold, in the evenings they came back, and then their supper had to be ready. The girl was alone the whole day, so the good dwarfs warned her and said, 'Beware of your stepmother, she will soon know that you are here; be sure to let no one come in.'" . . . The situation is practically identical in the play, save that Imogen's wicked stepmother need not visit her, for she works her evil power by means of the poisoned cordial. Both in the play and in the tale

the poison sends the victim into a death-like trance. (vi) The simple narrative of the nursery story is perhaps the best commentary on the sweetest scene of the play, the finding of Fidele dead—'*the bird is dead that we have made so much on*'—and the burial, the sorrow of the princes, and their dirge. "Snow-white was dead, and remained dead. The dwarfs laid her upon a bier, and all seven of them sat round it and wept for her, and wept three days long. Then they were going to bury her, but she still looked as if she were living, and still had her pretty red cheeks. They said '*we cannot bury her in the dark ground,*' and they had a transparent coffin of glass made. They put the coffin out upon the mountains, and one of them always stayed by it and watched it. And birds came too, and wept for Snow-white; first an owl, then a raven, and last a dove." Beneath all the complexity of plot created by Shakespeare, this original can still clearly be detected; in the play the homely robin, '*the ruddock,*' does service for the owl, the raven, and the dove of the story. The parallels might easily be multiplied. These will perhaps suffice to show that Imogen, '*the sweetest, fairest lily,*' and Fidele, '*that sweet rosy lad,*' owed something of their beauty to the child "white as snow, as red as blood, and with hair as black as ebony." "Imogen" is in very deed "Snow-white," the best beloved of childhood's heroines, transfigured as manhood's ideal of all womanly perfection.

"Hang there like Fruit, my Soul,
Till the Tree Die."

Coin of Cymbeline (the Cunobelinus of early British history).

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. The displeasure of Cymbeline, King of Britain, is aroused against Posthumus, a gentleman who has presumed to wed the King's daughter, Imogen, and Posthumus is sent into exile. Arriving in Rome, he encounters an evil-minded Italian named Iachimo, who casts aspersions on the chastity of all women, and offers to wager that he will work the dishonour of Imogen. Posthumus has such confidence in his wife's integrity that he consents to the trial. Iachimo proceeds to the British court and, not succeeding in his open overtures with Imogen, has recourse to stealth.

II. He gains admittance to her bedchamber by having himself carried there in a trunk. While she sleeps he takes off a bracelet from her arm and obtains a mental description of her room and person. Armed with this circumstantial evidence, he returns to Posthumus and is enabled thereby to convince him of Imogen's guilt.

III. The misguided husband sends an order to his faithful servant Pisanio to put Imogen to death; which order is disregarded by Pisanio, who instead induces Imogen to disguise herself in male attire and go in search of Posthumus. By this flight she is likewise enabled to escape the malice of the Queen, her stepmother, and the disagreeable attentions of the Queen's son, Cloten. While traversing the mountainous country of Wales, Imogen by chance pauses faint and hungry

before a cave wherein dwells Belarius, a banished nobleman, disguised as a peasant, who, in revenge for his unjust banishment, had abducted the king's two sons some twenty years before. The princes, now fully grown, though ignorant of their descent and also of the identity of the stranger, are strongly attracted to Imogen by the subtle tie of blood, and entertain her hospitably.

IV. Cloten arrives before the cave in pursuit of Imogen, and is slain in a duel by one of the princes. His headless body is left lightly covered with leaves and flowers. Imogen, having on her person a poison prepared by the Queen, swallows it under the belief that it is a soothing cordial, and immediately falls into a deep sleep resembling death. The heart-broken princes lay her body beside that of Cloten. Shortly after she awakes from her stupor and mistakes the headless body for that of her lost lord Posthumus. In her despair she seeks service as page with a Roman general who is just then invading Britain.

V. With the Roman army come Iachimo and Posthumus. A battle is fought against the forces of Cymbeline. Posthumus in the garb of a peasant fights valorously for Britain. Belarius and the two princes also render signal service to Cymbeline, aiding him to rout the Romans. The service paves the way for a reconciliation between Belarius and the king, in which the former reveals the identity of the two long-lost princes.

Among the prisoners taken are Iachimo and Imogen, the supposed page. The Italian makes confession of his villainy, and Imogen is restored to Posthumus, whom the king receives again into favour. The malicious Queen dies in despair at the frustration of her designs.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Imogen.

Imogen, like Juliet, conveys to our mind the impression of extreme simplicity in the midst of the most wonderful complexity. To conceive her aright, we must take some peculiar tint from many characters, and so mingle them that, like the combination of hues in a sunbeam, the effect shall be as one to the eye. We must imagine something of the romantic enthusiasm of Juliet, of the truth and constancy of Helen, of the dignified purity of Isabel, of the tender sweetness of Viola, of the self-possession and intellect of Portia—combined together so equally and so harmoniously that we can scarcely say that one quality predominates over the other. But Imogen is less imaginative than Juliet, less spirited and intellectual than Portia, less serious than Helen and Isabel; her dignity is not so imposing as that of Hermione—it stands more on the defensive; her submission, though unbounded, is not so passive as that of Desdemona; and thus, while she resembles each of these characters individually, she stands wholly distinct from all.

It is true that the conjugal tenderness of Imogen is at once the chief subject of the drama and the pervading charm of her character; but it is not true, I think, that she is merely interesting from her tenderness and constancy to her husband. We are so completely let into the essence of Imogen's nature that we feel as if we had known and loved her before she was married to Posthumus, and that her conjugal virtues are a charm superadded, like the colour laid upon a beautiful groundwork. Neither does it appear to me that Posthumus is unworthy of Imogen, or only interesting on Imogen's account. His character, like those of all the other persons of the drama, is kept subordinate to hers; but this could not be otherwise, for she is the proper sub-

ject—the heroine of the poem. Everything is done to ennoble Posthumus and justify her love for him; and though we certainly approve him more for her sake than for his own, we are early prepared to view him with Imogen's eyes, and not only excuse, but sympathize in her admiration. . . .

One thing more must be particularly remarked, because it serves to individualize the character from the beginning to the end of the poem. We are constantly sensible that Imogen, besides being a tender and devoted woman, is a princess and a beauty, at the same time that she is ever superior to her position and her external charms. There is, for instance, a certain airy majesty of deportment—a spirit of accustomed command breaking out every now and then—the dignity, without the assumption, of rank and royal birth, which is apparent in the scene with Cloten and elsewhere; and we have not only a general impression that Imogen, like other heroines, is beautiful, but the peculiar style and character of her beauty are placed before us. We have an image of the most luxuriant loveliness, combined with exceeding delicacy, and even fragility of person; of the most refined elegance and the most exquisite modesty.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

III.

The Antecedents of Imogen.

As in Cleopatra and Cressida we had woman determined solely by her sex, so in Imogen we have an embodiment of the highest possible characteristics of womanhood—untainted health of soul, unshaken fortitude, constancy that withstands all trials, inexhaustible forbearance, unclouded intelligence, love that never wavers, and unquenchable radiance of spirit. She, like Marina, is cast into the snake-pit of the world. She is

slandered, and not, like Desdemona, at second or third hand, but by the very man who boasts of her favours and supports his boast with seemingly incontrovertible proofs. Like Cordelia, she is misjudged; but whereas Cordelia is merely driven from her father's presence along with the man of her choice, Imogen is doomed to death by her cruelly-deceived husband, whom alone she adores; and through it all she preserves her love for him unweakened and unchanged.

Strange—very strange! In Imogen we find the fullest, deepest love that Shakespeare has ever placed in a woman's breast, and that although *Cymbeline* follows close upon plays which were filled to the brim with contempt for womankind. He believed, then, in such love, so impassioned, so immovable, so humble—believed in it now? He had, then, observed or encountered such a love—encountered it at this point of his life?

Even a poet has scant enough opportunities of observing love. Love is a rare thing, much rarer than the world pretends, and when it exists, it is apt to be sparing of words. Did he simply fall back on his own experiences, his own inward sensations, his knowledge of his own heart, and, transposing his feelings from the major to the minor key, place them on a woman's lips? Or did he love at this moment, and was he himself thus beloved at the end of the fifth decade of his life? The probability is, doubtless, that he wrote from some quite fresh experience, though it does not follow that the experience was actually his own. It is not often that women love men of his mental habit and stature with such intensity of passion. The rule will always be that a Molière shall find himself cast aside for some Comte de Guiche, a Shakespeare for some Earl of Pembroke. Thus we cannot with any certainty conclude that he himself was the object of the passion which had revived his faith in a woman's power of complete and unconditional absorption in love for one man, and for him alone. In the first place, had the experience been his

own, he would scarcely have left London so soon. Yet the probability is that he must just about this time have gained some clear and personal insight into an ideal love. In the public sphere, too, it is not unlikely that Arabella Stuart's undaunted passion for Lord William Seymour, so cruelly punished by King James, may have afforded the model for Imogen's devotion to Posthumus in defiance of the will of King Cymbeline.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

IV.

Posthumus.

The design of the play evidently required that Posthumus should be kept in the background. For he could not be in the foreground without staying beside Imogen; staying there, he could not be cheated out of his faith in her; in which case there would be no chance for the trial and proof of her constancy. Hence the necessity of putting so much respecting him into the mouths of the other persons; and certainly their tongues are rich enough in praise of him. It was no easy thing to carry him through the part assigned him in the play, without disqualifying overmuch the lady's judgement in choosing him; and the Poet manifestly labours somewhat to plant such second-hand impressions of him as may secure the vindication of her choice in our thoughts. For he clearly meant that her wisdom and insight, as approved in other things, should serve to us as a pledge and guaranty of his worth; that "by her election should be truly read what kind of man he is." And not the least of his merits as an artist is the skill he has in making his characters so utter themselves as at the same time to mirror one another. And so here, being forced either to withdraw Posthumus from our immediate view, or else to set him before us in a somewnat

unfavourable light, the best thing he could do, was to give us a reflection of him from Imogen; and if that reflection, confirmed as it is by others, be not enough, there was no help for it; it was the best that the nature of the case admitted of. And surely it were something bold in any man to wage his own judgement in a matter of this kind against such a woman's as Imogen; for, as Campbell says, "she hallows to the imagination every thing that loves her, and that she loves in return."

Still we can hardly keep quit of the suspicion, that his high credit with her and others is partly owing to the presence of such a foil as Cloten, in comparison with whom he is an angel of a man indeed. And at all events one cannot choose but wish that the Poet had made him hold out a little more firmly against the forged or stolen evidences of his wife's infidelity, and keep his faith at least till the last and strongest item was produced. It is observable, that the Poet represents his very fulness of confidence at first as rendering him all the more liable to the reverse in the contingency that is to arrive: because he is perfectly sure that no proofs of success can be shown by Iachimo, therefore, when some such proofs *are* shown, he falls the more readily into the opposite state. And this, undoubtedly, is in the right line of nature. For to shake the confidence of such a man in such a case is to invert it all into distrust at once. The character of Posthumus is crowned with a liberal measure of redemption in the latter part of the play. After his revenge, as he believes, has been taken, his exceeding bitterness of remorse and penitence turn our revenge into pity; for his experience presses home to our hearts as well as his own, that, "though those who are betray'd do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor stands in worse case of woe"; and his persevering quest of death finally repeals the feeling which we should otherwise be apt to have, that death were none too bad for him.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

Cloten.

Life at court is beset with treacherous quicksands. The king is stupid, passionate, perpetually misguided; the queen is a wily murderess; and between them stands her son, Cloten, one of Shakespeare's most original figures, a true creation of genius, without a rival in all the Poet's long gallery of fools and dullards. His stupid inefficiency and undisguised malignity have nothing in common with his mother's hypocritical and supple craft; he takes after her in worthlessness alone.

For the sake of an inartistic stage effect, Shakespeare has endowed him with a bodily frame indistinguishable from that of the handsome Posthumus, leaving it to his head alone to express the world-wide difference between them. But how admirably has the Poet characterised the dolt and boor by making him shoot forth his words with an explosive stammer! With profound humour and delicate observation, he has endowed him with the loftiest notions of his own dignity, and given him no shadow of doubt as to his rights. There are no bounds to his vanity, his coarseness, his bestiality. If words could do it, not a word of his but would wound others to the quick. And not only his words, but his intents are of the most malignant; he would outrage Imogen at Milford Haven and "spurn her home" to her father. His stupidity, fortunately, renders him less dangerous, and with delicate art Shakespeare has managed to make him from first to last produce a comic effect, thereby softening the painful impression of the portraiture. We take pleasure in him as in Caliban, whom he foreshadows, and who had the same designs upon Miranda as he upon Imogen. We might even describe Caliban as Cloten developed into a type, a symbol.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VI.

The Royal Pair.

The Queen—whose guilty machinations threaten to be the ruin of Posthumus, who holds the reins of government in her own hands, and has the intention of directing the fortunes of all, in accordance with her own resolves—lives to see all her plans thwarted, and in the end herself falls a victim to the destructive power of her own wickedness. Cymbeline, the husband, father and king—who is more or less directly affected by the complications in the lives of all the others, hence as it were, the point where all the radii of the wide circle meet, and from which they in the first instance proceed, and upon whom everything turns although he himself appears the least active—forms the quiescent centre of the action, and in his undutiful lassitude and passiveness regulates the fortunes of all, but is ultimately obliged to take all their fortunes upon himself. The drama, therefore, very justly bears his name.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

VII.

Iachimo and Pisanio.

The part of Iachimo illustrates, though not on a very large scale, Shakespeare's peculiar science and learned dealing in the moral constitution of man. At our first meeting with Iachimo, he is in just that stage of moral sickness, that he must be worse before he can be better; and in his sharp practice on the wager his disease reaches the extreme point which, even because it is extreme, starts a process of moral revolution within him; setting him to a hard diet of remorse and repentance, and conducting him through these to renovation and health. So that his treachery is one of those large

overdoses of crime which sometimes have the effect of purging off men's criminality. Such is the cunning leechcraft of nature: out of men's vices she hatches scorpions to lash and sting them into virtue.

Those who think poetry dwells more in the palace than the cottage, and that Shakespeare is apt to postpone the rights of untitled manhood in favour of conventional aristocracy, may be sent to school to Pisanio; who is, socially, the humblest person in the drama, yet his being is "all compact" of essential heroism. His action shows not one self-regarding thought or purpose; he alone seems to live and breathe purely for others. And what shrewdness, what forecast, what fertility of beneficence there is in him! His character is lifted into the highest region of poetry by his oblivion of self; and even those whom he serves derive much of their poetry from his self-forgetting, incorruptible loyalty to them.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Guiderius and Arviragus.

The two Princes, Guiderius and Arviragus, both educated in the wilds, form a noble contrast to Miranda and Perdita. Shakspeare is fond of showing the superiority of the natural over the artificial. Over the art which enriches nature, he somewhere says, there is a higher art created by nature herself. As Miranda's unconscious and unstudied sweetness is more pleasing than those charms which endeavour to captivate us by the brilliant embellishments of a refined cultivation, so in these two youths, to whom the chase has given vigour and hardihood, but who are ignorant of their high destination, and have been brought up apart from human society, we are equally enchanted by a naïve heroism which leads them to anticipate and to dream of deeds of valour, till an occasion is offered which they are

irresistibly compelled to embrace. When Imogen comes in disguise to their cave; when, with all the innocence of childhood, Guiderius and Arviragus form an impassioned friendship for the tender boy, in whom they neither suspect a female nor their own sister; when, on their return from the chase, they find her dead, then "sing her to the ground," and cover the grave with flowers:—these scenes might give to the most deadened imagination a new life for poetry. If a tragical event is only apparent in such case, whether the spectators are already aware of it or ought merely to suspect it, Shakspeare always knows how to mitigate the impression without weakening it: he makes the mourning musical, that it may gain in solemnity what it loses in seriousness.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

IX.

Elements and Construction.

If Cymbeline is deliberately detached from history, his queen and their children transport us into manifest faerie. The evil stepmother, with her malign beauty, culling the poison-flowers "while yet the dew's on the ground," is a witch *manquée*, a Medea not quite perfect in her part; her clownish son is a Caliban made slightly more human and considerably more vulgar; Imogen, with all her added wealth of mind and heart, yet clearly betrays the lineaments of the peerless princess whom the malign stepmother pursues and good fairies defend; while the whole episode of her life in the cave with her unknown brothers, her seeming death and burial, differs from the *Märchen* of *Schneewittchen* ("Little Snowwhite") only as the poetry which moves wholly within the human sphere and is wrought out in dramatic detail and imaginative phrase differs from the naïve poetry of the fairy tale. The evil stepmother provides her

"poison" by the aid of a physician; the kindly dwarfs become valiant young hunters, and Schneewittchen's crystal coffin becomes a woodland bed of flowers and moss lightly sprinkled on the face of the seeming dead.

It can hardly be denied that these several elements of story are not quite faultlessly wrought together. The complex mechanism of the plot is lubricated by a free use of happy coincidences and fortuities, and explained by conversations and soliloquies which serve merely to explain it. It is even possible to maintain that the motley contrast of the interwoven motives has here and there infected the characters;—that Cloten, more particularly, as he appears in the council of war, is a person of more distinction than the clownish wooer of Imogen and butt of the court wits. As in all the plays of this latest group, mechanical coherence of plot is treated with apparent nonchalance, even character is displayed rather in detached moments than with that subtle power of exhibiting its gradual evolution or decay which contributes so much to the fascination of *Hamlet* or *Othello* or *Antony and Cleopatra*; but these moments are illuminated with a dramatic vision so intense and a poetry so poignantly beautiful, that the less intrinsic movements of the play sink into a subordination of effect in which their incoherences are lost sight of. In the subject-matter with which they deal we cannot sharply divide the so-called Romances from the Tragedies; they all deal with tragic harms; both *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale* sound several chords of the theme of *Othello*. But, in the first place, the tragic action is briefer and simpler, less desperate in its outlook, less harrowing in its course; and, in the second, there open out of it vistas of a reposeful and healing seclusion on the one side, of remorse and atonement on the other, which finally converge in scenes of reconciliation and forgiveness.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

The play is not merely a series of beautiful pictures, or interesting episodes, such as we are accustomed to find in the productions of dramatists of less renown. Here, as elsewhere in Shakespeare, everything is subservient to the development of character. From this point of view every scene contributes its share to the dénouement, nor is there any falling off observable in the power of the artist; the master-hand is as discernible in these latest creations as in those of any earlier period. And he has put forth all his strength on the central figure of the drama, the matchless Imogen, to speak of whom is to sing one long pæan of praise, and whose very name is as full of music as her voice. In her is to be found everything that makes woman lovable, and there is no situation in which she is placed which does not reveal some fresh beauty in her character.

EVANS: *Henry Irving Shakespeare.*

In *Cymbeline* we may note what has presented itself in the plays of admitted inferiority, a recurrence of hints of motive and character that are fully worked out in more perfect pieces. This is sometimes an anticipation, but sometimes a memory; and possibly the appearance that Iachimo is a first idea of Iago, and Posthumus the crude conception of the passion of Othello, as Cymbeline of the weakness and tyranny of Lear, may be but fallacious. Indeed, the thought has sometimes occurred to me, that Shakespeare indulged himself designedly in this drama in playing with the same motives in less severe combination, and in falling back for relief, after the tension of his great tragic actions, upon the milder harmonies that might be evoked as truly from the selfsame themes.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CYMBELINE, *king of Britain.*
CLOTEN, *son to the Queen by a former husband.*
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen.*
BELARIUS, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*
GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, } *sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan.*
PHILARIO, *friend to Posthumus,* IACHIMO, *friend to Philario,* } *Italians.*
CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman forces.*
PISANIO, *servant to Posthumus.*
CORNELIUS, *a physician.*
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.
A Frenchman, friend to Philario.
Two Lords of Cymbeline's Court.
Two Gentlemen of the same.
Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.*
HELEN, *a lady attending on Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE: *Britain: Rome.*

CYMBELINE.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.
Sec. Gent. But what 's the matter?
First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife's sole son—a widow
That late he married—hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she 's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.
Sec. Gent. None but the king? 10
First Gent. He that hath lost her too: so is the queen,
That most desired the match: but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.
Sec. Gent. And why so?
First Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,

I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd, is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth 20
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

Sec. Gent. You speak him far.

First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself,
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.

Sec. Gent. What 's his name and birth?

First Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan, 30
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He served with glory and admired success,
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king he takes the babe 40
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,
And, in 's spring became a harvest: lived in court—

Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved:
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them, and to the graver
A child that guided dotards; to his mistress, 50
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

Sec. Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

First Gent. His only child.
He had two sons,—if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,—the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen, and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

Sec. Gent. How long is this ago? 61

First Gent. Some twenty years.

Sec. Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

First Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

Sec. Gent. I do well believe you.

First Gent. We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,
The queen and princess. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Queen, Posthumus and Imogen.

Queen. No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter, 70
After the slander of most stepmothers,

Evil-eyed unto you: you're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril. 80
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—
Always reserved my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me: you must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live, 90
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,

And with mine eyes I 'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you: 101
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside*] Yet I 'll move him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself, 110
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death! [*Putting on the ring.*] Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on! And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles 120
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I 'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.
[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*

Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou 'rt poison to my blood.
Post. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death 130
More sharp than this is.
Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me!
Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.
Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!
Imo. O blessed, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock. 140
Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.
Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.
Cym. What, art thou mad!
Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me! Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour-shepherd's son!
Cym. Thou foolish thing! 150

Re-enter Queen.

They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. Beseech your Patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.
Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*
Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Enter Pisanio.

Here is your servant. How now, sir! What news?
Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.
Queen. Ha! 160
No harm, I trust, is done?
Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted

By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on 't.

Imo. Your son 's my father's friend; he takes his part.
To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: he would not suffer me 170
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to
When 't pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. A public place.

Enter Cloten and two Lords.

First Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice; where air comes out, air comes in: there 's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

First Lord. Hurt him! his body 's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt. 10

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

First Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having; gave you some ground. 20

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

First Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she 's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit. 30

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I 'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You 'll go with us?

First Lord. I 'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let 's go together. 40
Sec. Lord. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven
And question'dst every sail: if he should write
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?
Pis. It was, his queen, his queen!
Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?
Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.
Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!
And that was all?
Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep 10
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.
Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.
Pis. Madam, so I did.
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from 20

The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight, 31
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.* 40

Scene IV.

Rome. Philario's house.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he
was then of a crescent note; expected to prove

so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within. 10

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are 20 wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. 30

Enter Posthumus.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you as a

noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature. 40

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but upon my mended judgement—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight. 50

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we with manners ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may without contradiction suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France. 60

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend. 70

Iach. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady. 80

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she 's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods. 90

Iach. Which the gods have given you!

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but

frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a 100
courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should
get ground of your fair mistress, make her go 110
back even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which in my opinion o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a per- 120
suasion, and I doubt not you sustain what you 're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What 's that?

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke! 130

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it. 140

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what 's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return: let there be covenants drawn between 's; 150 my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here 's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your 160

jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion 170 and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away from Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray let us 180 follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste: who has the note of them?

First Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:
[*Presenting a small box.*
But I beseech your grace, without offence,—
My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death,
But, though slow, deadly.

Queen. I wonder, doctor, 10
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish—is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgement in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the vigour of them and apply 21
Allayments to their act, and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he 's for his master,
And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!
Doctor, your service for this time is ended; 30

Take your own way.

Cor. [*Aside*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [*To Pisanio*] Hark thee, a word.

Cor. [*Aside*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she 'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes. 40
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I 'll tell thee on the instant thou art then 50
As great as is thy master; greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,

To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him! [*The Queen drops the box: Pisanio takes it up.*] Thou takest up 60
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial: nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do 't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I 'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such 71
As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*
A sly and constant knave;
Not to be shaked: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet; and which she after, 80
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured
To taste of too.

Re-enter Pisanio with Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;

Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I 'll choke myself: there 's all I 'll do for you. [*Exit.*

Scene VI.

The same. Another room in the palace.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that 's glorious: blest be those,
How mean soe'er, that hath their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, 10
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*

Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You 're kindly welcome.

Iach. [*Aside*] All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!

Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight; 20
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [*Reads*] 'He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust—

'LEONATUS.'

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so 30
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach, and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judgement; 41
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,

That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir, 50
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well.
[*To Pisanio*] Beseech you, sir,
Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He 's strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit.*

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd 60
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad,
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton,
Your lord, I mean, laughs from 's free lungs, cries 'O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof, 70
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?'

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all talents, 80
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me: what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do, 90
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,—discover to me

What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch, 100
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as
With labour; then by-peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That 's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit 110
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I
Inclined to this intelligence pronounce
The beggary of his change, but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick! A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery, 120
Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd
With tomboys hired with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff
As well might poison poison! Be revenged,

Or she that bore you was no queen and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged!
How should I be revenged? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears 130
Must not in haste abuse,—if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips. 140

Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit 150
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit. Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever 160
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord
That which he is new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd, such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off, 170
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All 's well, sir: take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot 180
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is 't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord—

The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'tis plate of rare device and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great; 190
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word 200
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow!

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night:
I have outstood my time, which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept
And truly yielded you. You 're very welcome. 210
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cloten and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on 't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

First Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. 10

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

Sec. Lord. No, my lord; [*Aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth: a pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the 20 queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

Sec. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors. 30

Sec. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

First Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that 's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on 't!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] He 's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

First Lord. There 's an Italian come, and 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he 's another, 40 whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in 't?

Sec. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I 'll go see this Italian: what I have lost 50 to-day at bowls I 'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

Sec. Lord. I 'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass? a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,

And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd, 60
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he 'ld make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!
[*Exit.*

Scene II.

Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace: a trunk in one corner of it.

Imogen in bed, reading; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who 's there? my woman Helen?
Lady. Please you, madam.
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, madam.
Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye! 10
[*Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.*
Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becomest thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch
But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't! 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids 20
To see the unclosed lights, now canopied
Under those windows, white and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,
To note the chamber: I will write all down:
Such and such pictures; there the window; such
The adornment of her bed; the arras, figures,
Why, such and such; and the contents o' the story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory. 30
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off:
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here 's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret 40
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?

Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf 's turned down
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. 50
[*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three: time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

Scene III.

An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

First Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

First Lord. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It 's almost morning, is 't not?

First Lord. Day, my lord. 10

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we 'll try with tongue too: if

none will do, let her remain: but I 'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it: and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings, 20
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise!

Clo. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will 30
consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that 's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother. 40

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she 's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself 50
To orderly soliciting, and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; 60
But that 's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice. Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen. [*Exeunt all but Cloten.*

Clo. If she be up, I 'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream. By your leave, ho!
[*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her: what 70
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [*Knocks.* 80

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who 's there that knocks?
Clo. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That s more
Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours
Can justly boast of. What 's your lordship's pleasure?
Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?
Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.
Clo. There is gold for you;
Sell me your good report.
Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? The princess!
[*Exit Lady.*

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand. 90
Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give

Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy 100
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you 'll be patient, I 'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
By being so verbal: and learn now for all 110
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity—
To accuse myself—I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make 't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties— 120

Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base 130
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee, 139
Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio!

Enter Pisanio.

Clo. 'His garment!' Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently,—

Clo. 'His garment!'

Imo. I am sprited with a fool,
Frighted and anger'd worse: go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue

Of any king's in Europe! I do think
I saw 't this morning: confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it: 150
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*

Clo. You have abused me:
'His meanest garment!'

Imo. Ay, I said so, sir:
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She 's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

Clo. I 'll be revenged:
'His meanest garment!' Well. [*Exit.* 160

Scene IV.

Rome. Philario's house.

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
To win the king as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness and your company
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king 10
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do 's commission throughly: and I think
He 'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen 20
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made 30
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best, or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,

And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not 40
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I had lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I 'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone 's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought 50
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring, and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand

And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both 60
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching,—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman, 70
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was—

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney 80
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian bathing; never saw I figures

So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely 90
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this,—and praise
Be given to your remembrance—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Showing the bracelet.*
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I 'll keep them.

Post. Jove!
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir,—I thank her—that: 100
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me
And said she prized it once.

Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[*Gives the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there 's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are made 111
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it, or
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't. Back my ring:
Render to me some corporal sign about her
More evident than this; for this was stol'n. 120

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true:—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable:—they induced to steal it!
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly,
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient: 130
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on 't;

She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold, 140
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic; never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I 'll be sworn—

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't you lie,
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I 'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father. I 'll do something— [*Exit.*

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won: 150
Let 's follow him and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another room in Philario's house.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with 10
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was 't not?—
Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there 's no motion 20
That tends to vice in man but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,

Why, hers, in part or all, but rather all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still 30
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I 'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter in state, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door, and at another, Caius Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?
Luc. When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it—for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.
Queen. And, to kill the marvel, 10
Shall be so ever.
Clo. There be many Cæsars
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters, 20
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of 'Came, and saw, and overcame': with shame—
The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping—
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point— 30
O giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there 's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no moe such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard 40 as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand. Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will

pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more
tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch 50
The sides o' the world, against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Clo. and Lords. We do.

Cym. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put 60
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath moe kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent 70
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;

Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there 's an end. 80

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is 'Welcome.' [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another room in the palace.

Enter Pisanio, with a letter.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster 's her accuser? Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:
She 's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were 10

Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love and truth and vows which I
Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading*] 'Do 't: the letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.' O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that 's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st 21
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord Leonatus!
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He 'ld lay the future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love, 30
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:
Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love: of his content,
All but in that! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike:
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods!

[*Reads*] 'Justice, and your father's wrath, 40
should he take me in his dominion, could not be
so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures,
would even renew me with your eyes. Take
notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven:
what your own love will out of this advise you,
follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that
remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in
love,

'LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me 51
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,—
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st
O, let me bate,—but not like me—yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine 's beyond beyond: say, and speak thick,—
Love's counsellor should fill the pores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense—how far it is 60
To this same blessed Milford: and by the way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be born or ere begot!
We 'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun, 70

Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery:
Go bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She 'll home to her father: and provide me presently
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you 're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here, 80
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee: there 's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!
Arv. Hail, heaven!
Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill! 10
Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off:
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold 20
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.
Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
What air 's from home. Haply this life is best
If quiet life be best, sweeter to you 30
That have a sharper known, well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance, travelling a-bed,
A prison for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.
Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear

The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey, 40
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear 's as bad as falling: the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger 50
I' the name of fame and honour, which dies i' the search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what 's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:—O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body 's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree 60
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans; so
Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my world:
Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid 71
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time. But up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language: he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I 'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king; 80
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine: and though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out 90
Into my story: say 'Thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on 's neck,' even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture

That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is roused!
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon, 100
At three and two years old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Country near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand: ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What 's the matter? 10
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If 't be summer news,

Smile to 't before; if wintry, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he 's at some hard point. Speak, man: thy tongue
May take of some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune. 20

Imo. [*Reads*] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to 30 strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.'

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave 40
This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?

To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that 's false to bed, is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks, 50
Thy favour 's good enough. Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born where 't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas, 60
Were in his time thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart: 70
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,

But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;— 80
Something's afore't. Soft, soft! we'll no defence;—
Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up 90
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And made me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory,
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding, 100
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business

I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed then.

Pis. I 'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far, 110
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. No so, neither: 120
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abused: some villain,
Ay, and singular in his art, hath done you both
This cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.

I 'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow, 130
What shall I do the while? where abide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you 'll back to the court—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume 140
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think
There 's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near 150
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet

Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure!

Pis. Well then, here 's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it pretty self—into a waggish courage; 160
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one. 170
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—
'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: would you, in their serving
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you 're happy,—which you 'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he 's honourable,

And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail 181
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:
There 's more to be consider'd; but we 'll even
All that good time will give us: this attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen: 191
What 's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood: may the gods
Direct you to the best.

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene V.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself

To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir: I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befal your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office; 10
The due of honour in no point omit.
So farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!
[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it. 20

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd 30
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd

The duty of the day: she looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her; she 's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes, 40
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there 's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court 50
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,

I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.

[*Exit Cloten.*

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she 's flown 61
To her desired Posthumus: gone she is
To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son!

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. [*Aside*] All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit.*

Clo. I love and hate her: for she 's fair and royal, 70
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all; I love her therefore: but
Disdaining me and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus slanders so her judgement
That what 's else rare is choked; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For when fools
Shall— 80

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,—
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I 'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd? 90
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word: no more of 'worthy lord!'
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*

Clo. Let 's see 't. I will pursue her 100
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*Aside*] Or this, or perish.
She 's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Hum!

Pis. [*Aside*] I 'll write to my lord she 's dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't. Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment. 110

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me? 120

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here 's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go. 130

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I 'll remember 't anon:—even

there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment 140 of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined—which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised—to the court I 'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I 'll be merry in my revenge. 150

Re-enter Pisanio, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow 160 it! Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss: for, true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,

And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!
[*Exit.*

Scene VI.

Wales: before the cave of Belarius.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis 10
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on thee,
My hunger 's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?
Here is a path to 't: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. 20
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother. Ho! who 's here!

If any thing that 's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? then I 'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely look on 't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*Exit, to the cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match: 30
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what 's homely savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we 'll browse on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. [*Looking into the cave*] Stay; come not in.
But that it eats our victuals, I should think 41
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What 's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought

To have begg'd or bought what I have took: good troth,
I have stol'n nought: nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board so soon 51
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name? 60

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart: and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty,
I bid for you as I'ld buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort 71
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:

And such a welcome as I 'ld give to him
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers. [*Aside*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free 't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be, 80
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them—laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes—
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I 'ld change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.

Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we 'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd, 91
We 'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl and morn to the lark less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Rome. A public place.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

First Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul; and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar! 10
First Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?
Sec. Sen. Ay.
First Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
First Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.
First Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Wales: near the cave of Belarius.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet,
if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his
garments serve me! Why should his mistress,

who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as well 10 drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this 20 done, spurn her home to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter, from the cave, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen.

Bel. [*To Imogen*] You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We 'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. [*To Imogen*] Brother, stay here:
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Gui. Go you to hunting; I 'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me 11
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I 'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What! how! how!
Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why 20
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason 's without reason: the bier at door
And a demand who is 't shall die, I 'ld say
'My father, not this youth.'
Bel. [*Aside*] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I 'm not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.—

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell. 30

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health. So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies
I have heard!
Our courtiers say all 's savage but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprovest report!
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still, heart-sick. Pisanio,
I 'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*

Gui. I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. 40

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field!
We 'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.

Arv. We 'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.
[*Exit Imogen, to the cave.*
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! he cut our roots
In characters;
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick, 50

And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine! 60

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away!—Who 's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me: I am faint.

Bel. 'Those runagates!'
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws: hence!

Gui. He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*

Clo. Soft! What are you 70
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering

A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee.

Clo. Thou villain base, 80
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What 's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name, 89
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

Gui. I am sorry for 't: not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I 'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.* 100

Re-enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No companies abroad?

Arv. None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension 110
Of roaring terrors: for defect of judgement
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
There was no money in 't: not Hercules
Could have knocked out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;

Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore, 120
With his own single hand he 'ld take us in,
Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they grow.
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner, all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul 130
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse, not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved,
To bring him here alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing—
As it is like him—might break out, and swear 140
He 'ld fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,

My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I 'll throw 't into the creek 151
Behind our rock, and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he 's the queen's son, Cloten:
That 's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear 'twill be revenged:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges, 159
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We 'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there 's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I 'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I 'll willingly to him: to gain his colour
I 'ld let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,

Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st 170
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind
That by the top doth take the mountain pine
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop 180
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it 's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Gui. Where 's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'st mother 190
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter Arviragus with Imogen, as dead, bearing her in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch, 200
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber, 210
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed;

With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack 220
The flower that 's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would
With charitable bill—O bill, sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that 230
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave!

Arv. Say, where shall 's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be 't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that 'Euriphile' must be 'Fidele.'

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I 'll weep, and word it with thee: 240
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We 'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life as being our foe, 250
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither,
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you 'll go fetch him,
We 'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.
[*Exit Belarius.*

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then and remove him.

Arv. So. Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done, 260
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:

The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash, 270
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have; 280
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: come lay him down.
Bel. Here 's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain. 290
[*Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*
Imo. [*Awaking*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?—
I have gone all night: faith, I 'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow! O gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the body of Cloten.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on 't. I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, 300
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream 's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me: not imagined, felt.
A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh; 310
The brawns of Hercules: but his jovial face—
Murder in heaven?—How!—'Tis gone. Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspired with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas, 320
Where is thy head? where 's that? Ay me! where 's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart
And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?

'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, 330
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!
[*Falls on the body.*

Enter Lucius, a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia
After your will have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
They are in readiness.
Luc. But what from Rome?
Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, 340
Syenna's brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.
Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't. Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?
Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision—
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west, 349

There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends—
Unless my sins abuse my divination—
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let 's see the boy's face.

Cap. He 's alive, my lord.

Luc. He 'll then instruct us of this body. Young one, 360
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What 's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas! 370
There is no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou movest no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [*Aside*] If I do lie, and do

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They 'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same: 380
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters
Sent by a consul to me should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I 'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,
I 'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave 390
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I 'll weep and sigh,
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd 400
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, Pisanio, and Attendants.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life 's in danger. Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and 10
Dost seem so ignorant, we 'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

First Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he 's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him, 20
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.
[*To Pisanio*] We 'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy

Does yet depend.

First Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
I am amazed with matter.

First Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you 're ready: 30
The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let 's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Away!
[*Exeunt all but Pisanio.*

Pis. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten, but remain 40
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I 'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Gui. The noise is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We 'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there 's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands—may drive us to a render 11
Where we have lived, and so extort from 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note, 20
To know from whence we are.
Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,

Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so 30
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I 'll thither: what thing is it that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed 40
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I 'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I 'll take the better care, but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I: amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!

If in your country wars you chance to die, 51
That is my bed too, lads, and there I 'll lie:
Lead, lead. [*Aside*] The time seems long: their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Britain. The Roman camp.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I 'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little! O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck 10
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that 's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey! I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace! 20

I 'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I 'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I 'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I 'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I 'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show. 30
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.

Enter, from one side, Lucius, Iachimo, Imogen, and the Roman army; from the other side, the British army; Leonatus Posthumus following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on 't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before

This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. [*Exit.* 10

The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken; then enter, to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

Gui. }
Arv. } Stand, stand, and fight!

Re-enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons: they rescue Cymbeline and exeunt. Then re-enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such
As war were hoodwink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let 's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another part of the field.

Enter Posthumus and a British Lord.

Lord. Camest thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did:
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying

Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling 10
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for 's country. Athwart the lane
He, with two striplings—lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter; 20
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased, or shame—
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save
But to look back in frown: stand, stand!' These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,—
For three performers are the file when all 30
The rest do nothing,—with this word 'Stand, stand,'
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward

But by example,—O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!—'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon 40
A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made: and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' the need: having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before, some dying, some their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten chased by one
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or ere resist are grown 50
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end? 60
Who dares not stand his foe, I 'll be his friend;
For if he 'll do as he is made to do,
I know he 'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you 're angry. [*Exit.*

Post. Still going? This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!
To-day how many would have given their honours
To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do 't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly monster, 70
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath moe ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part I came in: fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take. For me, my ransom 's death: 80
On either side I come to spend my breath,
Which neither here I 'll keep nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

First Cap. Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront with them.

First Cap. So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who 's there?

Post. A Roman;

Who had not now been drooping here if seconds 90
Had answer'd him.

Sec. Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: then exeunt omnes.

Scene IV.

A British prison.

Enter Posthumus and two Gaolers.

First Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you:
So graze as you find pasture.

Sec. Gaol. Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that 's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cured
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, 10
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desired more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again 20
On their abatement: that 's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I 'll speak to thee in silence. [*Sleeps.*

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife and mother to Posthumus, with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show 30
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law:
Whose father then—as men report
Thou orphans' father art— 40
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise o' the world, 50
As great Sicilius' heir.

First Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd
To be exiled, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast 60
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,

To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villany?

Sec. Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain, 70
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd? 80

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity. 90

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents opprest;
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours. 100
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine: 110
And so away: no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleased.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd 120
His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.
[*The Ghosts vanish.*

Post. [*Waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: but, O scorn!
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve, 130
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air, and when 140 from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches. which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such

As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which 150
I 'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

First Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

First Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

First Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which are 160 often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty, the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of 170 what 's past, is, and to come, the discharge: your neck, sir, is pen, book and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

First Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer;

for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go. 180

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

First Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you 'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as 190 wink and will not use them.

First Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging 's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news, I am called to be made free.

First Gaol. I 'll be hanged then. 200

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt all but First Gaoler.*

First Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there

were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I 210
speak against my present profit, but my wish
hath a preferment in 't. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

Cymbeline's tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him? 10

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; [*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus*] which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are: report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,

Unless I add we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you 20
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There 's business in these faces. Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too? How ended she? 30

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this; 40
And, but she spoke in dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love

With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman? Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took, 50
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering
By inches waste you: in which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so 60
Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Ladies. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful,
Mine ears that heard her flattery, nor my heart
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded; Posthumus behind, and Imogen.

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute; that

The Britons have razed out, though with the loss 70
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth 80
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on 't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which I 'll make bold your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm, 90
Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I 'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,

The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness. 100

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack,
There 's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more
What 's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak, 110
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eyest him so?

Imo. I 'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What 's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou 'rt my good youth, my page;
I 'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?

Arv. One sand another 120

Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let 's see further.

Pis. [*Aside*] It is my mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on.
To good or bad.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud. [*To Iachimo*] Sir, step you forth; 130
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [*Aside*] What 's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me? 140

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and—which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me,—a nobler sir ne'er lived

'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood and my false spirits
Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter? what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will 151
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accurst
The mansion where!—'twas at a feast,—O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heaved to head!—the good Posthumus,—
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones—sitting sadly, 160
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye—

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus,
Most like a noble lord in love and one 171
That had a royal lover, took his hint,

And not dispraising whom we praised,—therein
He was as calm as virtue—he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams, 180
And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of 's bed and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it 190
Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
Remember me at court; where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with similar proof enough 200
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown

With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—
O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
Methinks I see him now—

Post. [*Advancing*] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool, 210
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That 's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lie;
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't. The temple 220
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villany less than 'twas! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall 's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help! 229
Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!

Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How came these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if 240
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: 'If Pisanio
Have,' said she, 'given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat.'

Cym. What 's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her, still pretending 250
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en would cease
The present power of life, but in short time

All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele. 260

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, makest thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. [*Kneeling*] Your blessing, sir.

Bel. [*To Gui. and Arv.*] Though you did love this youth,
I blame ye not;
You had a motive for 't.

Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother 's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord. 270

Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I 'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discovered not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,

I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him 280
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it. 290

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off 's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou 'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender, 300
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself, and hath

More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. [*To the Guard*] Let his arms alone;
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.

Bel. We will die all three: 310
But I will prove that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him. My sons, I must
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.

Arv. Your danger 's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave.
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assumed this age, indeed a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence: 320
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons!

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: here 's my knee:
Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege, 330
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue!

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason: that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile, 340
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I moved her to 't,
Having received the punishment before
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens 350
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:

If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased awhile.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd 360
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It is a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I?
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be, 370
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting loved,

Continued so, until we thought he died. 380

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lived you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependances, 390
From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let 's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.
[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother; so we 'll hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me, 400
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomed this place and graced
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he, 410
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. [*Kneeling*] I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd! 420
We 'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon 's the word to all.

Arv. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing 430
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can

Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air, and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock and freshly grow, 440 then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call 'mollis aer'; and 'mollis aer'
We term it 'mulier': which 'mulier' I divine
Is this most constant wife; who even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle, 450
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the most majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well;

My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar 460
And to the Roman empire, promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens in justice both on her and hers
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle, 470
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave 480
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we 'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
Set on there! Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
[*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abode; "desire my man's a.," *i.e.* bid my servant to stay; I. vi. 53.
Absolute, absolutely certain, positive; IV. ii. 106.
Abuse, deceive; I. vi. 131; IV. ii. 351.
Abused, deceived; I. iv. 120; III. iv. 105.
Act, action, operation; I. v. 22.
Action, state, course; V. iv. 150.
Adjourn'd, deferred; V. iv. 78.
Admiration, wonder, astonishment; I. iv. 5; I. vi. 38.
——, veneration and wonder; IV. ii. 232.
Adorer, idolator; I. iv. 72.
Adventure, run the risk; III. iv. 156.
Adventured, dared, ventured; I. vi. 172.
Advice; "best a.," deliberate consideration; I. i. 156.
Afeard, afraid; IV. ii. 94.
Affected, loved; V. v. 38.
Affiance, fidelity; I. vi. 163.
Affirmation; "bloody a.," "sealing the truth with his blood"; I. iv. 62.
Affront; "gave the a.," confronted the enemy; V. iii. 87.
——, confront; IV. iii. 29.
Afric, Africa; I. i. 167.
After, afterwards; I. v. 80; I. vi. 50; II. iii. 18.
After, according to; IV. ii. 334.
After-eye, look after; I. iii. 16.
Air's from, air there is away from; III. iii. 29.
Albeit, although; II. iii. 60.
Allow'd, acknowledged; III. iii. 17.
Amazed, confused; IV. iii. 28.
Amend, make better; V. v. 216.
Ancient, old, aged; V. iii. 15.
Andirons, irons at the side of the fire-place; II. iv. 88.

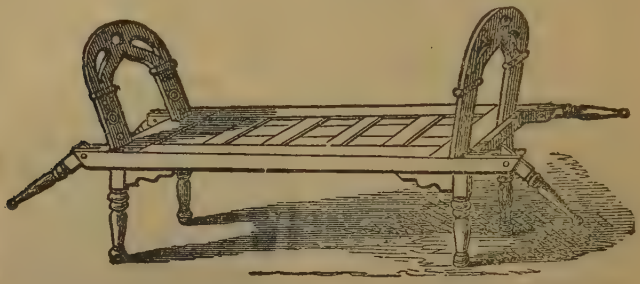
From an Italian specimen formerly in the palace of Count Brancaleone.

Annoy, harm; IV. iii. 34.
Answer, punishment; IV. iv. 13.
——, return, retaliation; V. iii. 79.
——, correspond to; IV. ii. 192.
Answer'd him, done like him; V. iii. 91.
Ape, mimic, imitator; II. ii. 31.
Apparent, plain, evident; II. iv. 56.
Apprehension, conception; IV. ii. 110.
Approbation, attestation; I. iv. 130.
Approve, prove; IV. ii. 380; V. v. 245.
Approvers; "their a.," those who make trial of their courage; II. iv. 25.
Arabian bird, the phœnix; I. vi. 17.
Arm, take up into the arms; IV. ii. 400.
Arras, hangings of tapestry; II. ii. 26.
As, for; I. vi. 130.
——, like; II. iv. 84.
——, as if; IV. ii. 50; V. ii. 16; V. iv. 116.
Assumed, put on; V. v. 319.
At, on; III. iv. 193.
Atone, reconcile; I. iv. 41.
Attemptable, open to temptation; I. iv. 63.
Attended, listened to; I. vi. 142.
Attending, doing service; III. iii. 22.
——, awaiting; V. iv. 38.
Averring, alleging; V. v. 203.
Avoid! begone! away! I. i. 125.
Back'd, seated upon the back of; V. v. 427.
Base, a game in which the quickest runner is the winner; V. iii. 20.
Basilisk, the fabulous monster whose look was supposed to strike the beholder with death; II. iv. 107.

Basilisk.
From an illuminated MS. of XIVth cent.

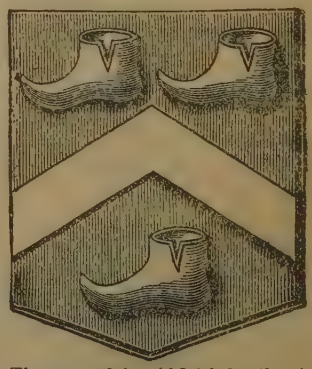
Bate, beat down, deduct; III. ii. 56.
Bay, bark at; V. v. 223.
Beastly, like beasts; III. iii. 40; V. iii. 27.
Becomed, become; V. v. 406.
Behalf; "in the clock's b.," *i.e.* doing the service of a clock; III. ii. 75.
Belch from, vomit from; III. v. 137.
Bent, cast, look; I. i. 13.
Beseech, I beseech; I. i. 153.
Beseeming, appearance; V. v. 409.
Betid, happened (Folios, "*betide*"); IV. iii. 40.

Be what it is; let it be what it may; V. iv. 149.
Beyond nature, which are immortal; V. v. 165.
Bier; IV. ii. 22. (See illustration.)



From an early XVIIth century specimen, till recently preserved at the Church of St. Nicholas, Gloucester.

Bloods, temperaments; I. i. 1.
Bold, sure, confident; II. iv. 2.
Bondage, obligation; II. iv. 111.
Book, tablet; V. iv. 133. (See Notes.)
Book; "to b.," in addition; I. v. 69; II. iii. 34.
Bore in hand, falsely pretended, abused with false hopes; V. v. 43.
Bow, makes to bow; III. iii. 3.
——, stoop in entering; III. iii. 83.
Brain not, do not understand; V. iv. 147.
Brands, torches; II. iv. 91.
Bravely, well; II. ii. 15.
Bravery, "state of defiance"; III. i. 18.
Brawns, arms; IV. ii. 311.
Breeding, life; V. iii. 17.
Bring, accompany, escort; I. i. 171.
Brogues, thick shoes; IV. ii. 214.
Bugs, bugbears; V. iii. 51.
But, except, without; V. v. 311.



The arms of the old Irish family of Arthure.

By, from; II. iv. 77, 78; III. v. 58.
By-dependances, accessory circumstances; V. v. 390.

By-peeping, looking aside, side-long glances (Johnson conj., adopted by Steevens, 1773, "*lye peeping*"; Collier MS., "*bo-peeping*"; Keightley, "*bide peeping*"; etc., etc.); I. vi. 108.

Calves'-guts, fiddle-strings; II. iii. 32.
Capon, perhaps used quibblingly for "*cap on,*" *i.e.* "with a coxcomb"; II. i. 25.
Carl, churl, peasant; V. ii. 4.
Carriage; "your c.," carrying you off; III. iv. 190.
Cased, covered; V. iii. 22.
Cave, live in a cave; IV. ii. 138.
Cave-keeper, one who lives in a cave; IV. ii. 298.
Century, hundred; IV. ii. 391.
Certainty, certain results; IV. iv. 27.
Chaffless, without chaff; I. vi. 178.
Chance, event, circumstance; V. v. 391.
Change you, do you change colour; I. vi. 11.
Characters, handwriting; III. ii. 28.
——, letters; IV. ii. 49.
Charge, burden, take hold of; III. iv. 44.
Charm'd, made invulnerable; V. iii. 68.
Charming, having magical, protecting power; I. iii. 35.
——; "more c.," *i.e.* charming more, bewitching others more; V. iii. 32.
Check, reproof; III. iii. 22.
Cinque-spotted, with five spots; II. ii. 38.
Circumstances, details, particulars; II. iv. 62.
Citizen, cockney-bred, effeminate; IV. ii. 8.
Civil, civilized; III. vi. 23.
Clean, altogether; III. vi. 20.
Clipp'd, surrounded, encircled; II. iii. 139.
Clipp'd about, embraced; V. v. 451.
Close, secret; III. v. 85.
Closet, private chamber; I. v. 84.
Cloth, dress, livery; II. iii. 128.
Clotpoll, head; IV. ii. 184.
Clouted brogues, hob-nailed boots; IV. ii. 214.
Cloys, strokes with his claws; V. iv. 118.
Cognizance, visible token; II. iv. 127.
Collection of, inference from; V. v. 432.
Colour; "against all c.," contrary to all appearance of right; III. i. 51.
Colours; "under her c.," *i.e.* "under her banner, by her influence"; I. iv. 20.
Comfort, happiness, joy; V. v. 403.
Common-kissing, kissing anything and everything; III. iv. 166.
Companion, fellow (used contemptuously); II. i. 28.
Company, accompany; V. v. 408.
Comparative for, comparing with; II. iii. 133.

Conclusions, experiments; I. v 18.
Condition, character; V. v. 165
Conduct, escort, safe-conduct; III. v. 8.
Confections, composition of drugs; I. v. 15; V. v. 246.
Confident; "three thousand c.," with the confidence of three thousand; V. iii. 29.
Confiners, borderers; IV. ii. 337.
Confounded, destroyed; I. iv. 53.
Consequence, succession; II. iii. 125.
Consider, pay, reward; II. iii. 31.
——, take into consideration; V. v. 28.
Constant-qualified, faithful; I. iv. 63.
Construction, interpretation; V. v. 433.
Consummation, end, death; IV. ii. 280.
Containing; "whose c.," the contents of which; V. v. 430.
Content thee, trouble not thyself about it; I. v. 26.
Convey'd, stolen; I. i. 63.
Convince, overcome; I. iv. 101.
Cordial, reviving to the spirits; I. v. 64.
Counterchange, exchange; V. v. 396.
Counters, round pieces of metal used in calculations; V. iv. 174.

From an engraving in Knight's *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

Crack'd, blustered, bragged; V. v. 177.
——, broken; V. v. 207.
Crare, skiff, a small vessel

From an illuminated MS. XVth cent.

(Sympson's conj., adopted by Steevens; Folios, *"care"*; Warburton, adopted by

Theobald, "*carrack*"; Hanmer, "*carack*"); IV. ii. 205.
Crescent, increasing, growing; I. iv. 2.
Crop, harvest, produce; I. vi. 33.
Curb'd, restrained; II. iii. 124.
Curious, careful; I. vi. 191.
Cutter, sculptor; II. iv. 83.
Cydnus, a river in Cilicia; II. iv. 71.
Cytherea, Venus; II. ii. 14.

Damm'd, stopped up; V. iii. 11.
Dark, mean, obscure; III. iv. 147.
Dear, deeply felt; V. v. 345.
Debitor and creditor, account book; V. iv. 171.
Decay, destroy; I. v. 56.
Defect; "d. of judgement," *i.e.* "the defective use of judgement" (Ingleby); IV. ii. 111.
Definite, resolute; I. vi. 43.
Delicate, alluring; (?) ingenious, artful; V. v. 47.
Delighted, delightful; V. iv. 102.
Depend, impend, remain in suspense; IV. iii. 23.
Depending, resting, leaning; II. iv. 91.
Desperate; "upon a d. bed," dangerously ill; IV. iii. 6.
Despite; "in my d.," in defiance of me; IV. i. 16.
Die the death, die a violent death; IV. ii. 96.
Differing multitudes, wavering multitudes, fickle mobs; III. vi. 86.
Discover, disclose, confess; I. vi. 98; III. v. 95.
Disedged, surfeited; III. iv. 96.
Dismission, rejection, dismissal; II. iii. 56.
Doom'd, decided; V. v. 420.
Doubting, suspecting that; I. vi. 95.
Drawn, tapped, emptied; V. iv. 168.
Drawn to head, gathered together, levied; III. v. 25.
Drug-damn'd, detested for its drugs and poisons; III. iv. 15.

Earnest, money paid beforehand as a pledge; I. v. 65.
Elder, elder-tree; IV. ii. 59.
Elder, i.e. later, of more recent date; V. i. 14.
Elected, chosen; III. iv. 112.
Election, choice; I. ii. 30.
Empery, empire; I. vi. 120.
Enchafed, enraged; IV. ii. 174.
Encounter, meet; I. iii. 32.
——, meet with; I. vi. 112.
Ended, died; V. v. 30.
Enforce, force, compel; IV. iii. 11.
Enforced, forced; IV. i. 19.
Enlargement, liberty; II. iii. 125.
Entertain, take into service; IV. ii. 394.
Estate, state, condition; V. v. 74.
Even, keep pace with, profit by; III. iv. 184.
——, just; III. vi. 16.
Event, issue, result; III. v. 14.
Ever, ever ready; I. iv. 38.
Exhibition, allowance; I. vi. 122

Exorciser, conjurer; IV. ii. 276.
Extend; "to e. him," *i.e.* to increase his reputation; I. iv. 21.
——; "I do e. him within himself," *i.e.* I praise him not more, but even less, than he deserves; I. i. 25.
Extremity, cruelty; III. iv. 17.

Fail, fault, offence (Upton conj. "*fall*"); III. iv. 66.
Fairies, evil fairies; II. ii. 9.
Fall'n-off, revolted; III. vii. 6.
False, turn false; II. iii. 73.
Fan, winnow, test; I. vi. 177.
Fangled, gaudily ornamented; V. iv. 134.
Far; "speak him f.," praise him highly (Folios 3, 4, "*fair*"); I. i. 24.
Fast, fasted (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*feast*"; Hanmer, "*fasting*"; etc.); IV. ii. 347.
Fatherly, in a fatherly way; II. iii. 38.
Favour, beauty, charm; I. vi. 42.
Favour, external appearance; IV. ii. 104.
——, countenance; V. v. 93.
Fear, fear for; I. iv. 104.
Fear'd, mixed with fear (Tyrwhitt conj., adopted by Knight, "*sear'd*"; Hudson, "*sere*"; Elze. conj. "*dear*"; etc., etc.); II. iv. 6.
Fearful, full of fear; III. iv. 45.
Feat, dexterous, neat; V. v. 88.
Feated, fashioned (Rowe, "*featur'd*"; Johnson, "*feared*"); I. i. 49.
Feature, shape, exterior; V. v. 163.
Fell, cruel; IV. ii. 109.
Fellows, equals in rank; III. iv. 93.
Feodary, accomplice; III. ii. 21.
Fetch, take, I. i. 81.
Fetch in, take, capture; IV. ii. 141.
Fit, ready; III. iv. 171.
Fitment, equipment; V. v. 409.
Fits, befits; III. v. 22.
Fitted, prepared; V. v. 55.
Fitting, befitting, becoming; V. v. 98.
Foot, kick; III. v. 149.
For, as for; II. iii. 116; V. iii. 80.
——, fit for, only worthy of; II. iii. 127.
——, because; III. iv. 54; IV. ii. 129.
——, for want of; III. vi. 17.
For all, once for all; II. iii. 110.
Fore-end, earlier part; III. iii. 73.
Forespent, previously bestowed; II. iii. 63.
Forestall, deprive; III. v. 69.
Fore-thinking, fore-seeing, anticipating; III. iv. 171.
Forfeiters, those who forfeit their bonds; III. ii. 38.
Forfend, forbid; V. v. 287.
Forlorn, lost, not to be found; V. v. 405.
Foundations, "quibbling between fixed places and charitable institutions" (Schmidt); III. vi. 7.
Fragments, scraps, remnants of food; V. iii. 44.

Frame to, conform; II. iii. 50.
Franchise, free exercise; III. i. 57.
Franklin, yeoman; III. ii. 79.
Fraught, burden; I. i. 126.
Freeness, generosity; V. v. 421.
Fretted, ornamented, embossed; II. iv. 88.
Friend, lover; I. iv. 72.
——; "to fr.," for my friend; I. iv. 112.
Friendly, in a friendly manner; V. v. 481.
Frighted, affrighted, frightened; II. iii. 144.
From, away from; I. iv. 17.
——, far from; V. v. 431.
Full hearted, full of courage and confidence; V. iii. 7.
Fumes, delusions; IV. ii. 301.
Furnaces, gives forth like a furnace; I. vi. 66.

Gain; "g. his colour," *i.e.* "to restore him to health"; IV. ii. 167.
Gallowses, gallows; V. iv. 210.
'Gan, began; V. iii. 37.
Geck, dupe; V. iv. 67.
Gentle, of gentle birth; IV. ii. 39.
Giglot, false, wanton; III. i. 31.
'Gins, begins; II. iii. 22.
Give me leave, pardon me; V. v. 149.
Given out, reported, made out; V. v. 312.
Go back, succumb, give way; I. iv. 110.
Go before, excel; V. ii. 8.
Go even, accord; I. iv. 46.
Gordian knot, the celebrated knot untied by Alexander; II. ii. 34.
Great court, important court business; III. v. 50.
Great morning, broad day; IV. ii. 61.
Guise, practice; V. i. 32.
Gyves, fetters; V. iv. 14.

Habits, garments; V. i. 30.
Hand-fast, marriage engagement; I. v. 78.
Hangings, hanging fruit; III. iii. 63.
Haply, perhaps; III. iii. 29; IV. i. 21.
Happy, skilful, gifted; III. iv. 177.
Harder, too hard; III. iv. 164.
Hardiment, boldness, bravery; V. iv. 75.
Hardiness, hardihood, bravery; III. vi. 22.
Hardness, hardship, want; III. vi. 21.
Have at it, I'll tell my story; V. v. 315.
Have with you! Take me with you! IV. iv. 50.
Having, possessions; I. ii. 19.
Haviour, behaviour; III. iv. 9.
Head, armed force; IV. ii. 139.
Heaved to head, raised to my lips; V. v. 157.
Hecuba, the wife of Priam; IV. ii. 313.
Herblets, small herbs; IV. ii. 287.
Hie thee, hasten; II. iii. 142.
Hilding, mean wretch; II. iii. 127.

Hind, boor, serf; V. iii. 77.
Hold, fastness; III. vi. 18.
Holp, did help, V. v. 422.
Home, thoroughly; III. v. 92.
Horse-hairs, fiddle-bow; II. iii. 32.
How much, however much; IV. ii. 17.
Hunt, game taken in the chase; III. vi. 90.

Ignorant, silly, inexperienced; III. i. 27.
Imperceiverant, dull of perception (Folios, "*imperseuerant*"—probably the correct reading; Hanmer, "*ill-perseverant*"); IV. i. 15.
Imperious, imperial; IV. ii. 35.
Importance, import, occasion; I. iv. 44.
Importantly, with matters of such importance; IV. iv. 19.
In, into; III. vi. 64.
Incivil, uncivil; V. v. 292.
Injurious, malicious, unjust; III. i. 48.
Injurious, insulting, insolent; IV. ii. 86.
Instruct, inform; IV. ii. 360.
Insultment, insult; III. v. 145.
Into, unto; I. vi. 167.
Irregulous, lawless, unprincipled; IV. ii. 315.
Is, is in existence; I. iv. 79.
Issues, deeds, actions; II. i. 50.
It, its; III. iv. 160.

Jack, a small bowl at which the players aimed in the game of bowls; "to kiss the jack" is to have touched the jack, and to be in excellent position; II. i. 2.
Jack-slave, lowborn fellow (a term of contempt); II. i. 21.
Jay, a loose woman (a term of reproach); III. iv. 51.
Jealousy, suspicion; IV. iii. 22.
Jet, strut; III. iii. 5.
Join; "j. his honour," *i.e.* "gave his noble aid"; I. i. 29.
Journal, diurnal, daily; IV. ii. 10.
Jove's-bird, the Roman eagle; IV. ii. 348. (See illustration.)

From a coin of Domitian.

Jovial; "our J. star" (in the old astrology, Jupiter was "the joyfullest star, and of the happiest augury of all," hence propitious, kindly); V. iv. 105.
Jovial, Jove-like; IV. ii. 311.
Joy'd, rejoiced; V. v. 424.
Jump, risk; V. iv. 186.
Justicer, judge; V. v. 214.

Keep house, stay at home; III. iii. 1.

Ken; "within a k.," within sight; III. vi. 6.
Kitchen-trulls, kitchen-maids; V. v. 177.
Knowing, knowledge; I. iv. 30; II. iii. 101.
Known together, been acquainted with each other; I. iv. 36.

Label, tablet; V. v. 430.
Laboursome, elaborate; III. iv. 167.
Lady; "my good l.," (?) friend; used ironically; II. iii. 157.
Laming, crippling; V. v. 163.
Lapp'd, wrapped, enfolded; V. v. 360.
Late, lately; I. i. 6; II. ii. 44.
Laud we, let us praise; V. v. 476.
Lay, wager; I. iv. 154.
Lay the leaven on, corrupt and deprave; III. iv. 64.
Lean'd unto, bowed to, submitted to; I. i. 78.
Leans, is about to fall; I. v. 58.
Learn'd, taught; I. v. 12.
Leave; "by l.," with your permission; V. v. 315.
——, leave off, cease, I. iv. 106.
Left, left off; I. iii. 15.
——, left off reading; II. ii. 4.
Less; "without l.," without more, with less (probably to be explained as a double negative); I. iv. 23.
Let blood, let suffer, perish; IV. ii. 168.
Liegers, ambassadors (Folios, "*Leidgers*"); I. v. 80.
Like, equal; I. i. 21; V. v. 75.
——, the same; IV. ii. 237.
——, likely; II. iv. 16.
——, equally; III. iii. 41.
Limb-meal, limb from limb; II. iv. 147.
Line, fill with gold; II. iii. 71.
Long of, through, owing to; V. v. 271.
Looks us, seems to us; III. v. 32.
Lucina, the goddess of childbirth; V. iv. 43.
Lud's town, the old name of London; III. i. 32.

Madded, maddened; IV. ii. 313.
Madding, maddening, making mad; II. ii. 37.
Made finish, put an end to; V. v. 412.
Makes, produces, causes; I. vi. 38.
Martial, resembling Mars; IV. ii. 310.
Mary-buds, marigolds; II. iii. 25.
Match, arrangement; III. vi. 30.
Matter, business; IV. iii. 28.
Mean affairs, ordinary affairs; III. ii. 52.
Means; "your m.," as to your means; III. iv. 180.
Mercurial; "foot m.," *i.e.* "light and nimble like that of Mercury"; IV. ii. 310.
Mere, utter; IV. i. 92.
Mere, only; V. v. 334.

Mineral, poison; V. v. 50.
Minion, darling, favourite; II. iii. 45.
Misery; "noble m.," miserable nobility; V. iii. 64.
Moe, more; III. i. 36.
Moiety, half; I. iv. 114.
Mortal, deadly, fatal; I. iv. 43.
Motion, impulse; II. v. 20.
Motives; "your three m.," the motives of you three; V. v. 388.
Move, induce; I. i. 103.
Moved, incited, instigated; V. v. 342.
Mows, grimaces, wry faces; I. vi. 41.
Mulier (fancifully derived from "*mollis aer*"); V. v. 447.
Mutest, most silent; I. vi. 116.

Naught, wicked; V. v. 271.
Neat-herd, keeper of cattle; I. i. 149.
Nice, capricious; II. v. 26.
Niceness, coyness; III. iv. 158.
Nonpareil, paragon; II. v. 8.
North, north-wind; I. iii. 36.
Note, reputation; I. iv. 2.
——, list; (?) "prescription, receipt"; I. v. 2.
——, eminence; II. iii. 126.
——, notice, attention; IV. iii. 44.
——; "our n.," taking notice of us; IV. iv. 20.
——, take note, notice; II. ii. 24.
Nothing, not at all; I. iv. 103.
Nothing-gift, gift of no value; III. vi. 86.
Now, just now; V. iii. 74.
Number'd, abundantly provided; I. vi. 36.

Occasions; "over his o.," (?) ="in regard to what was required"; according to some, "beyond what was required"; V. v. 87.
'Ods pittikins, a petty oath; IV. ii. 293.
O'ergrown, overgrown with hair and beard; IV. iv. 33.
Of, with; I. vi. 150.
——, on; II. iii. 118; IV. iv. 48.
——, by; II. iii. 137; III. vi. 55; IV. iv. 22; V. v. 346.
——, over; IV. i. 23.
——, about, in praise of; V. v. 177.
Offer'd; "o. mercy," (?) pardon granted (but coming too late); I. iii. 4.
On, of; I. v. 75; III. iv. 43; IV. ii. 198.
On's, of us (Folio 1, "*one's*"; Steevens, "*of us*"; Vaughan conj. "*o' us*"); V. v. 311.
On't, of it; I. i. 164; V. ii. 3.
Open'd, disclosed; V. v. 58.
Operate, to set to work, to be active; V. v. 197.
Or, before; II. iv. 14.
Orbs, orbits; V. v. 371.
Order'd; "more o.," better regulated and disciplined; II. iv. 21.
Orderly, proper; II. iii. 51.
Ordinance, what is ordained; IV. ii. 145.
Or ere, before; III. ii. 67.
——, rather than; V. iii. 50

Out-peer, excel; III. vi. 87.
Outsell, exceed in value; II. iv. 102.
Outsells, outvalues, is superior to; III. v. 74.
Outstood, overstayed; I. vi. 207.
Outward, external appearance; I. i. 23.
Overbuys, pays too dear a price; I. i. 146.
Owe, own, III. i. 38.

Packing, running off; (?) plotting; III. v. 80.
Paid, punished; IV. ii. 246.
Paled in, surrounded; III i. 19.
Pandar, accomplice; III. iv. 32.
Pang'd, pained; III. iv. 98.
Pantler, keeper of the pantry; II. iii. 128.
Paragon, pattern, model; III. vi. 44.
Part; "for mine own p.," for myself; V. v. 313.
Parted, departed; III. vi. 52.
Partisan, halberd; IV. ii. 399.
Parts, endowments; III. v. 71.
Passable, affording free passage; I. ii. 10.
Passage, occurrence; III. iv. 94.
Peculiar, own particular, private; V. v. 83.
Peevish, foolish; I. vi. 54.
Penetrate, touch; II. iii. 14.
Penitent, repentant; V. iv. 10.
Perfect; "I am p.," I am perfectly well aware, I well know; III. i. 73.
——, perfectly well aware; IV. ii. 118.
Perforce, by force; III. i. 72.
Pervert, averted; II. iv. 151.
Pinch, pain, pang; I. i. 130.
Pleaseth, if it please; I. v. 5.
Point; "at p.," on the point of; III. i. 30; III. vi. 17.
Point forth, indicate; V. v. 454.
Post, hasten; V. v. 192.
Posting, hurrying; III. iv. 38.
Postures, shapes, forms; V. v. 165.
Powers, armed forces; III. v. 24.
Practice, plot, stratagem; V. v. 199.
Prefer, recommend; II. iii. 50; IV. ii. 386.
——, promote; V. v. 326.
Preferment, promotion; V. iv. 212.
Pregnant, evident; IV. ii. 325.
Presently, immediately; II. iii. 142.
Pretty, fair, advantageous; III. iv. 150.
Prides, (?) ostentatious attire; II. v. 25.
Priest, priestess; I. vi. 133.
Prince, play the prince; III. iii. 85.
Prize, value (Hanmer, "*price*"; Vaughan, "*peize*"); III. vi. 77.
Probation, proof; V. v. 362.
Profess myself, proclaim myself (by the exuberance of my praise); I. iv. 71.
Prone, eager, ready; V. iv. 204.
Proof, experience; I. vi. 70; III. iii. 27.
Proper, handsome; III. iv. 64.

Proper, own; IV. ii. 97.
Prunes, arranges his plumage with his bill; V. iv. 118.
Pudency, modesty; II. v. 11.
Put on, incite to, instigate; V. i. 9.
Puttock, kite; I. i. 140.

Quarrelous, quarrelsome; III. iv. 162.
Quarter'd fires, camp fires; IV. iv. 18.
Quench, become cool; I. v. 47.
Question, put to the trial, *i.e.* fight a duel; II. iv. 52.

Ramps, leaps; I. vi. 134.
Rangers, nymphs; II. iii. 73.
Rank, rankness (used quibblingly); II. i. 16.
Raps, transports; I. vi. 51.
Rare, overpowering, exquisite; I. i. 135.
Ravening, devouring greedily; I. vi. 49.
Razed out, erased (Folios, "*rac'd out*"); V. v. 70.
Right, truly; III. v. 3.
Ripely, speedily; III. v. 22.
Ready, i.e. dressed for going out, ready dressed (taken quibblingly in the more ordinary sense in the reply); II. iii. 85.
Reason of, argue about, talk about; IV. ii. 14.
Reck, care; IV. ii. 154.
Recoil, degenerate; I. vi. 128.
Reft'st, didst deprive (Folios, "*refts*"); III. iii. 103.
Relation, hearsay, report; II. iv. 86.
Remain, remainder, rest; III. i. 87.
Remainders; "the good r. of the court," *i.e.* "the court which now gets rid of my unworthiness" (used ironically); I. i. 129.
Remembrancer of her, he who reminds her; I. v. 77.
Render, rendering an account; IV. iv. 11.
——, surrender; V. iv. 17.
——, relate, tell; V. v. 135.
Repented, regretted; V. v. 59.
Report; "suffer the r.," may be told; I. iv. 58.
——, fame; III. iii. 57.
Resty, torpid; III. vi. 34.
Retire, retreat; V. iii. 40.
Revolt, inconstancy; I. vi. 112.
Revolts, revolters, deserters; IV. iv. 6.
Rock, rocky eminence; "such as a man has found refuge on in shipwreck" (Ingleby); V. v. 262.
Romish, Roman; I. vi. 152.
Ruddock, robin redbreast (Folios, "*Raddocke*"); IV. ii. 224.
Runagate, renegade; I. vi. 137.

Safe, sound; IV. ii. 131.
Sample, example; I. i. 48.
Saucy, insolent; I. vi. 151.
Saving reverence, asking pardon; IV. i. 5.
Sayest thou? what do you say? II. i. 26.
Scorn, mockery; V. iv. 125.

Scriptures, writings (with perhaps a suggestion of its ordinary meaning); III. iv. 83.
Sear up, probably due to a blending of (i.) "sear" = dry up, with (ii.) "sear" = "cere," *i.e.* seal, cover with wax, as linen is dipped in melted wax to be used as a shroud (*cp.* "cerement," "cere cloth"); I. i. 116.
Search'd, searched for; V. v. 11.
Season, time; IV. iii. 22.
Seasons comfort, i.e. "gives happiness its proper zest"; I. vi. 9.
See, i.e. see each other; I. i. 124.
Seek through, pursue; IV. ii. 160.
Seem "still s." = ever put on an appearance; I. i. 3.
Seeming, external appearance; V. v. 65.
——, appearance of fact; "this hath some s.," this seems well founded; V. v. 452.
Self, same; I. vi. 122.
Self-figured, self-contracted, formed by themselves (Theobald conj., adopted by Warburton, "*self-finger'd*"); II. iii. 123.
Senseless, unconscious; II. iii. 57.
Senseless of, insensible to; I. i. 135.
Serving; "in their s.," employing, using them; III. iv. 173.
Set on, forward, march on; V. v. 484.
Sets, which sets; I. vi. 170.
Set up, incite; III. iv. 90.
Severally, each in his own way; V. v. 397.
Shaked, shaken; I. v. 76.
Shall, will; III. iv. 131.
Shame, shyness, modesty; V. iii. 22.
Shameless-desperate, shamelessly desperate; V. v. 58.
Sharded, protected by scaly wing-cases; III. iii. 20.
Shes, women; I. iii. 29.
Shop, store; V. v. 166.
Short, take from, impair; I. vi. 200.
Shot, tavern reckoning, score; V. iv. 158.
Show, deceitful appearance; V. v. 54.
Shows, appearances; V. v. 428.
'Shrew me, i.e. beshrew me; a mild oath; II. iii. 146.
Shrine, image; V. v. 164.
Silly, simple; V. iii. 86.
Simular, false, counterfeited; V. v. 200.
Single oppositions, single combats; (?) "when compared as to particular accomplishments" (Schmidt); IV. i. 15.
Sinks, makes to sink; V. v. 413.
Sinon, who persuaded the Trojans to admit into the city the wooden horse filled with armed men; III. iv. 61.
Sir, man; I. vi. 160.
Sirrah, a form of address to an inferior; III. v. 80.
Slight in sufferance, careless in permitting it; III. v. 35.

Slip you, let you go free; IV. iii. 22.
Sluttery, the practice of a slut; I. vi. 44.
Snuff, a candle that has been snuffed; I. vi. 87.
So, it is well; II. iii. 15.
Solace, take delight; I. vi. 86.
Soldier to, enlisted to; (?) equal to; III. iv. 186.
So like you, if it please you; II. iii. 58.
Something, somewhat; I. i. 86; I. iv. 116.
Sometime, sometimes; II. iii. 76.
——, once; V. v. 333.
Sorer, more grievous, more evil; III. vi. 13.
South-fog; "the S. rot him"; it was supposed that the south wind was charged with all noxious vapours and diseases; II. iii. 135.
Spectacles, organs of vision; I. vi. 37.
Speed; "how you shall s.," how you will fare; V. iv. 190.
Sprightly, of good cheer, in god spirits; III. vi. 75.
Sprited, haunted; II. iii. 143.
Spritely, spirit-like, ghostly; V. v. 428.
Spurs, shoots of the root of a tree; IV. ii. 58.
Staggers, giddiness, reeling; V. v. 233.
Stand, "station of huntsmen waiting for game"; II. iii. 74.
Stand, withstand; V. iii. 60.
Stand'st so, dost stand up so; III. v. 56.
Starve, die of cold; I. iv. 176.
States, "persons of highest rank"; III. iv. 39.
Statist, statesman, politician; II. iv. 16.
Still, continually; II. v. 30.
——, always; V. v. 250.
Story, i.e. the subject of the embroidery on the tapestry; II. ii. 27.
Story him, give an account of him; I. iv. 34.
Straight-pight, straight fixed, erect; V. v. 164.
Strain, impulse, motive; III. iv. 95.
——, stock, race; IV. ii. 24.
Strait, straight; V. iii. 7.
Strange, foreign, a foreigner; I. vi. 54.
Stricter, more restricted, less exacting; V. iv. 17.
Stride a limit, overpass the bound; III. iii. 35.
Strow, strew; IV. ii. 287.
Suit, clothe; V. i. 23.
Supplyant, auxiliary; III. vii. 14.
Supplyment, continuance of supply (Pope, "*supply*"); III. iv. 182.
Sur-addition, surname; I. i. 33.
Swathing clothes; I. i. 59. (See illustration.)
Sweet, sweet-heart (Collier MS., "*suite*"); I. v. 80.
Swerve, go astray, mistake; V. iv. 129.

From a brass in Rougham Church, Norfolk.

Syenna, the ruler of Syenna; IV. ii. 341.
Synod, assembly of the gods; V. iv. 89.

Tables, tablets; III. ii. 39.
Take, take pay; III. vi. 24.
Take in, make to yield, overcome; III. ii. 9.
——, conquer, overcome; IV. ii. 121.
Take me up, take me to task; II. i. 4.
Talents; "beyond all t.," exceeding any sum; I. vi. 80.
Tanlings, those tanned by the sun; IV. iv. 29.
Targes, targets; "t. of proof," targets of tested metal (Folio 4, "*Targets*"; Pope, "*shields*"; Capell, "*targets*"); V. v. 5.
Taste, feel, experience; V. v. 403.
Tasting of, experiencing, feeling; V. v. 308.
Temper, mix; V. v. 250.
Tender; "t. of our present," tendering of our present gift; I. vi. 208.
Tender of, sensitive to; III. v. 40.
Tent, probe; III. iv. 118.
That, for that, because; III. v. 71.
——, since that; III. vii. 4.
——, that which; IV. ii. 125; V. iv. 135.
——, so that; V. iii. 11; V. iv. 45.
Thereto, in addition thereto; IV. iv. 33.
Thick, fast, quickly; III. ii. 58.
This, this is (S. Walker conj. "*this'*"); II. ii. 50.
Threat, threaten; IV. ii. 127.
Throughfare, thoroughfare; I. ii. 11.
Throughly, thoroughly; II. iv. 12; III, vi. 36.
Thunder-stone, thunder bolt; IV. ii. 271.
Time, age; I. i. 43.
Tinct, colour; II. ii. 23.
Tirest on, preyest upon (as a hawk); III. iv. 97.
Titan, the god of the Sun; III. iv. 166.
Title, name; I. iv. 93.
To, as to; I. iv. 101.
——, compared to; III. ii. 10.
——, is to be compared to; III. iii. 26.
——, in addition to; IV. ii. 333.
Tomboys, hoydens; I. vi. 122.
Tongue, speak; V. iv. 147.

Touch, feeling, emotion; I. i. 135.
Toys, trifles; IV. ii. 193.
Trims, dress, apparel, III. iv. 167.
Trip me, refute me, give me the lie; V. v. 35.
Troth, the truth; V. v. 274.
Trow, I wonder; I. vi. 47.
True, honest; II. iii. 75.
Truer, more honest man; I. v. 43.
Tune, voice; V. v. 238.
Twinn'd, indistinguishably similar; I. vi. 35.

Unbent; "to be u.," to unbend thy bow; III. iv. 111.
Undergo, undertake, perform; I. iv. 148; III. v. 110.
Undertake, give satisfaction; II. i. 27.
Unparagon'd, matchless; I. iv. 84; II. ii. 17.
Unpaved, castrated; II. iii. 33.
Unprizable, invaluable; I. iv. 96.
Unspeaking sots, blockheads wanting power of speech; V. v. 178.
Untwine, cease to twine; IV. ii. 59.
Up, put up; II. iv. 97.
Up-cast, a throw directed straight up; II. i. 2.
Use; "their u.," they use us; IV. iv. 7.
Utterance; "at u.," at all hazards; III. i. 73.

Valuation, value; IV. iv. 49.
Vantage, opportunity; I. iii. 24
——, advantage; V. v. 198.
Vantages, favourable opportunity; II. iii. 49.
Venge, avenge; I. vi. 92.
Verbal, wordy, verbose; II. iii. 110.
Very Cloten, Cloten himself; IV. ii. 107.
View; "full of v.," full of promise; III. iv. 150.

Wage, wager; I. iv. 139.
Waggish, roguish; III. iv. 160.
Waked, awoke; V. v. 429.
Walk, withdraw, walk aside; I. i. 176; V. v. 119.
Wanton, one brought up in luxury; IV. ii. 8.
Warrant, pledge; I. iv. 61.
Watch; "in w.," awake; III. iv. 43.
Watching, keeping awake for; II. iv. 68.
Way; "this w.," by acting in this way; IV. iv. 4.
Weeds, garments; V. i. 23.
Well encounter'd, well met; III. vi. 66.
Wench-like, womanish; IV. ii. 230.
Went before, excelled; I. iv. 75.
What, what a thing; IV. i. 16.
When as, when (Dyce, "*whenas*"); V. iv. 138; V. v. 435.
Which, who; II. iii. 111.
Whiles, while; I. v. 1.
Who, whom; V. v. 27.
Whom, which; III. i. 53.
Windows, eyelids; II. ii. 22.

Wink, shut their eyes; V. iv. 191.
Winking, having the eyes shut; II. iii. 25.
——, blind; II. iv. 89.
Winter-ground, protect from inclement weather of the winter (Collier MS., "*winter-guard*"; Bailey conj. "*winter-fend*"; Elze, "*wind around*"); IV. ii. 229.
With, by; II. iii. 143; V. iii. 33.
Woodman, huntsman; III. vi. 28.
Worms, serpents; III. iv. 37.
Would so, would have done so; V. v. 189.
Wrings, writhes; III. vi. 79.
Write against, denounce; II. v. 32.
Wrying, swerving; V. i. 5.

You're best, you had better; III. ii. 79.

British megalith.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 3. '*does the king*'; Tyrwhitt's conjecture; Folios, '*do's the kings*'; Hanmer, '*do the king's.*'

I. i. 133. '*A year's age*'; this reading seems weak; one expects some stronger expression. Warburton, adopted by Theobald, '*a yare* [*i.e.* speedy] *age*'; Hanmer, '*many A year's age*'; Nicholson, '*more than Thy years' age*'; etc., etc.

I. iii. 9. '*make me with this eye or ear*; Folios, '*his*' for '*this.*'

I. iv. 21. '*are wonderfully to*'; Warburton conj. '*aids wonderfully to*'; Capell conj. '*are wonderful to*'; Eccles, '*and wonderfully do.*'

I. iv. 77-78. '*could not but*'; Malone's emendation, of Folios, '*could not.*'

I. iv. 118. '*herein too*'; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, '*heerein to*'; Grant White, '*herein-to*' Anon. conj.,'*hereunto*'; Vaughan conj. '*herein, so.*'

I. iv. 141. '*afraid*'; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Folios, '*a Friend*'; Becket conj. '*affied*'; Jackson conj. '*affianc'd*'; Collier MS., '*afeard*'; Ingleby conj. '*her friend.*'

I. v. 68. '*chance thou changest on*'; so Folios; Rowe reads '*chance thou chancest on*'; Theobald, '*change thou chancest on.*'

I. vi. 25. '*trust—*'; Boswell's reading; Folios, '*trust*'; Hanmer, '*truest.*'; Rann, '*truest.*'; Thirlby conj. '*trusty.*'

I. vi. 36. '*number'd,*' (?)='rich in numbers'; Theobald, '*unnumber'd*'; Warburton, '*humbl'd*'; Farmer conj. '*umber'd*'; Jackson conj. '*member'd*'; Theobald's excellent emendation has much to commend it.

I. vi. 45. '*desire vomit emptiness*'; Johnson explained these difficult words as follows:—"*Desire,* when it approached *sluttery,* and considered it in comparison with *such neat* excellence, would not only be *not so allured to feed,* but seized with a fit of loathing, would *vomit emptiness,* would feel the convulsions of disgust, though being unfed, it had no object." Pope, '*desire vomit ev'n*

emptiness'; Capell, '*desire vomit to emptiness'*; Hudson, '*desire vomit from emptiness.'*

I. vi. 109. '*unlustrous'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*illustrious'*; Ingleby, '*ill-lustrous.'*

II. ii. 49. '*bare the raven's eye'*; Theobald's conj., adopted by Steevens; Folios, '*bear the Rauens eye.'*

II. iii. 27. '*With every thing that pretty is'*; Hanmer (unnecessarily, for the sake of the rhyme), '*With all the things that pretty bin'*; Warburton, '*With everything that pretty bin.'*

II. iii. 32. '*vice'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*voyce.'*

II. iii. 51. '*soliciting'*; the reading of Collier (ed. 2); Folio 1 reads '*solicity'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*solicits'*; Pope, '*solicits.'*

II. iii. 105. '*Are not'*; Warburton's conjecture, adopted by Theobald, '*cure not'*; but no change is necessary.

III. i. 20. '*rocks'*; Seward conj., adopted by Hanmer; Folios, '*Oakes.'*

III. i. 54. '*We do,'* these words are part of Cymbeline's speech in Folios; Collier MS. assigns them to Cloten, and the arrangement has been generally adopted.

III. iii. 2. '*Stoop'*; Hanmer's emendation of Folios, '*Sleepe.'*

III. iii. 6. '*turbons'*; Folio 1, '*Turbonds'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Turbands.'*

III. iii. 23. '*bauble'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*Babe'*; Hanmer, '*bribe'*; the latter suggestion has been accepted by many modern editors; Brae, '*badge,' i.e.* decoration, ribbon.

III. iii. 34. '*prison for'*; Pope's emendation of Folio 1, '*Prison, or'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Prison or'*; Anon conj. and Vaughan conj., '*prison of.'*

III. iii. 83. '*I' the cave wherein they bow'*; Warburton's emendation; Folios, '*I' th' Cave, whereon the Bowe'*; Rowe, '*I' th' cave, where on the bow*; Pope, '*Here in the cave, wherein'*; Theobald, '*I' th' cave, there, on the brow,'* etc.

III. iv. 52. '*Whose mother was her painting,' i.e.* 'who owed her beauty to her painted face'; or, perhaps 'whose painted face was the sum of her woman-like qualities'; according to others, 'whose mother aided and abetted her daughter in her trade.'

III. iv. 81. '*afore't'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*a-foot.'*

III. iv. 104. '*I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first'*; Hanmer's emendation; Folios read '*I' ll wake mine eye-balles first'*; Rowe, '*I'll break mine eye-balls first'*; Johnson conj., adopted by Ingleby, '*I'll wake mine eye-balls out first'*; Collier MS., '*I'll crack mine eye-balls first.'*

III. iv. 135. Vaughn proposed '*With that harsh noble—noble simply in nothing*'; Spence, '*trash noble*' (*i.e.* base coin); Elze, '*that ignoble,*' etc.

III. iv. 138. '*Where then?*' perhaps these words should be assigned to Pisanio.

III. iv. 177. '*Which you'll make him know*' Hanmer's reading; Folios read '*Which will make him know*'; Theobald, '*Which will make him so.*'

III. v. 44. '*loud'st of noise*'; Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, '*lowd of noise*'; Rowe, '*loudest noise.*'

III v. 72. Possibly, as explained by Johnson, these words are to be explained as meaning, 'than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind'; Hanmer, '*than any lady winning from each one.*'

III. vi. 71. Perhaps we should read with Hanmer, '*I'd bid*'; *i.e.* 'I'd bid for you and make up my mind to have you.'

III. vii. 9. '*commends*'; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Folios, '*cõmmands*' (perhaps = 'commands to be given').

IV. ii. 132. '*humour*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*honor.*'

IV. ii. 168. '*parish*'; Hanmer, '*marish*'; Garrick's version, '*river*'; Becket conj. '*parage.*'

IV. ii. 224. '*The ruddock,*' etc.; the kindly service of the Robin Redbreast is often referred to in Elizabethan literature, *e.g.*

Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
The little redbreast teacheth charitie.

Drayton, *The Owl.*

From an early copy of the ballad of *The Babes in the Wood.*

It is worth while noting that the story of *The Babes in the Wood* was dramatised as early as 1600 in Yarrington's "*Two Lamentable Tragedies.*"

IV. iii. 36. '*I heard no letter,*' *i.e.* (?) 'I've not had a line'; Hanmer reads '*I've had*'; Capell, '*I have had*'; Mason conj., and Warburton conj., adopted by Collier (ed. 2), '*I had.*'

V. i. 15. '*dread it, to the doers' thrift*'; perhaps this means that the guilty benefit by their dread, for their dread makes them re-

pent, and repentance brings them salvation. Theobald suggested '*dreaded . . . thrift*'; but the text, though somewhat difficult, may be correct.

V. iii. 26. '*that,*' *i.e.* 'that death.'

V. iii. 43. '*they*'; Theobald's correction of Folios, '*the*'; *i.e.* 'retracing as slaves the strides they made as victors.

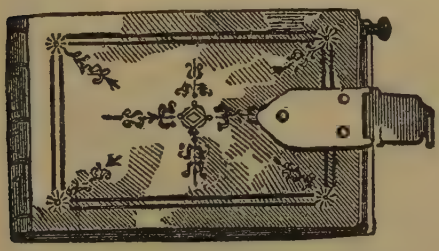
V. iii. 53. '*Nay, do not wonder*'; Theobald reads '*Nay, do but wonder*'; Staunton conj. '*Ay, do but wonder*'; "Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach that wonder was all he was made for" (Johnson).

From a group crowning the summit of the celebrated Nautilus cup in Her Majesty's collection, probably the work of German goldsmiths.

V. iv. 113. '*Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.*' *Cp.* the accompanying drawing.

V. iv. 133.

'A book? O rare one!
Be not . . . a garment
Nobler than that it covers.'



From a specimen of the late XVIth century.

V. v. 54. '*and in time*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*yes and in time*'; S. Walker conj. '*and in due time.*' etc.

V. v. 263. The stage-direction first inserted by Hanmer. It explains the meaning of the lines, gets rid of a long series of unnecessary emendations.

V. v. 305. '*scar*'; '*had ever s. for*,' *i.e.* had ever received a scar for; Folios 1, 2, '*scarre*'; Collier conj. '*sense*'; Singer (ed. 2), '*score*' Bailey conj. '*soar*.'

V. v. 378. '*When ye*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*When we*'; Capell, '*When you*.'

V. v. 382. '*fierce*,' disordered; (?) vehement, rapid; Collier conj. '*forc'd*'; Bailey conj. '*brief*.'

V. v. 384. '*distinction should be rich in*,' *i.e.* "Ought to be rendered distinct by a liberal amplitude of narrative" (Steevens).

V. v. 392. '*our long inter'gatories*'; Tyrwhitt conj., adopted by Malone; Folios, '*our long Interrogatories*.'

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

25-27. *I do extend,* etc.:—The meaning is, my praise, however extreme it may appear, is less than the truth warrants: I rather stop short of his merits than go the full length of them.

31. Tenantius was the father of Cymbeline, and the son of Lud. On the death of Lud, his younger brother, Cassibelan, took the throne, to the exclusion of the lineal heir. Cassibelan repulsed the Romans on their first invasion, but was vanquished on their second, and agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, his nephew Tenantius was established on the throne. Some authorities tell us that he quietly paid the tribute stipulated by his usurping uncle; others, that he refused it, and warred with the Romans; which latter account is the one taken for true by the Poet.

Scene II.

30, 31. *she's a good sign,* etc.:—To understand the force of this, it should be remembered that anciently almost every *sign* had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism underneath.

Scene IV.

[*Enter . . . a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*] "It has been observed," says Verplanck, "that the behaviour of the Spaniard and the Dutchman, who are stated to be present during this animated scene, is in humorous accordance with the apathy and taciturnity usually attributed to their countrymen. Neither the Don nor Mynheer utters a syllable. 'What was Imogen to them, or they to Imogen,' that they should speak of her?" White says "their

mere presence has a dramatic value, as indicating the mixed company of travellers in which this scene takes place."

16, 17. *a great deal from the matter*:—That is, makes the description of him very distant from the truth.

141. *afraid, . . . wiser*:—That is, you are the wiser in fearing to have your wife put to the proof. To screw Posthumus up to the sticking-point, the villain here imputes his backwardness to a distrust of his wife, and so brings his confidence in her over to the side of the wager and trial. The original reads, *a friend* instead of *afraid*. The latter word was suggested by Warburton, and adopted by Theobald. It is not altogether easy to get at the meaning of *a friend* in such a connection: besides, Posthumus has just professed himself "her adorer, *not* her *friend*." And the change is further approved by what Iachimo says just after: "But, I see, you have some religion in you, that *you fear*"; that is, evidently, fear to have your wife's honour attempted, lest it should give way. It need scarce be said, that to such a man as Iachimo religion and superstition are synonymous terms.

Scene V.

33, 34. *I do not like her*, etc.:—This soliloquy is pronounced by Johnson to be "very inartificial," and he declares that Cornelius makes "a long speech to tell himself what himself knows." The speech might deserve such censure, were it not intended for the audience, to relieve their anxiety at mischievous ingredients being left in the hands of the Queen. It is no less useful to prepare us for the seeming return of Imogen from death to life.

84. *The violets, cowslips, . . . my closet*:—Upon this passage Clarke has the following: "The art with which the Poet and dramatist has placed these words in the mouth of this queen miscreant is worthy of remark. He makes her use these beauteous and innocent products of earth as mere cloaks to her wickedness; she concocts 'perfumes' and 'confections' from them as a veil to the 'drugs' and 'poisonous compounds' which she collects for the fellest purposes. It enhances the effect of her guilt, her thus forcing these sweet blossoms to become accomplices in her vile schemes; and we loathe her the more for her surrounding her unhallowed self with their loveliness. Observe, too, how skilfully Shakespeare has made this evil woman order her ladies to 'gather these flowers'—how she desires that they shall be borne

to her *closet*—her laboratory; not gathering or caring for them herself; not caring for the touch, and scent, and sight of these gentle things—that all good people instinctively love, and cherish, and caress. How different is the Poet's treatment of the subject, where he makes the virtuous Friar Laurence rise with the dawn, *himself* to gather the 'precious-juiced flowers,' 'ere the sun advance his burning eye'; and dilating with fond enthusiasm on their 'many virtues excellent,' and philosophizing on their varied qualities and purposes!"

Scene VI.

99. *What both you spur and stop*:—The information which you seem to press forward and yet withhold. The allusion is to horsemanship. So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "She was like a horse desirous to runne, and miserably *spurred,* but so *short-reined,* as he cannot stirre forward."

210. Concerning the art with which the character of Imogen is worked out, especially in her interview with Iachimo, White, in his *Shakespeare's Scholar,* has these just and well-put thoughts: "The firm, undallying chastity of Imogen is indicated with unsurpassable tact and skill in this Scene. She is slow to understand Iachimo; but the moment he makes his proposition plainly, before a word of anger or surprise passes her lips, she calls for the faithful servant of her lord, to remove him who has insulted her and his friend's honour. Then her indignation bursts from her; but again and again she interrupts its flow with *What, ho, Pisanio!* She holds no question with him who made such a proposition to her; enters into no dispute of why or wherefore: she seeks nothing but the instantaneous removal of the man who has dared to attempt her chastity. Not only does she refuse all consideration of the right or wrong of the proposition, but the mere proposal changes, on the moment, all previous relations between her and the proposer, although they were established by her husband himself. It is not until her pure soul, as quick to believe good as it was slow to imagine evil, is quieted by the entire withdrawal of Iachimo's advances, and the assignment of a comprehensible though not excusable reason for them, that she ceases to call for him who is in some sort the representative of her husband. An exquisite touch of the master's hand occurs in a single pronoun in the succeeding speech of Imogen. Born a princess, she has given herself to Posthumus, a nameless man, as freely as if she

were a peasant's daughter; and she is remarkable, with all her dignity, for her unassuming deportment: but the insult of Iachimo stings her into pride, and, for the first and only time, she takes her state, and speaks of herself in the plural number. She says, *to expound his beastly mind to us.*"

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

[*Cloten.*] The character of Cloten was for a long time thought to be out of nature and monstrous. But Miss Seward declared him the exact prototype of a man she once knew: "The unmeaning frown of the countenance; the shuffling gait; the burst of speaking; the bustling insignificance; the fever-and-ague fits of valour; the froward techiness; the unprincipled malice; and, what is most curious, the occasional gleams of good sense amid the floating clouds of folly which generally darkened and confused the man's brain, and which, in Cloten, we are apt to impute to a violation of unity of character;—but in the sometime Captain C——n I saw the portrait of Cloten was not out of nature."

Scene II.

13. *rushes*:—It was customary in Shakespeare's time to strew floors with rushes; and the Poet, with the license of his art, speaks as though the same custom had obtained in Rome.

22, 23. *windows . . . tinct*:—The *eyelids* are the *windows* of the eyes. So in *Romeo and Juliet,* IV. i. 100, 101: "Thy eyes' *windows* fall, like death, when he shuts up the day of life." And in *Venus and Adonis*:—

> "The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
> Her two *blue windows* faintly she up-heaveth."

This passage is an exact description of the eyelid of a fair beauty, which is white, laced with veins of blue. By *azure* is understood not a dark blue, but a tinct or effusion of a blue colour—the *blue of heaven's own tinct.* Drayton seems to have had this passage in his mind:—

> "And these sweet *veins* by nature rightly plac'd,
> Wherewith she seems the white *skin* to have *lac'd.*"

45. *The tale of Tereus*:—*Tereus and Progne* is the second tale in *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure,* 1576. The story is related in Ovid, *Metamorphes,* l. vi.; and by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis.*

48. *dragons of the night*:—The task of drawing the chariot of Night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. So in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream,* III. ii. 379: "Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast."

51. The inexpressible purity and delicacy of this Scene have been often commended and cannot be overpraised. The imagery all shows "of heaven's own tinct," as though by some secret sympathy it had caught the very life and quality of the subject. Its richness and rareness enchant the senses; but the enchantment is wrought so entirely through the imagination, that the senses are at the same time purified and, as it were, turned into soul in the contemplation. The description of Imogen would almost engage our respect upon the describer, but that we already know Iachimo to be one of those passionless minds in which gross thoughts are most apt to lodge; and that the unaccustomed awe of virtue, which Imogen struck into him at their first interview, only chastises down his tendencies to gross-thoughtedness while in her presence. Thus his delicacy of speech only goes to heighten our impression of Imogen's character inasmuch as it seems to come, not from him, but from her *through* him; and as something that must be divine indeed, not to be strangled in passing through such a medium.

Scene III.

20. A similar figure occurs in *Paradise Lost,* v. 197: "Ye birds, that singing up to heaven-gate ascend, bear on your wings and in your notes His praise." And Shakespeare, in *Sonnet* XXIX:—

> "Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
> Like to the lark at break of day arising
> From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate."

Divers other poets, from Chaucer downwards, have the same figure. The whole song may have been suggested by a passage in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*:—

> "Who is 't now we hear?
> None but the *lark* so shrill and clear:

Now at *heaven's gate* she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark! with what a pretty throat
Poor robin red-breast tunes his note;
Hark! how the jolly cuckoos sing
Cuckoo, to welcome in the spring."

57. *Senseless!*—"The cunning queen," observes Clarke, "uses this word with the signification of unconscious; her obtuse son affrontedly disclaims it, as signifying stupid, devoid of sense. The angry susceptibility and techiness of ignorance, just sufficiently aware of its own incapacity to be perpetually afraid that it is found out and insulted by others, blended with the stolid conceit that invariably accompanies this inadequate self-knowledge, are all admirably delineated in Cloten: he is a dolt striving to pass for an accomplished prince, a vulgar boor fancying himself, and desirous of being taken for, a thorough gentleman."

91. [*Imogen.*] Mrs. Jameson has this comment of clear insight and analysis: "Cloten is odious; but we must not overlook the peculiar fitness and propriety of his character, in connection with that of Imogen. He is precisely the kind of man who would be most intolerable to such a woman. He is a fool—so is Slender, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek: but the folly of Cloten is not only ridiculous, but hateful; it arises not so much from a want of understanding as a total want of heart; it is the perversion of sentiment, rather than the deficiency of intellect; he has occasional gleams of sense, but never a touch of feeling. Imogen describes herself not only as 'sprited with a fool,' but as 'frighted and anger'd worse.' No other fool but Cloten—a compound of the booby and the villain—could excite in such a mind as Imogen's the same mixture of terror, contempt, and abhorrence. The stupid, obstinate malignity of Cloten and the wicked machinations of the queen justify whatever might need excuse in the conduct of Imogen—as her concealed marriage and her flight from her father's court—and serve to call out several of the most beautiful and striking parts of her character: particularly that decision and vivacity of temper which in her harmonize so beautifully with exceeding delicacy, sweetness, and submission."

131-134. *thou wert dignified enough,* etc.:—If you were to be dignified only *in comparison to* your virtues, the under hangman's place is too good for you.

Scene IV.

76. *the true life on 't was*:—"Iachimo's language," says Johnson, "is such as a skilful villain would naturally use; a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gaiety shows his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art."

125. *All sworn*:—It was anciently the custom for the servants of great families (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity on their entrance into office.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

30-33. *The famed Cassibelan*, etc.:—The Poet has transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. Holinshed says, "The same historie also maketh mention of Nennius, brother to Cassibelane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield by a blow which Cæsar stroke at him. But Nennius died, within 15 daies after the battel, of the hurt received at Cæsar's hand; although after he was hurt he slew Labienus, one of the Roman tribunes."

34-38. *Come*, etc.:—The pith and shrewdness of this ungeared and loose-screwed genius here go right to the mark, although they go off out of time.

60-62. *the first of Britain*, etc.:—Here the Poet follows Holinshed: "Mulmutius, the son of Cloten, got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers; and, after his father's decease. began to reign over the whole monarchy of Britain, in the year of the world 3529. He made many good laws, which were long after used, called Mulmutius' laws. After he had established his land, he ordained him, by the advice of his lords, a crown of gold, and caused himself with great solemnity to be crowned. And because he was the first that bore a crown here in Britain, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britain, and all the other before rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governors."

70-77. The main points of this speech are thus set forth in Holinshed: "Kymbeline was of the Britains made king, after the decease of his father, in the year of the world 3944, and before the birth of our Saviour 33. This man, as some write, was brought

up at Rome, and there made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not. But here is to be noted that, although our histories do affirm that Kymbeline lived in quiet with the Romans, and continually to them paid the tributes which the Britains had covenanted with Julius Cæsar to pay, yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæsar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the Empire, the Britains refused to pay that tribute: whereat, as Cornelius Tacitus reporteth, Augustus, being otherwise occupied, was contented to wink; howbeit, through earnest calling upon to recover his right by such as were desirous to see the uttermost of the British kingdom, at length, in the tenth year after the death of Julius Cæsar, Augustus made provision to pass with an army over into Britain, and was come forward upon his journey into Gallia Celtica, or, as we may say, into these hither parts of France. But, here receiving advertisements that the Pannonians, which inhabited the country now called Hungary, and the Dalmatians, whom we now call Slavons, had rebelled, he thought it best first to subdue these rebels, near home, rather than to seek new countries, and leave such in hazard whereof he had present possession; and so, turning his power against the Pannonians and Dalmatians, he left off for a time the wars of Britain."

Scene II.

50-73. *O, for a horse . . . slow*:—Mrs. Jameson quotes these lines, and remarks thus upon Imogen: "In the eagerness of Imogen to meet her husband there is all a wife's fondness, mixed up with the breathless hurry arising from a sudden and joyful surprise; but nothing of the picturesque eloquence, the ardent, exuberant, Italian imagination of Juliet, who, to gratify her impatience, would have her heralds thoughts; press into her service the nimble-pinioned doves, and wind-swift Cupids—change the course of nature, and lash the steeds of Phœbus to the west. Imogen only thinks 'one score of miles, 'twixt sun and sun,' slow travelling for a lover, and wishes for a horse with wings."

73. *riding wagers*:—This practice was prevalent in Shakespeare's time. Fynes Moryson, speaking of his brother's *putting out* money to be paid with interest on his return from Jerusalem, defends it as an honest means of gaining the charges of his journey, especially when "no meane lords, and lords' sonnes, and gen-

tlemen in our court, *put out* money *upon a horse-race under themselves*, yea, upon a journey afoote."

Scene III.

21. *full-wing'd eagle*:—The epithet *full-winged*, applied to the eagle, sufficiently marks the contrast of the Poet's imagery; for whilst the bird can soar beyond the reach of human eye, the insect mentioned in the previous line can but just rise above the surface of the earth, and that at the close of day.

35-39. *What should we speak of*, etc.:—Upon these lines Johnson has this fine observation: "This dread of an old age unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind."

78. [*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*] "The princely brothers in the cave," says Lloyd, "are in a manner common types of natural Britain, divided off and lying separate from the continental world; they are brought up in simplicity but in rudeness, in purity but in inexperience, in safety but in dullness, but their breed and blood declare themselves when their spirits rebel at the seclusion, and prefer to take the noble chances of glory, experience, usefulness, recollections, even though scathed in the trial. Posthumus describes two stages of British progress, undisciplined but daring against Julius Cæsar, now of improved knowledge and skill to aid their valour, but his own example proves his country still a tyro when culture of yesterday is matched with the veteran craft and villainy of centuries. The young princes are rather representatives of the earlier state, but they convey the idea of a fund of healthy vigour in the background to reinforce the failures of first attempts, and by their aspirations they set a mark that declares the country's destiny."

Scene IV.

3. *as I have now*:—That is, have now longed to see Posthumus. It would seem something fitter to Imogen's state of mind to read: "Ne'er long'd *his* mother so to see *him* first." Nevertheless, the sense is clear enough. Daniel changed to "as I do now," wherein some editors have followed him.

54. *richer than to hang by the walls*:—That is, too rich to be hung up as useless among the neglected contents of a wardrobe. Clothes were not formerly, as at present, kept in drawers, or given away as soon as time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs, in a room appropriated to the purpose; and, though such as were composed of *rich* substances were occasionally *ripped* for domestic uses, articles of inferior quality were suffered to *hang by the walls* till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations. It is said that when Queen Elizabeth died she was found to have left above three thousand dresses behind her. Steevens once saw one of those repositories at an ancient mansion in Suffolk, which had been preserved with superstitious reverence for almost a century and a half.

139-143. *Hath Britain all the sun,* etc.:—"It seems probable," says Knight, "that here, as also on a similar occasion in *Richard II.,* Shakespeare had in his thoughts a passage in Lyly's *Euphues*: 'Nature hath given to no man a country, no more than she hath house, or lands, or living. Plato would never account him banished that had the sun, air, water, and earth, that he had before: where he felt the winter's blast, and the summer's blaze; where the same sun and the same moon shined: whereby he noted that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.'"

162. *quarrelous as the weasel*:—Weasels were formerly kept in houses, instead of cats, for the purpose of killing vermin. The Poet no doubt speaks from observation; while a youth he would have frequent opportunities to ascertain their disposition.

166. *common-kissing Titan*:—So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "And beautiful might have been, if they had not suffered greedy Phœbus over often and hard to kisse them."

180, 181. *Your means abroad,* etc.:—As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me.

Scene V.

69. *This night forestall,* etc.:—That is, may his grief this night *prevent* him, by an unexpected and premature death, from ever seeing another day.

101. *Or this, or perish*:—Meaning, probably, I must either *practise this deceit* upon Cloten or perish by his fury." Johnson thought the words should be given to Cloten.

Scene VI.

1-27. "Exquisitely feminine throughout," says Clarke, "is this speech. Its confession of limb-weary fatigue, of faintness from exhaustion, its moral strength amid physical weakness, its tender epithet for the husband whose cruel injustice is felt none the less deeply for the irremovable love she still cherishes for him, its timid hesitation in calling for help, its vague thought of defence in *best draw my sword*, its avowal of greater dread at the very sight of the sword than the sword-drawer can hope to inspire by use of the weapon, together with the final softly smiling, half self-pitying exclamation, half aspiration for divine aid, are all intensely true to the mingled mental courage and bodily delicacy of such a woman as Imogen, who is the very embodiment of supreme womanhood."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

15. *imperceiverant*:—Cloten is a very notable instance of a man or a thing, with not merely a loose screw in the gearing, but with all the screws loose. His character reminds us of nothing so much as the description of Desborough in *Woodstock*: "His limbs seemed to act upon different and contradictory principles. They were not, as the play says, in a concatenation accordingly: the right hand moved as if it were on bad terms with the left, and the legs showed an inclination to foot it in different and opposite directions." Precisely so it is with Cloten's mind. There are the materials of a man in him, but they are not made up: his whole being seems a mass of unhingement, disorder, and jumble, full of unaccountable jerks and twitches: the several parts of him hold no mutual intercourse or intelligence, but appear set at incurable odds one with another, each having a will and a way of its own, so that no two of them can pull or strike together. Hence the excruciating, though at the same time laughable, unfitness of all that he does, and most that he speaks. He has indeed a reasonable gift of practical shrewdness, is not without frequent flashes of strong and ready sense; yet even these, through his overweening self-importance of rank and place, only serve to invest him all the more with the air of a conceited, blustering, con-

sequential booby. Rendered ludicrous by whatsoever is best in him, and rendered frightful by whatsoever is not ludicrous; savage in feeling, awkward in person, absurd in manners; he is of course just the last man that any lady of sense or sensibility could be brought to endure. His calling Imogen an *imperceiverant thing* for not appreciating his superiority to Posthumus in the qualities that invite a lady's respect and affection, aptly illustrates the refined irony with which the character is drawn.

Scene II.

73, 74. *answering a slave,* etc.:—That is, answering one who called me a slave.

118. *I am perfect what*:—I know perfectly what I have done.

198. *made so much on*:—Mrs. Radcliffe, as quoted by Verplanck, here says: "No master ever knew how to touch the accordant springs of sympathy by small circumstances like our own Shakespeare. In *Cymbeline,* for instance, how finely such circumstances are made use of to awaken, at once, solemn expectation and tenderness, and, by recalling the softened remembrance of a sorrow long past, to prepare the mind to melt at one that was approaching; mingling at the same time, by means of a mysterious occurrence, a slight tremor of awe with our pity! Thus, when Belarius and Arviragus return to the cave where they had left the unhappy and worn-out Imogen to repose, while they are yet standing before it, and Arviragus—speaking of her with tenderest pity as 'poor sick Fidele'—goes out to inquire for her, solemn music is heard from the cave, sounded by that harp of which Guiderius says, 'Since the death of my dearest mother it did not speak before. All solemn things should answer solemn accidents.' Immediately, Arviragus enters with Fidele senseless in his arms. Tears alone can speak the touching simplicity of the whole scene."

215-218. *Why, he but sleeps,* etc.:—John Webster's *Vittoria Corombona* has a very noble passage which may have been suggested by this in the text:—

> "O thou soft natural death! thou art joint twin
> To sweetest slumber: no rough-bearded comet
> Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl
> Beats not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf
> Scents not thy carrion: pity winds thy corse,
> While horror waits on princes."

224-229. *the ruddock*, etc.:—The old writers often sweeten their lines with the tender reverences here ascribed to the *redbreast*. The beautiful superstition is thus spoken of in Thomas Johnson's *Cornucopia*, 1596: "The robin redbreast, if he find a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with mosse; and some thinke that if the body should remain unburied he would cover the whole body also." Webster has the following choice lines, being part of the dirge sung by Cornelia for young Marcello, in the play quoted in the preceding note:—

> "Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
> Since o'er shady grove they hover,
> And with leaves and flowers do cover
> The friendless bodies of unburied men."

Drayton, also, has it, evidently in imitation of Shakespeare:—

> "Covering with *moss* the dead's unclosed eye,
> The little redbreast *teacheth* charity."

But perhaps the most touching use of it is in the old ballad of *The Children in the Wood*, which is too well known to need quoting here.

258 *et seq.* [*Song.*] Here is Collins's imitation of this song:—

> "To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
> Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
> Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
> And rifle all the breathing spring.
>
> No wailing ghost shall dare appear
> To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
> But shepherd lads assemble here,
> And melting virgins own their love.
>
> No withered witch shall here be seen;
> No goblins lead their nightly crew;
> The female fays shall haunt the green,
> And dress thy grave with pearly dew.
>
> The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
> Shall kindly lend his little aid,
> With hoary moss and gathered flowers,
> To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
  In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or, midst the chase, on every plain,
  The tender thought on thee shall dwell—

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
  For thee the tear be truly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
  And mourned till pity's self be dead."

"There is nothing to us more striking," says Knight, "than the contrast which is presented between the free natural lyric sung by the brothers over the grave of Fidele and the elegant poem which some have thought so much more beautiful. The one is perfectly in keeping with all that precedes and all that follows; the other is entirely out of harmony with its associations. 'To fair Fidele's grassy tomb' is the dirge of *Collins* over Fidele; 'Fear no more the heat o' the sun' is Fidele's proper funeral song by her bold *brothers*."

280. *Quiet consummation have*:—Probably the best comment on this is furnished by the closing prayer in the Church Burial Service: "That we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of Thy holy Name, may have our perfect *consummation* and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory."

White, in his *Shakespeare's Scholar,* handles these verses rather unceremoniously, calling them "stiff, formal, artificial rhymes, worthy only of a verse-crazed cit affecting the pastorals." And he adds: "The lines are the production of some clumsy prentice of the Muse." Hudson confesses that, possibly more from long association than from judgement, the lines *feel* to him very much at home where they are, seem to relish of the soil in which they are represented as growing, and fall in so accordantly with the spirit of the persons and the occasion, that he can discover no savour of "affecting the pastorals" in them. Still Hudson does not think that they were written by Shakespeare. Staunton says: "There is something so strikingly inferior, both in the thoughts and expression of the concluding couplet to each stanza in this song, that we may fairly set them down as additions from the same hand which furnished the contemptible *Masque* or *Vision* that deforms the last Act."

377-379. *If I do lie,* etc.:—"Into the mouth of the pure-souled Imogen," observes Clarke, "Shakespeare has characteristically

put this shrinking from the necessity for untruth, and the appeal to Heaven for divine forgiveness for her reluctantly committed error. He has depicted the same aversion to falsehood in the innocent and royal-natured Perdita; while he has made even the princely Florizel condescend to misstatements for the sake of needful concealment. Thus clearly does the man and poet Shakespeare denote his genuine perception and appreciation of the sacredness of truth, at the very time that the dramatic Shakespeare allows of equivocation as a necessary part of dramatic disguise."

Scene IV.

6. *revolts*:—So in *King John,* V. ii. 151: "And you degenerate, you ingrate *revolts.*"

ACT FIFTH.

Scene III.

14 *et seq.*:—In the passage beginning, *Close by the battle,* etc., the Poet availed himself of an incident of Scottish history, which he found in Holinshed: "There was, near the place of the battle, a long lane, fenced on both sides with ditches and walls made of turf, through the which the Scots that fled were beaten down by the enemies on heaps. Here Hay, with his sons, supposing they might best stay the flight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them back whom they met fleeing, and spared neither friend nor foe, but down they went all such as came within their reach; wherewith divers hardy personages cried unto their fellows to return back unto the battle."

68. *charm'd*:—Men were supposed to be rendered invulnerable in battle by *charms.* So in Chapman's Homer, *Iliad,* Book iv.: "Turne head, ye well-rode peeres of Troy, feed not the Grecians pride; they are not *charm'd* against your points of steele." And Macbeth (V. viii. 11, 12 of the tragedy), when he comes to the last mortal encounter with Macduff, says to him, referring to the weird incantations, "Let fall thy blade on *vulnerable* crests; I bear a *charmed* life."

74-76. *being now a favourer,* etc.:—That is, being but now a favourer to the Briton, I am a Briton no longer; I have resumed

the part I came in, that of a Roman soldier, in which character I shall find a certain death.

94. [*Enter Cymbeline, etc.*] This stage direction presents us with a piece of what the Poet elsewhere calls "inexplicable dumb show." It is hard to conceive what business such a thing should have here, unless it were to tickle the eyes of the groundlings; and in wishing it away, we may well be assured that it is not Shakespeare's, but was foisted in by the players.

Scene IV.

1, 2. The Gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned out to pasture.

14, 15. *I cannot . . . constrain'd*:—That is, in *gyves*, or *fetters*, which are *desired by me* more than *I am constrained to wear them*. The change of subject between *desired* and *constrain'd* makes the passage obscure. So in the next sentence we have another of those elliptical expressions so frequent in this play, where brevity is gained at the cost of perspicuity. Posthumus is representing his conscience as fettered or imprisoned by guilt, and penitence as the key that is to free it. To purchase this freedom, he is willing to repent, even to the laying down of his life. He is supplicating the gods and begging that mercy may remit whatsoever is due over and above his life, which is all he can pay: though this be not a sufficient ransom, yet if it be the *main part* of it, he prays them to be content with it, and not exact the rest.

30. From the stage direction preceding this line to the reëntrance of the Gaolers, after line 151, we find matter which it is practically impossible to attribute to Shakespeare. The more common opinion is, that the interlude was foisted in by the players, in order to catch the interest of vulgar wonder. That such things were sometimes done, is indeed beyond question. It may also be observed that, if this whole section be omitted, there will appear no gap in the play, unless in the allowing of Posthumus some space for sleep; the origin of the tablet being, for aught we can see, as well explained without the apparition as with it. Still there is room for the opinion that the matter was worked in by the Poet from an older drama either written by himself in his youth, or found among the stock-copies of the theatre. For, though the tablet be as well accounted for without the apparition as with it, in what Posthumus afterwards says of it, yet the for-

mer is itself as absurd as anything in the latter, and as much below the style of the rest of the play. Nevertheless, the contents of the tablet are so worked into the dialogue as to make the tablet itself an inseparable item of the drama. The most likely conclusion, then, seems to be, that the Poet found the matter already in popular favour on the stage, and so worked it in with his own "noble stuff." for purposes too obvious to need remarking upon.

Scene V.

88. *So feat,* etc.:—Upon the tribute in this passage paid to Imogen, Clarke has the following observations: "This gentle adaptation of herself and her womanly accomplishments to her assumed office of page crowns the perfection of Imogen's character. Her power, too, of attracting and attaching all who come near her—her father, who loves her in spite of the harshness he has shown her under the influence of his fiendish queen; her husband, who has been her 'playfellow' when a boy, and her lover in manhood, even after her supposed death; her faithful servant, Pisanio; her brothers, who know her but as a poor, homeless boy; Belarius, whose sympathy for the sick youth makes the way forth seem tedious; and Lucius, who pleads for the gentle lad's life with so earnest a warmth, while bearing so affectionate a testimony to his qualities as a page—this power of hers speaks indirectly, but indisputably, in testimony of her bewitching nature."

319. *Assumed this age*:—Referring to the different appearance which he now makes in comparison with that when Cymbeline last saw him.

334, 335. *Your pleasure,* etc.:—Belarius means, "My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I was accused of, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only."

352-354. *Thou weep'st,* etc.:—Johnson explains the passage thus: "Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate."

388. *your three motives*:—The motives of you three. So in *Romeo and Juliet,* II. iii. 51, "both our remedies" means "the remedy for us both."

435-442. *When as,* etc.:—Coleridge remarks upon this strange "label" as follows: "It is not easy to conjecture why Shakespeare should have introduced this ludicrous scroll, which answers

no one purpose, either propulsive or explicatory, unless as a joke on etymology." Collier thinks "it is very possible that the scroll and the vision were parts of an older play."

459. *My peace we will begin*:—"It should apparently be," says Hudson in his earlier note, "'*By* peace we will begin,'" and he so has it in the later Harvard Edition. "The Soothsayer," continues Hudson, "says that the label promised to Britain 'peace and plenty.' To which Cymbeline replies, 'We will begin *with peace* to fulfil the prophecy.'"

Questions on Cymbeline.

1. When was the play probably written?
2. Mention passages that are of doubtful authenticity.
3. What parts of the play were derived from Holinshed? What from Boccaccio?
4. State some facts which indicate that Shakespeare had in mind the fairy tale of "Little Snow-white" in constructing the story of Imogen.

ACT FIRST.

5. In the opening speech of the First Gentleman what is indicated concerning the character of the king and his power over his court?
6. In what fundamental traits are Lear and Cordelia suggested by Cymbeline and Imogen?
7. State the positions in relation to each other in which we find the principal actors of the story at the opening of the play. What is gained by having these facts presented by an observer like the First Gentleman and not allowing them to be given piecemeal by the participators in the action? Does this method foreshadow complexity of plot?
8. Show the Queen's purpose in allowing the interview between Posthumus and Imogen.
9. What does Posthumus say of his loyalty? How do the ring and the bracelet enter as elements of the plot?
10. Where does Imogen show some traces of barbaric spirit?
11. In Sc. ii. are the asides of the Second Lord necessary to point the imbecility of Cloten? What effect of "atmosphere," so to speak, do they produce?
12. What time has elapsed before Sc. iii.? What secondary though important character does it introduce?
13. Though Posthumus does not lay the wager, which would be too great a strain for our sympathies, yet how does he provoke Iachimo into proposing it? How is the bargain concluded? Why

does Shakespeare introduce two characters—the Dutchman and the Spaniard—in Sc. iv., and give them nothing to say?

14. How in Sc. v. is the cruel nature of the Queen shown? Is there indication here that the poisons she gives to Pisanio were intended for any other but him?

15. Comment on the lofty moral feeling of Imogen as exhibited during Iachimo's attempt upon her chastity? Compare her conduct here with Isabella's under similar circumstances in *Measure for Measure*. What is seen in Imogen's readiness to forgive? From a previous knowledge of Iachimo does the spectator suspect the real facts at the bottom of the trunk intrigue?

ACT SECOND.

16. Sc. ii. of Act I. and Sc. i. of Act II. present Cloten, but keep him outside the action of the play; what evidently is the dramatic purpose?

17. In Sc. ii. what indications of religious feeling does Imogen give before retiring?

18. What qualities of imagination does Iachimo show in the bedchamber scene? What was the tale of Tereus? How does this touch suggest the story of Paola and Francesca in *The Divine Comedy*?

19. How is the vulgarity of Cloten shown (Sc. iii.) in contrast with the song the musicians sing to Imogen?

20. What is effected by the entrance of Cymbeline and the Queen upon the scene of Cloten's wooing of Imogen? Does Cloten anywhere but here speak in verse or in elevated language? What does Shakespeare wish to imply by this means?

21. Explain the psychology of a nature such as Cloten, who seeks to gain his ends by vilifying another rather than by presenting the best in himself.

22. What taunt of Imogen touches his vanity? How does Cloten show stupidity in failing to see an opportunity for revenge presented before his eyes?

23. How was Iachimo's description of Imogen's bedchamber foreshadowed? What is the effect of the details given here that were omitted in his enumeration while in the chamber? How nearly contemporaneous would be the scene of the picture of Cleopatra on the Cydnus?

24. Does Posthumus seem to yield too readily to belief in Imogen's guilt? How does he show his religious nature? What is the purpose of the dramatist in withholding the element of proof that would carry most conviction until after Posthumus had shown himself persuaded?

25. Is there any purpose in Sc. v. beyond exhibiting the emotional condition of Posthumus? What course is he meditating?

ACT THIRD.

26. Explain the relations of Britain and Rome previous to the time indicated in Sc. i. How has this scene with Caius Lucius been prepared for? Comment on the degeneracy of the king as exhibited here.

27. What command does Posthumus lay upon Pisanio? Why was his purpose not made known by Posthumus himself when he was last upon the stage? Compare Pisanio with other link-persons in Shakespeare's plays and show how he is something more than a mediary.

28. Comment on the imaginative quality of Imogen's mind. Compare her speech in Sc. ii. with Juliet's (*Romeo and Juliet,* III. ii.) beginning, *Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds.* Which possesses more imagination? Do these two speeches convey a feeling of the difference between the English and Italian tempers?

29. What preparation has been made for Sc. iii.? What does it reveal necessary to a full understanding of the plot? What does it, in turn, foreshadow?

30. Shakespeare again reverts to his favourite device of showing in contrast the life of courts with the life of the country. Develop the following suggestions: the effect of nature upon exiles from the court as seen in *The Tempest, As You Like It,* and *Cymbeline*; the effect of a rural or a natural life upon the high-born, as seen in *The Winter's Tale, The Tempest,* and *Cymbeline.*

31. What is the immediate effect upon Imogen of the matter contained in Posthumus's letter? To what does she attribute his defection?

32. How does this scene exhibit her intellectual qualities?

33. What does she say about self-slaughter? Compare her in this with Hamlet.

34. What is Imogen's state of mind as shown in line 116 *et seq.*? Compare her with Hermione under a similar charge.

35. Imagine Helena in this situation; how would she have borne herself?

36. How does Pisanio provide a solution? In what way is he an agent for the irony of fate?

37. How in Sc. v. does the Queen reveal the passion that actuates her to crime? Compare her with Lady Macbeth.

38. What information does Cloten get concerning the flight of Imogen? Does he inform Cymbeline and the Queen? What dramatic use is made of his neglect?

39. What low revenge does he plan?

40. Point out the speech in Sc. vi. that marks the climax of the play. Show how it also foreshadows the dénouement.

ACT FOURTH.

41. How does Cloten compare with Posthumus in physical form? What was Shakespeare's purpose in showing Cloten with such disparity between mind and body? Contrast him in this respect with Caliban. How are his voice and manner of speaking described?

42. How long may we imagine Imogen to have lived with Belarius and her two brothers in the cave? What differences do you see in the characters of Guiderius and Arviragus?

43. What device leaves the stage clear (Sc. ii.) for Guiderius and Cloten? How is it fitting that Guiderius should be the slayer of Cloten? How does the younger brother comment on the act?

44. Show how fatalism is illustrated in deed as well as professed in words by the three cave-men in the exigency of Cloten's death.

45. In the apparent death of Imogen we see a situation which has pivotal relations to nearly all the principal characters. Indicate these relations to the Queen, to Pisanio, to Guiderius and Arviragus, to Posthumus, Cloten, and Lucius.

46. The audience being aware that Imogen is not dead, how are the obsequies managed so as to escape the ridiculous? Compare the philosophy of the song with that of Hamlet's soliloquy. Is there dramatic fitness between this song and the singers? What is suggested by the antiphonal form?

47. In what plight does Sc. iii. present Cymbeline? Why is this Scene devoted almost entirely to him, who has been a rather passive agent in the action hitherto? Does the state of Cymbeline arouse pity?

48. Does the action of the play pass out of the range of human agency, as is suggested by Pisanio in the last line of Sc. iii.?

49. In what way does Sc. iv. show that the natural instincts of man are bound at some time to become too strong for the restraints of superficial culture?

ACT FIFTH.

50. How long a time has elapsed since Posthumus was last seen? What view does he still hold of Imogen? What determination does he take as to his future?

51. Does Posthumus recognize Iachimo in Sc. ii.? If so, why does he leave him after overcoming him with arms?

52. What does the compunction of Iachimo foreshadow?

53. What is effected by suggesting the scene in action that is so vigorously described by Posthumus in Sc. iii.?

54. How is Fortune again shown to act in the preservation of Posthumus in battle? How did Posthumus secure his own arrest?

55. How is remorse shown in Posthumus? What atonement does he propose making?

56. Who appear in dumb show? What do they rehearse? What does Jove speak in reply? Does the show assist in any way in the resolution of the plot?

57. Compare the speeches of the Gaoler with that of the Porter in *Macbeth,* the Gravediggers of *Hamlet,* and comment on the quality of humour in the first.

58. Of whom do Cymbeline and Belarius speak at the beginning of Sc. v.?

59. What dramatic necessity requires the announcement of the Queen's death early in this Scene?

60. Compare the manner of her death with that of the death of Lady Macbeth.

61. By what stages does the action lead to the revelation of the identity of Imogen?

62. How has the Poet prepared the mind of the spectator to look sympathetically upon Iachimo when detection forces his confession?

63. How does the control of events return once more into the hands of Pisanio?

64. What brings about the discovery of the identity of Guiderius and of Arviragus?

65. To what does the story of Imogen and Posthumus subordinate itself in the last Act?

66. What is the office in the plot of the oracle and its interpretation by the Soothsayer?

---

67. Why is this play named *Cymbeline,* considering the fact that the king takes so small a part in the action? What is the underlying idea of the plot based upon the relations sustained by Cymbeline to Posthumus, Imogen, Belarius, and indirectly to Guiderius and Arviragus?

68. This play is full of religious and moral ideas. Do you think of any other play of Shakespeare's in which the characters seem so much actuated by professed principles instead of inherent moral forces?

69. What forms of religious observance are referred to in this play?

70. Point out passages that contain ideas traceable to the religion of ancient Rome; to the Druidism of early Britain; to Christianity. Where are there suggestions of Calvinistic theology?

71. Has Shakespeare made any play more intricate or more perfect in construction? Comment especially on the ingenuity with which he has worked out the dénouement.

72. Is this play deficient in humour? Is Cloten a character of comedy? Does the play suffer for want of comic relief?

73. Do you call the play a tragedy? What inherent necessity stands in the way of the Queen and Cloten sharing in the general pardon afforded in the last Act?

74. Wherein resides the charm of Imogen? Do you agree with Swinburne that "the woman above all Shakespeare's women is Imogen"?

75. What method is largely employed in the delineation of the character of Posthumus?

76. In the character of Pisanio does Shakespeare once and for all dispose of the charge that he held the people of the middle classes in contempt?

Twelfth Night;
or, What You Will.

TWELFTH NIGHT;
Or, WHAT YOU WILL

Preface.

The First Edition. *Twelfth Night; or, What You Will,* was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies pages 255-275 in the division of Comedies. There is no record of any earlier edition. The text is singularly free from misprints and corruptions. The list of 'Dramatis Personæ' was first given by Rowe, as in the case of many of the plays.

The Date of Composition. John Manningham, a member of the Middle Temple from January 1601(-2) to April, 1603, entered in his Diary, preserved in the British Museum (MS. Harleian 5353),* the following statement:—

"Feb. 2, 1601(-2).—At our feast, we had a play called Twelve Night, or What You Will. Much like the Comedy of Errors, or Menechmi in Plautus; but most like and near to that in Italian called Inganni. A good practise in it to make the steward believe his lady widowe was in love with him, by counterfeiting as from his lady in general terms, telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparel, etc., and then when he came to practise, making him believe they took him to be mad," etc. Seeing that *Twelfth Night* is not mentioned by Meres in 1598, and as the play contains fragments of the song '*Farewell, dear heart, since I must*

* *Cp. The Diary of John Manningham,* ed. by John Bruce (*Camden Society,* 1869).

needs be gone,' from the Book of Ayres, by Robert Jones, first published in 1601, the date of composition may with some certainty be assigned to 1601-2.

Title of the Play. According to Halliwell-Phillipps, *Twelfth Night* was one of four plays acted by Shakespeare's Company, 'the Lord Chamberlain's servants,' before the Court at Whitehall during the Christmas of 1601-2: possibly it owed its name to the circumstance that it was first acted as the Twelfth-Night performance on that occasion. Others hold that the name of the play was suggested by 'its embodiment of the spirit of the Twelfth-Night sports and revels—a time devoted to festivity and merriment.' Its second name, '*Or What You Will,*' was perhaps given in something of the same spirit as '*As You Like It*'; it probably implies that the first title has no very special meaning. It has been suggested that the name expresses Shakespeare's indifference to his own production—that it was a sort of farewell to Comedy; in his subsequent plays the tragic element was to predominate. This far-fetched subtle view of the matter has certainly little to commend it.*

The Sources of the Plot. (i.) There are at least two Italian plays called *Gl'Inganni* (The Cheats), to which Manningham may have referred in his entry as containing incidents resembling those of *Twelfth Night*; one of these plays, by Nicolo Secchi, was printed in 1562; another by Curzio Gonzalo, was first published in 1592. In the latter play the sister, who dresses as a man, and is mistaken for her brother, gives herself the name of Cesare, and it seems likely that we have here the source of Shakespeare's 'Cesario.' (ii.) A third play, however, entitled *Gl'Ingannati* (Venice, 1537), translated by Peacock in 1862, bears a much stronger resemblance to *Twelfth Night;* in its poetical induction, *Il Sacrificio,* oc-

* Marston took the name *What You Will* for a play of his own in 1607.

curs the name 'Malevolti,' which is at least suggestive of the name 'Malvolio.' (iii.) The ultimate source of the story is undoubtedly Bandello's *Novelle* (II. 36), whence it passed into Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques* (Vol. IV. Hist. vii.); an English version of the story—probably Shakespeare's original for the general framework of his Comedy—found a place in Barnaby Rich's *Farewell to the Militarye Profession* (1581), where it is styled '*The History of Apollonius and Silla*'; Rich, no doubt, derived it from Cinthio's *Hecatomithi*; Cinthio in his turn was indebted to Bandello. (Rich's *Apollonius and Silla* is printed in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library,* Part 1, Vol. I.)

For the secondary plot, the story of 'Malvoglio, that cross-gartered gull,' no source exists; Malvolio, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Fabian, Feste, and Maria, are wholly Shakespeare's.

Backward Links. *Twelfth Night,* probably the last of the joyous comedies, holding a middle place between *As You Like It* and *All's Well,* suggests noteworthy points of contact with earlier plays:—*e.g.* (1) the disguised Viola may well be compared with the disguised Julia in *The Two Gentlemen*; (2) the story of the wreck recalls the similar episode in *The Comedy of Errors*; (3) the whole play is in fact a 'Comedy of Errors' arising from mistaken identity; (4) the sentiment of music breathes throughout, as in *The Merchant of Venice,*

> *'like the sweet sound*
> *That breathes upon a bank of violets,*
> *Stealing and giving odour';*

(5) alike, too, in both these plays the faithful friend is named Antonio; (6) in Viola's confession of her secret love (II. iv. 113-121) we have a fuller chord of the note struck in *Love's Labour's Lost* (V. ii. 14-18); (7) finally, Sir Andre is a sort of elder brother of Cousin Slender; and Sir Toby Belch a near kinsman of Sir John Falstaff.

Duration of Action. The Action of *Twelfth Night* occupies three days, with an interval of three days between the first and second days:—

Day 1, Act I. i. iii. Interval. *Day* 2, Act I. iv. and v.; Act II. i. iii. *Day* 3, Act II. iv. and v.; Acts III., IV., and V.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Sebastian and Viola, twins, are separated by shipwreck and each believes the other lost. Viola is cast ashore on the coast of Illyria. She thereupon dons male attire and obtains service as page with the Duke Orsino, who has been vainly suing for the hand of Olivia, a native lady. The Duke is pleased with the appearance of his new page and sends Viola to pay court for him to Olivia, which she does with so much gracefulness and eloquence that the lady becomes enamoured of the supposed youth instead of the master.

II. Olivia sends favours and messages to Viola in which, naturally, the latter takes no interest. Viola, in turn, has conceived a passion for the Duke, which she is compelled to hide.

Olivia's steward, Malvolio, is so priggish and conceited that others of her household contrive a practical joke against him, sending him an anonymous love-letter which he is given to believe is from Olivia herself.

III. Malvolio follows instructions contained in the letter, and behaves so ridiculously that his mistress believes him demented. Meanwhile Olivia's love for Viola becomes so intense that she sues openly to the fictitious page, much to the latter's distress. Sir Andrew Aguecheek, a foolish suitor of Olivia's, is displeased at the favours shown the page, and in a spirit of bravado challenges Viola. Though both are eager to avoid the conflict, it is only averted by the arrival of officers.

IV. Sebastian, Viola's brother, who was also cast up by the sea, comes to Illyria. He looks so much like his sister—especially since she is in men's garments—that Sir Andrew mistakes him for the page and renews the fight. This time he does not encounter a woman's shrinking spirit or weak arm, and he is soundly belaboured. Soon after, Olivia also meets Sebastian, supposes him to be Viola and reiterates her devotion. The delighted Sebastian returns love for love and they are secretly espoused before a priest.

V. Olivia encounters Viola in company with the Duke and greets her by the title of husband. The bewildered page disavows the title, but the priest who performed the ceremony vouches for it. The Duke is much disgruntled that his favourite page should so abuse his confidence. Viola is meeting with general disfavour, when her brother Sebastian arrives on the scene, and the two who had thought each other dead are reunited. Olivia discovers that she has espoused the brother, after having wooed the sister, while the Duke finds that his attachment for his page becomes love when Viola resumes her feminine attire.

The secret of Malvolio's dementia is revealed, and he is released from the confinement in which he has been held.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Viola.

As the innate dignity of Perdita pierces through her rustic disguise, so the exquisite refinement of Viola triumphs over her masculine attire. Viola is, perhaps, in a degree less elevated and ideal than Perdita, but with a touch of sentiment more profound and heart-stirring; she is "deep-learned in the lore of love"—at least theo-

retically—and speaks as masterly on the subject as Perdita does of flowers.

The situation and the character of Viola have been censured for their want of consistency and probability; it is therefore worth while to examine how far this criticism is true. As for her situation in the drama (of which she is properly the heroine) it is shortly this: She is shipwrecked on the coast of Illyria: she is alone and without protection in a strange country. She wishes to enter into the service of the Countess Olivia; but she is assured that this is impossible; "for the lady, having recently lost an only and beloved brother, has abjured the sight of men, has shut herself up in her palace, and will admit no kind of suit." In this perplexity Viola remembers to have heard her father speak with praise and admiration of Orsino, the Duke of the country; and having ascertained that he is not married, and that therefore his court is not a proper asylum for her in her feminine character, she attires herself in the disguise of a page, as the best protection against uncivil comments, till she can gain some tidings of her brother.

If we carry our thoughts back to a romantic and chivalrous age, there is surely sufficient probability here for all the purposes of poetry. To pursue the thread of Viola's destiny;—she is engaged in the service of the Duke, whom she finds "fancy-sick" for the love of Olivia. We are left to infer (for so it is hinted in the first scene) that this Duke—who, with his accomplishments and his personal attractions, his taste for music, his chivalrous tenderness, and his unrequited love, is really a very fascinating and poetical personage, though a little passionate and fantastic—had already made some impression on Viola's imagination; and, when she comes to play the confidante, and to be loaded with favours and kindness in her assumed character, that she should be touched by a passion made up of pity, admiration, gratitude, and tenderness, does not, I think, in any way de-

tract from the genuine sweetness and delicacy of her character, for "*she never told her love.*"

Now all this, as the critic wisely observes, may not present a very just picture of life; and it may also fail to impart any moral lesson for the especial profit of well-bred young ladies: but is it not in truth and in nature? Did it ever fail to charm or to interest, to seize on the coldest fancy, to touch the most insensible heart?

Viola then is the chosen favourite of the enamoured Duke, and becomes his messenger to Olivia, and the interpreter of his sufferings to that inaccessible beauty. In her character of a youthful page, she attracts the favour of Olivia, and excites the jealousy of her lord. The situation is critical and delicate; but how exquisitely is the character of Viola fitted to her part, carrying her through the ordeal with all the inward and spiritual grace of modesty! What beautiful propriety in the distinction drawn between Rosalind and Viola! The wild sweetness, the frolic humour which sports free and unblamed amid the shades of Ardennes, would ill become Viola, whose playfulness is assumed as part of her disguise as a court-page, and is guarded by the strictest delicacy. She has not, like Rosalind, a saucy enjoyment in her own incognito; her disguise does not sit so easily upon her; her heart does not beat freely under it. As in the old ballad, where "Sweet William" is detected weeping in secret over her "man's array," so in Viola, a sweet consciousness of her feminine nature is forever breaking through her masquerade:—

> "And on her cheek is ready with a blush
> Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
> The youthful Phœbus."

. . . The feminine cowardice of Viola, which will not allow her even to affect a courage becoming her attire —her horror at the idea of drawing a sword, is very natural and characteristic; and produces a most humorous effect, even at the very moment it charms and interests us.

Contrasted with the deep, silent, patient love of Viola for the Duke, we have the lady-like wilfulness of Olivia; and her sudden passion, or rather fancy, for the disguised page, takes so beautiful a colouring of poetry and sentiment, that we do not think her forward. Olivia is like a princess of romance, and has all the privileges of one; she is, like Portia, high-born and high-bred, mistress over her servants—but not like Portia, "queen o'er herself." She has never in her life been opposed; the first contradiction, therefore, rouses all the woman in her, and turns a caprice into a headlong passion; yet she apologizes for herself:—

> "I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
> And laid mine honour too unchary out;
> There's something in me that reproves my fault;
> But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
> That it but mocks reproof!"

And in the midst of her self-abandonment never allows us to contemn, even while we pity her:—

> "What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
> That honour, sav'd may upon asking give?"

The distance of rank which separates the Countess from the youthful page—the real sex of Viola—the dignified elegance of Olivia's deportment, except where passion gets the better of her pride—her consistent coldness towards the Duke—the description of that "smooth, discreet, and stable bearing" with which she rules her household—her generous care for her steward Malvolio, in the midst of her own distress—all these circumstances raise Olivia in our fancy, and render her caprice for the page a source of amusement and interest, not a subject of reproach. *Twelfth Night* is a genuine comedy—a perpetual spring of the gayest and the sweetest fancies. In artificial society men and women are divided into castes and classes, and it is rarely that extremes in character or manners can approximate. To blend into one harmonious picture the utmost grace and refinement of sentiment and the broad-

est effects of humour, the most poignant wit and the most indulgent benignity, in short, to bring before us in the same scene Viola and Olivia, with Malvolio and Sir Toby, belonged only to Nature and to Shakspeare.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

III.

Malvolio.

Malvolio, the steward of Olivia's household, is prized by that lady for his grave and punctilious disposition. He discharges his office carefully and in a tone of some superiority, for his mind is above his estate. At some time in his life he has read cultivated books, knows the theory of Pythagoras concerning the transmigration of the soul, but thinks more nobly of the soul and no way approves that opinion. His gentility, though a little rusted and obsolete, is like a Sunday suit which nobody thinks of rallying. He wears it well, and his mistress cannot afford to treat him exactly as a servant; in fact, she has occasionally dropped good-natured phrases which he has interpreted into a special partiality; for Quixotic conceits can riot about inside of his stiff demeanor. This proneness to fantasy increases the touchiness of a man of reserve. He can never take a joke, and his climate is too inclement to shelter humor. Souls must be at blood-heat, and brains must expand with it like a blossom, before humor will fructify. He wonders how Olivia can tolerate the clown. "I protest," he says, "I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, to be no better than the fools' zanies." Olivia hits the difficulty when she replies, "Oh, you are sick of self-love, and taste with a distempered appetite." Perhaps he thinks nobly of the soul because he so profoundly respects his own, and carries it upon stilts over the heads of the servants and Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Imagine this saturnine and self-involved man obliged

to consort daily with Sir Toby, who brings his hand to the buttery-bar before breakfast, and who hates going to bed "as an unfilled can," unless no more drink is forthcoming; an irascible fellow, too, and all the more tindery because continually dry. He has Sir Andrew Aguecheek for a boon companion, who says of himself that sometimes he has no more wit than a Christian, or than an ordinary man. . . .

But the play does not let Malvolio drop softly on his feet. There is a faint grudge provoked by the ill-tempered quality of his conceit, and Shakspeare indicates this trait of our nature. The Clown, who remembers how the steward used to twit Olivia's contentment at his sallies, and to deprecate it in a lofty way, now mimics his phrases and manner to sting him with a last fluttering dart. Malvolio's pride is already too deeply wounded, for he has indeed been "notoriously abused." There is no relenting in such a man on account of the fun, for that is a crime in the eyes of a Puritan, to be punished for God's sake. His temper acquires sombreness from his belief that total depravity is a good doctrine if you can only live up to it. But when this crime of fun is perpetrated against the anointed self-esteem of the Puritan himself, it is plain he will be revenged on the whole pack of them unless they proceed to make a sop of deference to touch his hurt with, and a pipe out of his own egotism for sounding a truce.

Shakspeare delighted to mark the transition of a virtue to a vice; that elusive moment, as of a point of passage from one species to another, discovered and put into a flash from the light of humor. Malvolio's grave and self-respecting temperament is an excellence. No decent man thinks meanly of himself, and the indecent ones cannot afford the disparagement. The pretence of it is a warning to us to expect mischief, a notice put up, "This is a private way; dangerous passing."

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

IV.

Feste, the Clown.

The Clown in this play, who, I am inclined to think, should bear his name all through by as good a right as Touchstone, is a remarkable creation, and very essential to the knitting and coherence of the general play. His musical talent is most diversified; he gives as readily and with equal effect the tender love song suited to the dreamy and poetical being of the Duke, or the noisy catch that shakes the rafters and calls up Malvolio at midnight. Thus catholic in his artistic range, he has a not less wide intellectual scope. He plumbs the depth accurately of his mistress's exhausted sorrow, penetrates the destiny of Maria and Sir Toby's weak *pia mater,* holds up a mirror to the opalescent humours of the Duke, and takes remarkably good care of his own economical resources, by asking on every occasion when he is safe to obtain—yet free from slyness withal, genial and enjoyable, as he is free of speech. Still, apart from a certain degree of loyalty to his mistress, he knows the world too well—this it is to be wise and to suffer for it, to remain very long in society of the same tone, or to feel much sympathy for anybody, or consequently to get much in return. With no great interest in the practical jests and bear-baitings that are rife around him, he does not refuse, however, to gratify his pique of profession, by lending a helping hand in duping the churlish steward.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

Of all Shakspeare's clowns, he is the best endowed with a many-sided mirth, as indeed he should be to pass lightly through the mingled romance and roystering of the play and favor all its moods. The sentiment of the Duke is as inebriated as the revelling which Malvolio rebukes. Olivia's protracted grief for her brother is carefully cos-

seted by her, as if on purpose to give the Clown an opportunity.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?
Oliv. Good fool, for my brother's death.
Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.
Oliv. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.
Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

All the characters, noble and common, have some weakness which he intuitively rallies. The charm of the comedy lies in these unsubstantial moods of the chief personages which consort with the more substantial whims and appetites of the others. The only sobriety is vested in the Clown; for all his freaks have a consistent disposition. So the lovely poetry of the mock mourners alternates with the tipsy prose of the genuine fleshly fellows. Their hearty caterwauling penetrates to Olivia's fond seclusion, and breaks up her brooding. Feste is everywhere at home. When he plays the curate's part, Malvolio beseechingly cries, "Sir Topas, Sir Topas!" The Clown says aside, "Nay, I am for all waters"—that is, for topaz, diamond, gems of the first water, all many-colored facets, I'll reflect. And he does so in this conversation which he holds with Malvolio, who says, "I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question." Then Feste airs his learning: "What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?" and makes his question lead up to a sharp retort, when Malvolio answers, "That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird"; for then Feste says, "Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam." For it was a country notion that the woodcock was the foolishest of birds; so he translates Malvolio's grandam into one, and leaves him to inherit her absence of wits. And Malvolio was so devoured by mortification and anxiety that he

does not notice when Feste cannot restrain his burlesquing knack, but makes the pretended curate say that Malvolio's cell "hath bay-windows, transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstores toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony."

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

V.

The Duke.

The Duke is treated without any disposition to accentuate the ludicrous aspect of his character and fortunes. He is among the figures which suggest that Shakespeare was attracted by the methods of Jonson. Luxurious emotions are the elements in which he lives; they run to seed in him like a "Humour." His opening words, "If music be the food of love, play on," incisively denote him. His love is not a master who subdues all his faculties and energies to its service, but an exquisite companion whom he dotes on and dallies with. He has no doubt a choice and graceful mind, and this saves him from ridicule, though hardly from contempt; but it serves rather to extract and formulate the finest essence of each passing moment than to draw obvious practical conclusions from facts. Hence the Clown—no inapt observer—admirably prescribes for him a doublet of changeable taffeta, "for thy mind is a very opal"; his speech flushes with the warmth and brilliance of each passing mood. He is sick of self-love, and his persistent courtship of Olivia rests upon a fatuous faith in his own prevailing fascination; but his egoism is amiable and effusive, and he enters easily into tender relations with his subordinates. Apolonius, in Rich's tale, has no kindness for his serving-man; but the charm of Cesario has conquered the sensitive Duke long before the climax, and the discovery of his sex transforms it without effort into love. This change might seem to involve a modifi-

cation of the climax of Rich's story, where Apolonius vows his man's death to avenge his lady's honour (Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, i. 408). In Shakespeare's hands, however, the incident adds a piquant trait to the Duke's character. His tenderness for the lad he dooms converts the act into a sacrifice, and invests it with a tragic significance full of relish to his artistic sense.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

VI.

Olivia.

The Countess Olivia forms a pendant to the Duke; she, like him, is full of yearning melancholy. With an ostentatious exaggeration of sisterly love, she has vowed to pass seven whole years veiled like a nun, consecrating her whole life to sorrow for her dead brother. Yet we find in her speeches no trace of this devouring sorrow; she jests with her household, and rules it ably and well, until, at the first sight of the disguised Viola, she flames out into passion, and, careless of the traditional reserve of her sex, takes the most daring steps to win the supposed youth. She is conceived as an unbalanced character, who passes at a bound from exaggerated hatred for all worldly things to total forgetfulness of her never-to-be-forgotten sorrow. Yet she is not comic like Phebe; for Shakespeare has indicated that it is the Sebastian type, foreshadowed in the disguised Viola, which is irresistible to her; and Sebastian, we see, at once requites the love which his sister had to reject. Her utterance of her passion, moreover, is always poetically beautiful.

Yet while she is sighing in vain for Viola, she necessarily appears as though seized with a mild erotic madness, similar to that of the Duke: and the folly of each is parodied in a witty and delightful fashion by Malvolio's entirely ludicrous love for his mistress, and vain

confidence that she returns it. Olivia feels and says this herself, where she exclaims (iii. 4)—

> "Go call him hither.—I am as mad as he
> If sad and merry madness equal be."

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VII.

Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Of Sir Toby himself—that most whimsical, madcap, frolicsome old toper, so full of antics and fond of sprees, with a plentiful stock of wit and an equal lack of money to keep it in motion—it is enough to say, with one of the best of Shakespearian critics, that "he certainly comes out of the same associations where the Poet saw Falstaff hold his revels"; and that though "not Sir John, nor a fainter sketch of him, yet he has an odd sort of a family likeness to him." Sir Andrew Aguecheek, the aspiring, lackadaisical, self-satisfied echo and sequel of Sir Toby, fitly serves the double purpose of butt and foil to the latter, at once drawing him out and setting him off. Ludicrously proud of the most petty childish irregularities, which, however, his natural fatuity keeps him from acting, and barely suffers him to affect, on this point he reminds us of that impressive imbecility, Abraham Slender; yet not in such sort as to encroach at all upon Slender's province. There can scarce be found a richer piece of diversion than Sir Toby's practice in dandling him out of his money, and paying him off with the odd hope of gaining Olivia's hand. And the funniest of it is, that while Sir Toby thoroughly understands him, he has not himself the slightest suspicion what he is, being as confident of his own wit as others are of his want of it.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

The Characters Contrasted.

Viola is in so far the heroine of the piece, as the whole play originates with and is kept in motion by her and her disguise. And yet her character is given in light touches and delicate colours, and is composed of but a few simple elements. It consists, so to say, only in the apparent contradiction between a tender, gentle, sensitive, longing heart, which, being " deeply skilled in the science of love," retires in maidenly shyness within itself, and a bold, witty and imaginative mind that whispers to her all kinds of mischievous ideas, which she involuntarily follows from her innate pleasure in romance and in what is fantastic. She thereby falls into situations which cause her anxiety and embarrassment, because, on the other hand, she has not the courage or the practical cleverness possessed by Portia (in *The Merchant of Venice*), whose mind is somewhat akin to her own. To solve harmoniously this apparent contradiction, which places the two elements of the comic—fancy and intrigue—in close juxtaposition, and to form a true and life-like character out of these heterogeneous elements, is a task that Shakspeare leaves to the talent of the actors. In pieces like this and similar ones, he cannot well do otherwise; he has to content himself with giving mere hints of the characters, he has, so to say, but to touch the light pollen of the characterisation; a deeper development and deeper motives would obstruct and retard the rapid, easy, graceful movement of the action.

The other characters, the musical and dreamy Duke, who suns himself in his own love, and spends his time in brooding over his own sorrows;—Olivia, in her girlish self-will, hard to please yet so easy to win over, so serious, strict, and yet so graceful, who is so cold, so shy, so virtuously reserved before she is in love, and so inconsiderate in her desires, so devoted after her love is

aroused by contradiction, and has burst forth into a bright flame;—Antonio, with his fantastic friendship for Sebastian, and Sebastian with his healthy, vigorous, youthful nature, taking with one snatch that which the Duke has in vain endeavoured to obtain by entreaties, lamentations and sighs;—the roguish, ingenious Maria, and her clever helper's help Fabian—all these characters are sketched in such fine outlines, the transparent colours and delicate lights and shades of which are so harmoniously blended with one another that, only in this manner, and in no other, could they be the agents of such a light, airy, hazy and yet deeply significant composition. The most carefully worked out contrast is that between the Fool by profession and the involuntary fools, Malvolio, Sir Andrew, and Sir Toby. While the latter, in their own conceit and foolishness, unconsciously draw the cap and bells over their own ears, the former, in his self-adopted mental garb of motley colours, moves with inimitable adroitness, and pins the lappets of his wit to the back of all the other characters. The meaning of the poem is, so to say, centred in him. He alone, in full consciousness, contemplates life as a merry Twelfth Night, in which every one has, in fact, only to play his allotted part to the greatest possible amusement of himself and others.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

IX.

Charms of this Comedy.

Of all Shakespeare's comedies, perhaps *Twelfth Night* is the most richly woven with various hues of love, serious and mock-heroic. The amorous threads take warmer shifting colours from their neighbourhood to the unmitigated remorseless merry-making of the harum-scarum old wag Sir Toby and his sparkling captain

in mischief, the "most excellent devil of wit," Maria. Beside their loud conviviality and pitiless fun the languishing sentiment of the cultivated love-lorn Duke stands out seven times refined, and goes with exquisite touch to the innermost sensibilities.

MINTO: *Characteristics of English Poets.*

Still one of the comedies of Shakspere's bright, sweet time. True that we have to change Rosalind's rippling laugh for the drunken catches and bibulous drollery of Sir Toby Belch and his comrade, and Touchstone for the Clown; but the leading note of the play is fun, as if Shakspere had been able to throw off all thought of melancholy and had devised Malvolio to help his friends "fleet the time carelessly," as they did in the golden world. Still though, as ever in the comedies, except *The Merry Wives*, there 's the shadow of death and distress across the sunshine. Olivia's father and brother just dead, Viola and Sebastian just rescued from one death, Viola threatened with another, and Antonio held a pirate and liable to death. And still the lesson is, as in *As You Like It*, "Sweet are the uses of adversity"; out of their trouble all the lovers come into happiness, into wedlock. The play at first sight is far less striking and interesting than *Much Ado* and *As You Like It*. No brilliant Beatrice or Benedick catches the eye, no sad Rosalind leaping into life and joyousness at the touch of assured love.

The self-conceited Malvolio is brought to the front, the drunkards and Clown come next; none of these touch any heart; and it 's not till we look past them that we feel the beauty of the characters who stand in half-light behind. Then we become conscious of a quiet harmony of colour and form that makes a picture full of charm, that grows on you as you study it, and becomes one of the possessions of your life.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspere.*

This is justly considered as one of the most delightful of Shakespear's comedies. It is full of sweetness and pleasantry. It is perhaps too good-natured for comedy. It has little satire, and no spleen. It aims at the ludicrous rather than the ridiculous. It makes us laugh at the follies of mankind, not despise them, and still less bear any ill-will towards them. Shakespear's comic genius resembles the bee rather in its power of extracting sweets from weeds or poisons than in leaving a sting behind it. He gives the most amusing exaggeration of the prevailing foibles of his characters, but in a way that they themselves, instead of being offended at, would almost join in to humour; he rather contrives opportunities for them to show themselves off in the happiest lights, than renders them contemptible in the perverse construction of the wit or malice of others.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Malvolio, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Maria, and, above all, Viola, as they live in the comedy are Shakespearian to the heart. The framework of the play is essentially serious, a beautiful vein of poetic feeling runs through it, and, intermingled with these, the most unforced and uproarious fun. In inventiveness in the comic type and in freedom in handling it, as well as in grouping of diverse materials and fusing them into a harmonious and captivating whole, this comedy was never surpassed by the dramatist. He parted with the muse of comedy at the very moment when he had mastered the art of touching the weaknesses, follies, and minor sins of men with a touch which was keen with the wisdom of a great knowledge of the world, and gentle with the kindness of one who loved his kind for what they had lost rather than for what they had won.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

Twelfth Night or What You Will

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*
SEBASTIAN, *brother to Viola.*
ANTONIO, *a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.*
A Sea Captain, *friend to Viola.*
VALENTINE, } *gentlemen attending on the Duke.*
CURIO, }
SIR TOBY BELCH, *uncle to Olivia.*
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.
MALVOLIO, *steward to Olivia.*
FABIAN, } *servants to Olivia*
FESTE, *a clown,* }

OLIVIA.
VIOLA.
MARIA, *Olivia's woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants

SCENE: *A city in Illyria, and the sea coast near it.*

Twelfth Night;

Or, What You Will.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Curio, and other Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity 10
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.
Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?
Duke. What, Curio?
Cur. The hart.
Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,

Methought she purged the air of pestilence! 20
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter Valentine.

How now? what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer;
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season 30
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers: 40
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The sea-coast.

Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd; what think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you 10
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there 's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority, 20
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble Duke, in nature as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late; 30
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What 's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company 40
And sight of men.

Vio. O that I served that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits 50
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I 'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I 'll serve this Duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit; 60
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I 'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care 's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine! I 'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps. 10

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He 's as tall a man as any 's in Illyria. 20

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he 'll have but a year in all these ducats: he 's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you 'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he 's a fool, he 's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave. 30

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he 's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I 'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he 's a coward and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface. 40

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost. 50

Sir And. What 's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'? 60

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here 's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, 'thought is free': I pray you, bring 70 your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what 's your metaphor?

Mar. It 's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what 's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit.*

Sir To. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary: when 81 did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I 'ld forswear it. I 'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby. 90

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is 'pourquoi'? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature. 100

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it 's four to one she 'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She 'll none o' the count: she 'll not match 110 above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there 's life in 't, man.

Sir And. I 'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man. 120

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! That 's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The Duke's palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence,

that you call in question the continuance of his
love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho? 10

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me. 20

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years, 30
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound;

And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I 'll do my best 40
To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Olivia's house.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colours.' 10

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars: and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long ab-

sent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out. 20

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. 30 [*Exit.*

Clo. Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man; for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'

Enter Lady Olivia with Malvolio.

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you 're a dry fool; I 'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest. 40

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that 's mended is but patched: virtue

that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away. 50

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucullus non facit monachum; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it? 60

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool. 70

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the

better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be 80
sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass
his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind 90
of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for 100
thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing

but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it. 110

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin? 120

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

Clo. Good Sir Toby!

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There 's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he? 130

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it 's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What 's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he 's in the third degree of drink, he 's drowned: go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall 140
look to the madman. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he 's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me. 150

Mal. Has been told so; and he says, he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he 'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner: he 'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he? 160

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. 170
We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola, and Attendants.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty, —I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no 180 scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question 's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very 190 fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your

praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise. 200

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue. 210

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter. 220

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria, and Attendants.*]

Now, sir, what is your text? 230

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face. 240

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is 't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, 250
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud; 260
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant; 270
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love 280
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

Oli. You might do much.
What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;

I cannot love him: let him send no more; 290
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. 'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: 300
I am a gentleman.' I 'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger, 310
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I 'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I 'll give him reasons for 't: hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find

Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe; 320
What is decreed must be, and be this so.

[*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The sea-coast.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere 10
extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would 20
we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for

some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, 30 sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of 40 my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A street.

Enter Viola, Malvolio following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me: I 'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false 30
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe! 40
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements? 10

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou 'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it? 20

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song. 30

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

Clo. [*Sings*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming? 40
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.
Sir To. Good, good.
Clo. [*Sings*]

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What 's to come is still unsure: 50
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.
Sir To. A contagious breath.
Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.
Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that? 60
Sir And. An you love me, let 's do 't: I am dog at a catch.
Clo. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.
Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'
Clo. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.
Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins. 'Hold thy peace.' 70
Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.
Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin. [*Catch sung.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio

and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! [*Sings*] 80 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*Sings*] 'O, the twelfth day of December',—

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you. Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do 90 ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and 100 your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Mal. Is 't even so?

Sir To. 'But I will never die.' 110

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go?'

Clo. 'What an if you do?'

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clo. 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? 120

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man 's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him. 130

Sir To. Do 't knight: I 'll write thee a challenge; or I 'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it. 140

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I 'ld beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough. 150

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do? 160

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she 's in love with him. 170

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. 180 [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she 's a good wench.

Sir To. She 's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let 's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out. 190

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I 'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends,
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it? 10

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.
[*Exit Curio. Music plays.*
Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune? 20

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.
Duke. What kind of woman is 't?
Vio. Of your complexion.
Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?
Vio. About your years, my lord.
Duke. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him, 30
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.
Vio. I think it well, my lord.
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so; 40
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.
Clo. Are you ready, sir? 50
Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. [*Music.*

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet, 60
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Duke. There 's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I 'll pay thy pleasure then. 70

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that 's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [*Exit.* 80

Duke. Let all the rest give place.
[*Curio and Attendants retire.*
Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must. 90
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,— 100
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman, 110
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what 's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love. 120

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that 's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I 'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we 'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew? 10

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter Maria.

How now, my metal of India!

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.* 20

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't? 30

Sir To. Here 's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!
Sir To. Peace, I say.
Mal. To be Count Malvolio!
Sir To. Ah, rogue!
Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.
Sir To. Peace, peace! 40
Mal. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.
Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!
Fab. O, peace! now he 's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.
Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—
Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!
Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, 50 where I have left Olivia sleeping,—
Sir To. Fire and brimstone!
Fab. O, peace, peace!
Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—
Sir To. Bolts and shackles!
Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.
Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, 60 make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my— some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me,—
Sir To. Shall this fellow live?
Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then. 70

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'— 80

Sir And. That 's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew,'—

Sir And. I know 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him.

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand; these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand. 90

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. [*reads*] To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads*] Jove knows I love:
But who? 100
Lips do not move;
No man must know.

'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know': if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*Reads*] I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life. 110

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me; I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end,— 120 what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me, —Softly! M, O, A, I,—

Sir To. O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does. 130

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I 'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose. 140
[*Reads*] If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite 150 with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, 160

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she mani- 170 fests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads*] Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I 180 prithee. Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device,—

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher. 190

Re-enter Maria.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?
Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?
Sir And. I' faith, or I either?
Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.
Mar. Nay, but say true: does it work upon him?
Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife. 200
Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.
Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent 210 devil of wit!
Sir And. I 'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Viola and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?
Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.
Vio. Art thou a churchman!

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church. 10

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that 's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man? 20

Clo. Why, sir, her name 's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing. 30

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly:

she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband 's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words. 40

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I 'll no more with thee. Hold, there 's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard! 50

Vio. By my troth, I 'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady 60 is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,

And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice 70
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.
Vio. And you, sir.
Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.
Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.
Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.
Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to 80 her.
Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.
Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.
Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.
Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.
Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance.
But we are prevented. 90

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!
Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain odours'; well.
Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. 'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed':
I 'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to
my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and* 100
Maria.] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You 're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, 110
Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse 120
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you
think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake

And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love. 130

Vio. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!
[*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man; 140
Their lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho!
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am? 150
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide,
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause, 160
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move 170
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I 'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you. 10

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgement and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; 20 and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An 't be any way, it must be with valour; 30 for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew. 40

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou 'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We 'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you 'll not deliver 't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I 'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of nine come.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He 's in yellow stockings. 70

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he 'll smile and take 't for a great favour. 80

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A street.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,

Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove 10
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks; and ever [thanks, and] oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging. 20

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you 'ld pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answered.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature; 30
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, 40
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.
Seb. Why I your purse?
Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
Seb. I 'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.
Ant. To the Elephant.
Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says he 'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?
Mar. He 's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.
Oli. Why, what 's the matter? does he rave? 10
Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter Maria, with Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio!
Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.
Oli. Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion. 20
Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all.'
Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?
Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the 30 sweet Roman hand.
Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?
Mal. To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.
Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?
Mar. How do you, Malvolio?
Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.
Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness 40 before my lady?
Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness': 'twas well writ.
Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. 'Some are born great,'—
Oli. Ha!
Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—
Oli. What sayest thou?
Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'
Oli. Heaven restore thee!
Mal. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'— 50
Oli. Thy yellow stockings!
Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'
Oli. Cross-gartered!
Mal. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so';—
Oli. Am I made?
Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'
Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure. 60
Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.
[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*
Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites 70

me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's 80 doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance —What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked. 90

Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I 'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays 100 you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he 's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched! 110

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I 'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him. 120

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray. 130

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow

things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is 't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man. 140

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we 'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he 's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: 150 at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here 's the challenge, read it: I warrant there 's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. Is 't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads*] Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow. 160

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [*Reads*] Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. [*Reads*] Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for. 170

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. [*Reads*] I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [*Reads*] Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. [*Reads*] Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy 180 upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I 'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for 't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily: so soon 190 as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter Olivia, with Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There 's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;

And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny,
That honour saved may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this;—your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that 230
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy 240 preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can 250 furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in

private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give 't or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire 260
some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark 270
naked; for meddle you must, that 's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even 280
to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the

most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can. 290

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he 's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They 300 say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on 't, I 'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on 't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I 'ld have seen him damned ere I 'ld have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I 'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I 'll make the motion: stand here, make a 310 good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.

JULIA MARLOWE AS VIOLA.
Twelfth Night.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To Vio.*] There 's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for 's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you. 320

Vio. [*aside*] Pray God defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there 's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to 't. 330

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*They draw.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will. 340

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.
[*They draw.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. I 'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I 'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.

First Off. This is the man; do thy office.

Sec. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino. 350

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

First Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking you:
But there 's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed; 360
But be of comfort.

Sec. Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I 'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I 'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there 's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now? 370
Is 't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves! 380

Sec. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Relieved him with such sanctity of love;
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

First Off. What 's that to us! The time goes by: away!

Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there 's no blemish but the mind; 390
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

First Off. The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit with Officers.*

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: 400
we 'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love!
[*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian. 410

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I 'll after him again and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let 's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. 420
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Before Olivia's house.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know

you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: 10
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
There 's money for thee: if you tarry longer, 20
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there 's for you.

Seb. Why, there 's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I 'll throw your dagger o'er 30
the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I 'll go another way

to work with him; I 'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it 's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand. 40

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, 50
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone!
[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian.*
I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go: 60
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee: would thou 'ldst be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Olivia's house.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I 'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*

Clo. Well, I 'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is'; so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is'?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas. 20

Clo. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*within*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson. 30

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstories toward the south 40 north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad 50 than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well. 60

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. 70

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*

Clo. [*Singing*] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool,— 80

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say,—

Clo. She loves another—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits? 90

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy 100 vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any 110 man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set

down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink. 120

Mal. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clo. [*Singing*] I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I 'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who, with dagger of lath, 130
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman devil. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,

That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness, 10
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady 's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there 's something in 't 20
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by; there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep 30
According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I 'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Before Olivia's house.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.
Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.
Fab. Any thing.
Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.
Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?
Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.
Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow? 10
Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.
Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.
Clo. No, sir, the worse.
Duke. How can that be?
Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives 20 make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.
Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there 's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel. 30

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer: there 's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this 40
throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well; 50
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,

For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful gapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What 's the matter?

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board, 61
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear, 70
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint, 80
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:

Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one could wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use 90
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have, 100
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord. 110

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars,
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, 120
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I 'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. 130

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long? 140
Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away!
Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
Duke. Husband!
Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah!
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence, 150
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony: 160
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.
Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?

Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Oli. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear. 170

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What 's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil 180 incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody 190 coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby and Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is 't with you?

Sir To. That 's all one: has hurt me, and there 's the end on 't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he 's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he 's a rogue, and a passy measures 200 pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I 'll help you, Sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood, 210
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee! 220

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me? 230
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, 240
And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire, 250
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,

I 'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [*To Olivia*] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that. 260
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[*To Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul 270
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he 's much distract. 280

Re-enter Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.

How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you; I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open 't and read it. 290

Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads*] By the Lord, madam,—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear. 300

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*

Fab. By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury. 310

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.
[*Exit Fabi 1.*

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer. 320
[*To Viola*] Your master quits you; and for
your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter. 330
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope, 340
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed 350
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here, 360
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd

That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged': and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges. 370

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace: 380
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all, except Clown.*

Clo. [*Sings*]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, 390
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
  With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
  For the rain, &c. 400

But when I came unto my beds,
  With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
  For the rain, &c.

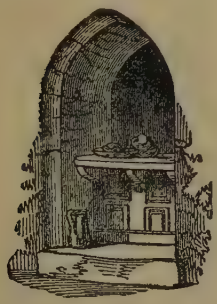
A great while ago the world begun,
  With hey, ho, &c.
But that 's all one, our play is done,
  And we 'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.*

Glossary.

Abuse, deceive; III. i. 120.
Accosted, addressed; III. ii. 20.
A degree, one step; III. i. 130.
Adheres, accords; III. iv. 84.
Admire, wonder; III. iv. 162.
Adverse, hostile; V. i. 83.
Advise you, take care; IV. ii. 98.
Affectioned, affected; II. iii. 153.
Agone, ago; V. i. 198.
Allowed, licensed; I. v. 96.
Allow me, make me acknowledged; I. ii. 59.
Alone, pre-eminently; I. i. 15.
An = one; II. i. 19.
Anatomy, body; used contemptuously; III. ii. 65.
And; used redundantly, as in the old ballads; V. i. 389.
Antique, quaint; II. iv. 3.
Apt, ready; V. i. 320.
Arbitrement, decision; III. iv. 281.
Argument, proof; III. ii. 10.
As yet, still; V. i. 265.
Attends, awaits; III. iv. 239.

Back-trick, a caper backwards; I. iii. 124.
Baffled, treated with contempt; V. i. 369.
Barful, full of impediments; (Pope, "O baneful"; Daniel, "a woeful"); I. iv. 41.
Barren, dull; I. v. 85.
Barricadoes, fortifications made in haste, obstructions; IV. ii. 39.
Bawbling, insignificant, trifling; V. i. 53.
Bawcock, a term of endearment; always used in masculine sense; III. iv. 123.
Beagle, a small dog; II. iii. 185.
Before me, by my soul; II. iii. 184.
Belike, I suppose; III. iii. 29.
Bent, tension; II. iv. 38.
Beshrew, a mild form of imprecation; IV. i. 61.
Besides, out of; IV. ii. 90.
Bespake you fair, spoke kindly to you; V. i. 188.
Bias, originally the weighted side of a bowl; V. i. 260.
Bibble babble, idle talk; IV. ii. 101.
Biddy, "a call to allure chickens"; III. iv. 126.
Bird-bolts, blunt-headed arrows; I. v. 95.
Blazon, "coat-of-arms"; I. v. 303.
Blent = blended; I. v. 248.
Bloody, bloodthirsty; III. iv. 239.
Blows, inflates, puffs up; II. v. 45.

Bosom, the folds of the dress covering the breast, stomacher; III. i. 128.
Botcher, mender of old clothes; I. v. 46.
Bottle-ale, bottled ale; II. iii. 29.
Bottom, ship, vessel; V. i. 56.
Brabble, brawl, broil; V. i. 64.
Branched, "adorned with needle-work, representing flowers and twigs"; II. v. 49.
Breach, surf; II. i. 22.
Breast, voice; II. iii. 20.
Bred, begotten; I. ii. 22.
Brock, badger, a term of contempt; II. v. 106.
Brownist, a member of a Puritan sect; III. ii. 31.
Bum-baily, bailiff; III. iv. 190.
But = than; I. iv. 13.
Buttery-bar; buttery, place where drink and food were kept; *bar,* place where they were served out; I. iii. 71.



Buttery-bar, Christ Church, Oxford.

By the duello, by the laws of duelling; III. iv. 329.
Canary, wine from the Canary Isles; I. iii. 81.
Cantons = cantos; I. v. 280.
Case, body, skin; V. i. 164.
Castiliano vulgo; "Spanish of Sir Toby's own making," perhaps it may mean, "Be as reticent as a Castilian now that one of the common herd is coming"; I. iii. 44.
Cataian, Chinese; used here as a term of reproach; II. iii. 77.
Catch, "a song sung in succession"; II. iii. 18.
Chain, the chain of office which stewards were accustomed to wear; II. iii. 124.
Chantry, a private chapel; IV. iii. 24.
Checks; "to check" is "a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game, and follows some other of inferior kind that crosses her in her flight"; II. v. 116; III. i. 69.
Cherry-pit, "a game consisting in pitching cherry-stones into a small hole"; III. iv. 127.
Cheveril, roe-buck leather; symbol of flexibility; III. i. 13.
Chuck, chicken, a term of endearment; III. iv. 124.
Civil, polite, well-mannered; III. iv. 5.
Clodpole, blockhead; III. iv. 208.
Cloistress, inhabitant of a cloister, nun; I. i. 28.
Cloyment, surfeit; II. iv. 101.

Cockatrice, an imaginary creature, supposed to be produced from a cock's egg, and to have so deadly an eye as to kill by its very look; III. iv. 211.

Collier; "the devil was called so because of his blackness"; *cp.* the proverb: "*like will to like, quoth the devil to the collier*"; III. iv. 128.

Colours; "fear no colours," fear no enemy; I. v. 6.

Comfortable, comforting; I. v. 232.

Commerce, conversation; III. iv. 187.

Compare, comparison; II. iv. 103.

Competitors, confederates; IV. ii. 12.

Complexion, external appearance; II. iv. 26.

Comptible, sensitive; I. v. 181.

Conceited, has formed an idea; III. iv. 316.

Conclusions to be as kisses, i.e. "as in a syllogism it takes two premises to make one conclusion, so it takes two people to make one kiss" (Cambridge edition); v. i. 20.

Conduct, guard, escort; III. iv. 260.

Consequently, subsequently; III. iv. 77.

Consideration; "on carpet c." = "a mere carpet knight"; III. iv. 254.

Constant, consistent, logical; IV. ii. 51.

Convents, is convenient; V. i. 382.

Coranto, a quick, lively dance; I. iii. 130.

Couplet, couple; III. iv. 401.

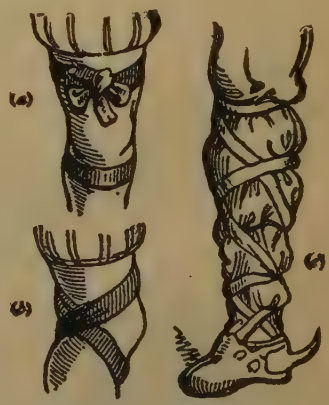
Coxcomb, head; V. i. 175.

Coystrill, a mean, paltry fellow; I. iii. 41.

Coziers, botchers, cobblers; II. iii. 92.

Credit, intelligence; IV. iii. 6.

Cross-gartered; alluding to the custom of wearing the garters crossed in various styles; II. v. 156.



Specimens of cross-gartering.
(*a*) and (*b*) Front and back views of a gentleman's knee, from an early XVIth century tapestry.
(*c*) Tartar cross-gartering. From a book on costume, published at Antwerp, 1582.

Crowner, coroner; I. v. 137.

Cruelty, cruel one; II. iv. 82.

Cubiculo (one of Sir Toby's "affectioned" words), apartment; III. ii. 54.

"Cucullus non facit monachum" = a cowl does not make a monk; I. v. 57.
Cunning, skilful; I. v. 249.
Curst, sharp, shrewish; III. ii. 43.
Cut, a docked horse; II. iii. 193.
Cypress; probably "a coffin of cypresswood"; (others explain it as a shroud of *cypress*; Cotgrave mentions *white cipres*); II. iv. 53.
Cypress, crape (*v.* Note); III. i. 128.

Dally, play, trifle; III. i. 16.
Day-bed, couch, sofa; II. v. 50.
Deadly, death-like; I. v. 275.
Dear, heartfelt; V. i. 70.
Deceivable, delusive; IV. iii. 21.
Dedication, devotedness; V. i. 81.
Deliver'd, set at liberty; V. i. 315.
Denay, denial; II. iv. 126.
Deny, refuse; IV. i. 61.
Desperate, hopeless; II. ii. 8; reckless; V. i. 63.
Despite, malice; III. iv. 239.
Determinate, fixed; II. i. 10.
Dexteriously, dexterously; I. v. 61.
Diluculo surgere (saluberrimum est), to rise early is most healthful; II. iii. 2.
Dimension, bodily shape; I. v. 271; V. i. 237.
Discourse, reasoning; IV. iii. 12.
Dismount, draw from the scabbard; III. iv. 240.
Disorders, misconduct; II. iii. 100.
Dissemble, disguise; IV. ii. 5.
Distemper, make ill-humoured; II. i. 5.
Distempered, diseased; I. v. 93.
Dry, insipid; I. v. 44.

Egyptian thief; an allusion to Thyamis, a robber chief in the Greek Romance of *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* (trans. into English before 1587); the thief attempted to kill Chariclea, whom he loved, rather than lose her; by mistake he slew another person; V. i. 117.
Element, sky and air, I. i. 26; sphere, III. i. 63. *The four elements, i.e.* fire, air, water, earth, II. iii. 10. (See illustration.)

From the *Myrrour and Dyscrypcyon of the Worlde, with many Mervaylles* (c. 1525).

Elephant, the name of an inn; III. iii. 39.

Enchantment, love-charm; III. i. 119.
Encounter, go towards; used affectedly; III. i. 79.
Endeavour thyself, try; IV. ii. 100.
Enlarge, release; V. i. 278.
Entertainment, treatment; I. v. 225.
Estimable wonder, admiring judgment; II. i. 27.
Except, before excepted, alluding to the common law-phrase; I. iii. 7.
Expenses, a tip, douceur; III. i. 48.
Expressure, expression; II. iii. 164.
Extent, conduct, behaviour; IV. i. 56.
Extracting (later Folios "exacting"), "drawing other thoughts from my mind"; V. i. 281.
Extravagancy, vagrancy; II. i. 11.

Fadge, prosper; II. ii. 34.
Fall, strain, cadence; I. i. 4.
Fancy, love; I. i. 14; V. i. 388.
Fantastical, fanciful, creative; I. i. 15.
'*Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs begone,*' etc.; altered from *Corydon's Farewell to Phillis* (Percy's *Reliques*); II. iii. 105.
Favour, face, form; II. iv. 24; III. iv. 352.
Feature, external form, body; III. iv. 389.
Feelingly, exactly; II. iii. 165.
Fellow, companion; III. iv. 82.
Firago, corruption of virago; III. iv. 296.
Fire-new, brand-new; III. ii. 21.
Fit, becoming, suitable; III. i. 72.
Flatter with, encourage with hopes; I. v. 313.
Fleshed, "made fierce and eager for combat, as a dog fed with flesh only"; IV. i. 43.
Fond, dote; II. ii. 35.
Forgive, excuse; I. v. 200.
For that, because; III. i. 161.
Fourteen years' purchase, i.e. "at a high rate," the current price in Shakespeare's time being twelve years' purchase; IV. i. 24.
Fraught, freight; V. i. 60.
Free, careless (or perhaps graceful, comely; *cp.* "fair and free"); II. iv. 46.
Fresh in murmur, begun to be rumoured; I. ii. 32.
Fright, affright; V. i. 236.
From; "f. Candy," *i.e.* "on her voyage from Candy"; V. i. 60.
Fulsome, gross, distasteful; V. i. 108.

Galliard, a lively French dance; I. iii. 121.
Gaskins, a kind of loose breeches; I. v. 25.
Geck, dupe; V. i. 343.
Gentleness, kindness, goodwill; II. i. 44.
Giddily, negligently; II. iv. 86.
Gin, snare; II. v. 85.

Ginger, a favourite spice in Shakespeare's time, especially with old people; frequently referred to by Shakespeare; II. iii. 121.
Goes even, agrees, tallies; V. i. 239.
Good life, jollity, with a play upon the literal meaning of the word, "virtuous living"; II. iii. 37-39.
Goodman, (Folios "good man"), a familiar appellation, sometimes used contemptuously; IV. ii. 135.
Grace, virtue; V. i. 31.
Gracious, full of graces; I. v. 272.
Grain; "in grain," natural; I. v. 247.
Gratillity; clown's blunder for "gratuity"; II. iii. 27.
Greek; "foolish Greek," *i.e.* jester, merrymaker (*cp.* "Matthew Merrygreek" in *Ralph Roister Doister*); "the Greeks were proverbially spoken of by the Romans as fond of good living and free potations" (Nares); IV. i. 19.
Grize, step, degree; III. i. 131.
Grizzle, a tinge of grey (perhaps a grisly beard); V. i. 164.
Gust = gusto, enjoyment; I. iii. 32.

Haggard, a wild untrained hawk; III. i. 69.
Hale, draw; III. ii. 62.
Haply, perhaps; IV. ii. 54.
Having, possessions; III. iv. 368.
Heat, course; I. i. 26.
"*Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*" etc., an old ballad (to be found in the *Reliques,* Percy); IV. ii. 76-7.
High = highly; I. i. 15.
Hob nob, "have or have not, hit or miss, at random"; III. iv. 258.
"*Hold thy peace, thou knave,*" and old three-part catch, so arranged that each singer calls the other "knave" in turn; II. iii. 66.
Honesty, "decency, love of what is becoming"; II. iii. 89.
Horrible, horribly; III. iv. 192.
Hull, float; I. v. 212.
Humour of state, "capricious insolence of authority"; II. v. 54.

Idleness, frivolousness; I. v. 65.
Impeticos, to impocket or impetticoat; one of the clown's nonsense words; II. iii. 27.
Importance, importunity; V. i. 363.
Impressure, impression; II. v. 95.
Incensement, exasperation; III. iv. 256.
Incredulous, incredible; III. iv. 86.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; V. i. 76.
Interchangement, interchange; V. i. 158.
Into, unto; V. i. 83.

Jealousy, apprehension; III. iii. 8.
Jets, struts; II. v. 34.
Jewel, a piece of jewelry; III. iv. 224.
Jezebel, used vaguely as a term of reproach; II. v. 43.
Joinder, joining; V. i. 156.
Jump, tally; V. i. 252.

Kickshawses = kickshaws; I. iii. 117.
Kindness, tenderness; II. i. 40.

Lapsed, surprised; III. iii. 36.
Late, lately; I. ii. 30; III. i. 41.
Leasing, lying; I. v. 100.
Leman, lover, sweetheart; II. iii. 26.
Lenten, scanty, poor; I. v. 9.
Lets, hinders; V. i. 249.
Lies, dwells; III. i. 8.
Lighter, inferior in position; V. i. 339.
Limed, caught with bird-lime, ensnared; III. iv. 80.
List, boundary, limit; III. i. 83.
Little, a little; V. i. 170.
Liver, popularly supposed to be the seat of the emotions; II. iv. 100; III. ii. 20.
Love-broker, agent between lovers; III. ii. 37.
Lowly, mean, base; III. i. 106.
Lucrece; "her L.," *i.e.* her seal; *cp.* the following illustration with head of Lucrece; II. v. 96.
Lullaby, "good night"; V. i. 44.
Maidenhead = maidenhood; I. v. 226.

An antique ring, of Niello work, with the head of Lucrece. From an engraving by F. W. Fairholt.

Malapert, saucy, forward; IV. i. 47.
Malignancy, malevolence; II. i. 4.
Maugre, in spite of; III. i. 158.
Meddle, fight; III. iv. 271.
Metal (Folio 1, "mettle"; Folio 2, "nettle"); "metal of India"; = "my golden girl, my jewel"; (others explain "nettle of India" as the *Urtica marina,* a plant of itching properties); II. v. 15.
Minion, favourite, darling; V. i. 124.
Minx, a pert woman; III. iv. 131.
Miscarry, be lost, die; III. iv. 68.
Misprison, misapprehension; I. v. 56.
Mistress Mall; possibly "a mere personification," like "my lady's eldest son" in *Much Ado;* I. iii. 128.
Mollification; "some m. for your giant," *i.e.* "something to pacify your gigantic (!) waiting-maid"; I. v. 213.
Monster, unnatural creature; II. ii. 35.

Mistress Mall's picture.
From the title-page of Middleton and Decker's comedy. *The Roaring Girle, or Moll Cut-purse* (1611).

Mortal, deadly; III. iv. 281.
Mouse, a term of endearment; I. v. 64.

Nayword, by-word; II. iii. 141.
Newly, lately; V. i. 154.
Nicely, sophistically, subtilely; III. i. 16.
Non-regardance, disregard; V. i. 120.
Not, used pleonastically after "forbid"; II. ii. 19.
Note; "come to note," *i.e.* "become known"; IV. iii. 29.
Notorious, notable; V. i. 329.
Numbers, measure of the verses; II. v. 104.
Nuncio, messenger; I. iv. 28.
Of = on; III. iv. 2; for the sake of; V. i. 230.
On = at; II. ii. 3.
Opal, a precious stone supposed to change its colours; II. iv. 76.
Open, openly; III. iii. 37.
Opposite, opponent; III. ii. 66. III. iv. 249.
Opposite, hostile; II. v. 150.
Orb, earth; III. i. 42.
Orbed continent, the sun; V. i. 271.
Other gates, in another way; V. i. 194.
"*O, the twelfth day of December,*" the opening of some old ballad now lost; II. iii. 86.
Over-swear, repeat, swear over again; V. i. 269.
Owe = own; I. v. 320.

Parish-top; alluding to the large top kept in every village, for the peasants to whip in frosty weather, for the purpose of keeping themselves warm and out of mischief; I. iii. 43.
Part, in part, partly; III. iv. 366.
Passages, acts; III. ii. 75.
Pass upon (literally, to thrust), to make a push in fencing; make sallies of wit; III. i. 47.
Pedant, schoolmaster; III. ii. 78.
Peevish, silly, wilful; I. v. 310.
"*Peg-a-Ramsay,*" the name of an old ballad now unknown; II. iii. 78.
Penthesilea, the queen of the Amazons; II. iii. 183.

Perchance, by chance; I. ii. 6.
Perdy, a corruption of *par Dieu*; IV. ii. 79.
Perpend, attend, listen; V. i. 299.
Personage, personal appearance; I. v. 160.
Perspective, deception; V. i. 217.
Pilchard, a fish strongly resembling the herring; III. i. 38.
Pipe, voice; I. iv. 32.
"*Please one, and please all.*" The title of an old ballad (entered on the Stationers' Registers in Jan. 18, 1591-92; printed in Staunton's Shakespeare); III. iv. 25.
Pluck on, excite; V. i. 366.
Point-devise, exactly; II. v. 165.
Points, suspenders; I. v. 23.

From a MS. (6976 Paris National Library of *The Four Sons of Aymon.* The figure (of a man partially stripped for execution) shows how the "points" secured the hose to the upper garment.

Possess us, put us in possession, tell us; II. iii. 144.
Post, messenger; I. v. 294.
Practice, plot; V. i. 352.
Praise = appraise; (perhaps (?) with a play upon the two senses of *praise*); I. v. 259.
Pranks, adorns; II. iv. 88.
Pregnant, clever, expert; II. ii. 29; III. i. 97.
Present, i.e. present wealth; III. iv. 369.
Presently, immediately; III. iv. 213.
Prevented, anticipated; III. i. 90.
Private, privacy; III. iv. 97.
Probation, examination; II. v. 131.
Proof; "vulgar p." common experience; III. i. 131.
Proper, handsome; III. i. 140; own; V. i. 319.
Proper-false, "well-looking and deceitful"; II. ii. 30.
Propertied, taken possession of; IV. ii. 95.
Propriety, individuality, thyself; V. i. 146.
Pure, purely; V. i. 82.

Question; "in contempt of q." past question; II. v. 90.
Quick, living, lively; I. i. 9.
Quinapalus, an imaginary philosopher; I. v. 35.
Quirk, humour, caprice; III. iv. 264.

Receiving, understanding, quick wit; III. i. 127.
Recollected, variously interpreted to mean (1) studied; (2) refined; (3) trivial; "recollected terms" perhaps

popular refrains (? "terms" ="turns" or "tunes"); II. iv. 5.

Record, memory; V. i. 246.

Recover, win; II. iii. 190.

Regard, look, glance; V. i. 212.

Reins, is governed by the bridle; III. iv. 347.

Reliques, memorials; III. iii. 19.

Renown, make famous; III. iii. 24.

Reverberate, reverberating, echoing; I. v. 282.

Round, plain; II. iii. 97.

Rub with crums, to clean; II. iii. 123.

Rubious, red, rosy; I. iv. 32.

Rudesby, blusterer; IV. i. 54.

Rute, behaviour; II. iii. 127.

Sack, Spanish and Canary wine; II. iii. 196.

Sad, serious; III. iv. 5.

Saint Bennet, probably St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, London, destroyed in the great fire; V. i. 38.

Scab, a term of reproach or disgust; II. v. 77.

Scout, watch; III. iv. 189.

Self, self-same (perhaps with the force of "exclusive," "absolute"); I. i. 39.

Semblative, seeming, like; I. iv. 34.

"*Shake your ears,*" an expression of contempt, "grumble at your pleasure"; II. iii. 129.

She, woman; I. v. 250.

Sheep-biter, a cant term for a thief; II. v. 5.

Shent, chidden; IV. ii. 108.

Sheriff's post; alluding to the custom of sheriffs setting up posts at their doors, upon which to place notices and proclamations; I. v. 152.

Shrewishly, pertly; I. v. 166.

Silly sooth, simple truth; II. iv. 47.

Sir, gentleman, lord; III. iv. 79; title formerly applied to the inferior clergy; IV. ii. 2.

Skilless, inexperienced; III. iii. 9.

Skills, matters; V. i. 288.

Skipping, wild, mad; I. v. 210.

'Slid, a corruption of "by God's lid"; III. iv. 415.

'Slight, a corruption of "God's light"; II. v. 35; III. ii. 12.

Sheriff's Post. From a specimen preserved at Norwich.

Sneck up, an exclamation of contempt; go and be hanged; II. iii. 96.

Sophy, Shah of Persia; II. v. 184; III. iv. 301.

Sound, clear; I. iv. 33.

Sowter, name of a hound; II. v. 125.

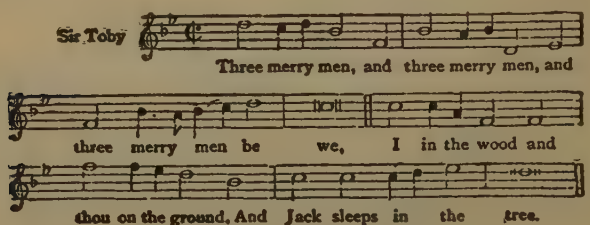
Spinsters, female spinners; II. iv. 45.

Spoke, said; I. iv. 20.

Squash, an immature peascod; I. v. 162.

Stable, steady; IV. iii. 19.
Standing water, between the ebb and flood of the tide; I. v. 164.
Staniel (Folios, "stallion," corrected by Hanmer), a kind of hawk; II. v. 116.
State=condition, fortune; I. v. 288; V. i. 63.
State, chair of State; II. v. 47.
Stitches, a sharp pain; III. ii. 71.
Stock, stocking; I. iii. 138.
Stone-bow, "a cross-bow, from which stones or bullets were shot"; II. v. 48.
Stoup, a drinking vessel; II. iii. 124.
Strange, stout, reserved and proud; II. v. 173.
Strange, estranged; V. i. 212.
Strangeness, reserve; IV. i. 16.
Strangle, suppress; V. i. 146.
Stuck, stoccato, a thrust in fencing; III. iv. 297.
Substractors; Sir Toby's blunder for "detractors"; I. iii. 36.
Suited, clad; V. i. 234.
Supportance, upholding; III. iv. 322.
Swabber, one who scrubs the ship's deck; I. v. 212.
Swarths, swaths; II. iii. 155.
Sweeting, a term of endearment; II. iii. 43.

Tabor, an instrument used by professional clowns; III. i. 2.
Taffeta, a fine smooth stuff of silk; II. iv. 75.
Tainting of, bringing discredit upon; V. i. 137.
Take up, acknowledge; V. i. 147.
Tall, used ironically; I. iii. 20.
Tang, twang; II. v. 152.
Tartar, Tartarus; II. v. 210.
Taste, put to use, try; III. i. 84.
Taxation, tax, demand; I. v. 219.
Tender, hold dear; V. i. 125.
Terms, words, "recollected terms," *vide*; II. iv. 5.
Testril, sixpence; II. iii. 34.
"*There dwelt a man in Babylon,*" a line from the old ballad of *Susanna* (*cp. Romeo and Juliet,* II. iv. 151); II. iii. 81.
"*Three merry men be we,*" a fragment of an old song;



From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music.*

frequently quoted by the dramatists (*cp.* Chappell's *Popular Music*); II. iii. 78.

Throw, a throw with the dice, hence "cast, or venture"; V. i. 41.

Tillyvally, an exclamation of contempt; II. iii. 80.

Time-pleaser, timeserver, flatterer; II. iii. 153.

Tinkers, menders of old brass; "proverbial tipplers and would-be politicians"; II. iii. 90.

Trade, business; III. i. 80.

Travel of regard, looking about; II. v. 55.

Tray-trip, a game like backgammon; II. v. 193.

Trouble; "your tr." the trouble I have caused you; II. i. 34.

Trunks, alluding to the elaborately carved chests in use in Shakespeare's time; III. iv. 393.

Tuck, rapier; III. iv. 240.

Unprizable, invaluable; V. i. 54.

Unprofited, profitless; I. iv. 22.

Upon, because of, in consequence of; V. i. 361.

Use, usury; III. i. 55.

Validity, value; I. i. 12.

Venerable, worthy of veneration; III. iv. 386.

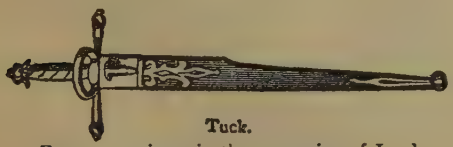
Vice, the buffoon of the old morality plays; IV. ii. 128.

Viol-de-gamboys; Sir Toby's blunder for *viol da gamba,* a bass-viol or violoncello, a fashionable instrument of that time; I. iii. 25.

Vouchsafed, vouchsafing; III. i. 96.

Wainropes, waggon-ropes; III. ii. 62.

Viol-de-gamboys. From the alchemial MS. in the Harleian collection.



Tuck.
From a specimen in the possession of Lord Londesborough.

Unauspicious, inauspicious; V. i. 112.

Unchary, heedlessly; III. iv. 218.

Ungird, relax; IV. i. 16.

Unhatched, "unhacked, not blunted by blows"; III. iv. 253.

Ware; "Bed of Ware"; a huge bed, capable of holding twelve persons; formerly at the Saracen's Head Inn at Ware, and now at the Rye-House; III. ii. 49. (See illustration.)

Was, had been; IV. iii. 6.

Waters; "I am for all waters," *i.e.* "I can turn my hand to anything: like a fish, I can swim equally well in all waters"; IV. ii. 66.

Weaver; alluding perhaps to the psalm-singing propensities of the weavers; II. iii. 60.

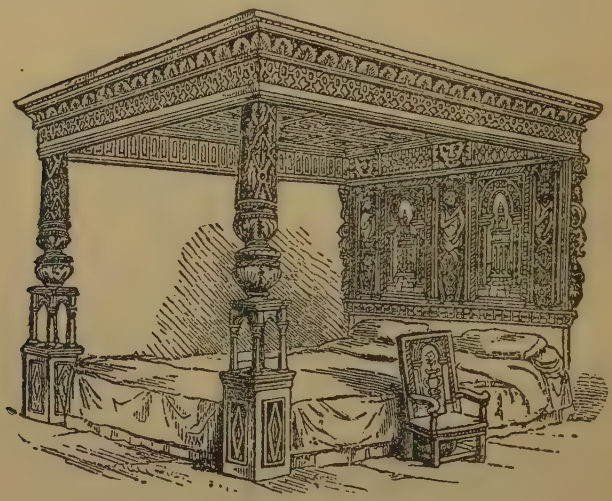
Weeds, garments; V. i. 255.

"Westward-ho!" an exclamation often used by the boatmen on the Thames; III. i. 141.

What, at which; IV. iii. 30.

What's she = who is she; I. ii. 35.

Whiles = while; III. iii. 41; until; IV. iii. 29.



The Great Bed, at Ware.

Welkin, sky; II. iii. 58; III. i. 63.

Well-a-day, an exclamation expressive of grief; "welaway," alas! IV. ii. 112.

Were best, had better; III. iv. 12.

Were better, had better; II. ii. 27.

Whipstock, whip-handle; II. iii. 28.

Windy, safe; III. iv. 177.

With, by; I. v. 86.

Wits; "five wits," viz., "common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory"; IV. ii. 90.

Woodcock, a bird popularly

supposed to have no brains, hence the word was commonly used for a fool; II. v. 85; IV. ii. 61.

Worth, substance, wealth; III. iii. 17.

Yare, ready, active; III. iv. 240.

'Yeoman of the wardrobe,' a regular title of office in Shakespeare's time; II. v. 42.

Zanies; "subordinate buffoons whose office was to make awkward attempts at mimicking the tricks of the professional clown"; I. v. 91

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 5. '*sound*'; so the Folios; Pope changed it to '*south*', and editors have generally accepted this emendation, but it seems unnecessary: Grant White appropriately asks, "Did Pope, or the editors who have followed him, ever lie musing on the sward at the edge of a wood, and hear the low sweet hum of the summer air, as it kissed the coyly-shrinking wild flowers upon the banks, and passed on loaded with fragrance from the sweet salute?"

I. i. 22. '*like fell and cruel hounds*'; referring to the story of Actæon.

I. i. 38. '*all supplied, and fill'd*'; the comma after 'supplied' is not in the Folio: its insertion simplifies the lines. Others leave the Folio reading, but bracket '*her sweet perfections*' in the next line; making them appositional to '*thrones*.'

I. i. 15. '*Arion on the dolphin's back*'; the Folios misprint

Arion on the dolphin's back.
From B. Küchler's *Repræsentatio der Fürstlichen Auffzug. . . . Herren Joh. Friedrich Hertzogen zu Württenberg* (1609).

'*Orion*' for '*Arion*.' *Cp.* the famous passage—"Oberon's Vision"—in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

I. iii. 70-71. '*bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink*'; "a proverbial phrase among Abigails, to ask at once for a kiss and a present" (Kenrick).

I. iii. 96. '*Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair*'; Sir Toby evidently plays upon 'tongues' and 'tongs' (i. e. curling-tongs).

I. iii. 120. '*an old man*'; Theobald proposed to read '*a noble man*,' taking the allusion to be to Orsino. Clarke explains '*an old man*' as 'a man of experience'; "the word *old*," he adds, "gives precisely that absurd effect of refraining from competing in dancing, fencing, etc., with exactly the antagonist incapacitated by age over whom Sir Andrew might hope to prove his superiority."

I. iii. 141. '*That's sides and heart*'; Sir Andrew and Sir Toby are wrong in the parts assigned to Taurus in the old astrological figures of the human body. Taurus was supposed to govern the neck and throat.

I. iv. 3. '*three days*'; Mr. Daniel points out in his 'Time Analysis' that this statement is inconsistent with the Duke's words in V. i. 102, '*Three months this youth hath tended upon me*.'

II. i. 17. '*Messaline*'; possibly an error for Mitylene, as Capell conjectured.

II. iii. 17. '*the picture of "we three"*'; "a common sign, in which two wooden heads are exhibited with this inscription under it, '*We three loggerheads be*,' the spectator being supposed to make the third" (Malone).

II. iii. 23-25. '*Pigrogromitus . . . of Queubus*,' etc. Mr. Swinburne sees in these 'freaks of nomenclature' the direct influence of Rabelais (*cp. A Study of Shakespeare*, pp. 155, 156).

II. iii. 40. '*O mistress mine*,' etc.; "this tune is contained in both the editions of Morley's *Consort Lessons*, 1599 and 1611. It is also found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, arranged by Boyd. As it is to be found in print in 1599, it proves either that Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was written in or before that year, or that, in accordance with the then prevailing custom, '*O mistress mine*,' was an old song, introduced into the play" (Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*).

II. iii. 117. '*Out o' tune, sir: ye lie*'; Theobald proposed '*time, sir?*' which has been very generally adopted. The reading of the Folios may well stand without change. Sir Toby says to

the Clown that he is out of tune and lies in declaring '*no, no, no, you dare not*' (*i.e.* dare not bid Malvolio go). Hence next words '*Art any more than a steward,*' addressed to Malvolio.

II. v. 41. '*the lady of the Strachy*'; this is one of the unsettled problems in Shakespeare. Hunter ingeniously suggested that Shakespeare ridicules, in the scene between the Clown, as Sir Topas, and Malvolio (IV. ii.), the exorcisms by Puritan ministers, in the case of a family named *Starchy* (1596-99), and that the difficult *Strachy* was a hint to the audience to expect subsequent allusion to the Starchy affair. Others suggest '*Strozzi,*' '*Stracci,*' '*Stratarch.*' Halliwell refers to a Russian word meaning lawyer or judge. The incident of a lady of high rank marrying her steward is the subject of Webster's *Duchess of Malfy.*

II. v. 65, 66. '*with cars*'; so Folio 1; the later Folios, '*with cares*'; Johnson, '*with carts*'; many emendations have been proposed. Clarke defends the original reading, and compares '*A team of horse shall not pluck that from me*' (*Two Gentlemen,* III. i. 265); Hanmer's suggestion '*by th' ears*' has been generally adopted.

II. v. 155. '*yellow stockings*'; these were much worn in Shakespeare's time, and have still survived to our own day in the yellow stockings worn by the 'Blue Coat boys.'

III. i. 54. '*these,*' *i.e.* these coins which Viola has given him.

III. i. 60. '*Cressida was a beggar*'; 'according to the story Cressida finally became a leper and begged by the roadside.'

III. i. 69. '*And, like the haggard, check at every feather*'; so the Folios; Johnson proposed '*not*' for '*and,*' and this reading has reasonably been adopted by most editors; '*to check*' is "a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game, and follows some other of inferior kind that crosses her in her flight"; the meaning therefore of the Folio reading would be 'that he must catch at every opportunity,' but this does not suit the context: the wise Clown must be discriminative; hence Johnson's '*not.*'

III. i. 73. '*wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit*'; Folio 1, '*wisemens folly falne*'; Hanmer and Warburton, '*wise men's folly shown*'; the text is Theobald's, and is generally adopted

III. i. 128. '*a cypress, not a bosom, Hides my heart*'; the force of these words has, it would seem, been missed; the point of the '*cypress*' is not its blackness but its transparency. *Cp.* '*The Ballad of Robin Hood, Scarlet and John*':—

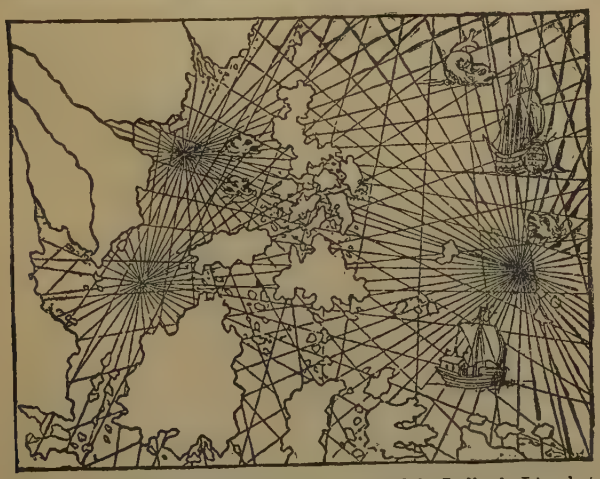
"Cypress over her face,
Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush
All in a comely grace."

'*Bosom*' must, I think, be used in this passage in the sense of 'the bosom of the dress' which conceals the body. Olivia says, 'you can see my heart; a thin gauze as it were hides it, not a stomacher.'

III. ii. 26. '*sailed into the north,*' etc.; perhaps this is a reference to the discovery of Northern Nova Zembla by the Dutchman Barenz in 1596. (*Cp.* C. H. Coote's paper on '*the new map,*' I. 83. *New Shakespeare Society Publications,* 1878).

III. ii. 68. '*youngest wren of nine*'; Folio, '*mine,*' emended by Theobald. The wren is said to lay nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatched nestling is usually the smallest of the whole brood.

III. ii. 83. '*the new map with the augmentation of the Indies*'; no doubt a reference to the map which Hallam, in his *Literature of Europe,* calls 'the best map of the 16th century': it is found in the first edition of Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1589), but as it records discoveries made at least seven years later, it was in all probability a



Part (showing Borneo, Celebes, etc.) of a map of the Indies in Linschoten's *Discours of Voyages into the E. and W. Indies* (1598).

separate map, well known at the time, and made so as to be inserted in Hakluyt: the author was probably Mr. Emmerie Mollineux, who was also the first Englishman to make a terrestrial globe. It is noteworthy that the map shows a marked development of the geography of India proper, etc. (*Cp. Transactions of the New Shakespeare Society,* 1877-79).

III. iii. 15. *'And thanks; and ever* [*thanks, and*] *oft good turns.'* The Cambridge editors indicate by dots that some word has dropped out between *'ever'* and *'oft.'* Many emendations have been proposed. Theobald's suggestion has been adopted; the Old Spelling Shakespeare reads

'And thanks; and, ever oft, good turns . . . '

'ever oft' in the sense of 'with perpetual frequency.'

IV. i. 14-15. *'I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney'*; so the Folios; the lines evidently mean "I am afraid affectation and foppery will overspread the world" (Johnson); it has been proposed to change *'world'* into *'word'* (*i.e.* with reference to 'vent'): others read *'this great lubberly world'*; Knight explains that the words are spoken aside, and mean, 'I am afraid the world will prove this great lubber (Sebastian) a cockney.' This seems very strained, and probably the simplest reading of the passage is the best.

IV. ii. 14. *'the old hermit of Prague'*; Douce points out that the allusion is "not to the celebrated heresiarch, Jerome of Prague, but another of that name, born likewise at Prague, and called the *hermit* of Camaldoli in Tuscany."

IV. ii. 40. *'clearstories'*; Folio 1, *'cleere stores'*; Folio 2, *'cleare stones'*; the reading adopted is Blakeway's conjecture in Boswell: *'clerestory'* is the name given to the windows above the arches of the nave of a Gothic church.

IV. ii. 135. *'goodman devil'*; Folio 1, 'good *man diuell'*; Rowe's *'goodman Drivel,'* seems the most plausible emendation, if any is necessary; Folio 2 reads *'good man Direll.'*

V. i. 113. *'My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out'*; the Folios *'haue,'* corrected by Capell, but probably Shakespeare's own reading; the plural for the singular, owing to the plural object (*'faithfull'st offerings'*) preceding the verb.

V. i. 200-1. *'a passy measures pavin'*; Folio 1, *'panyn'*; Folio 2, *'Pavin';* various emendations have been suggested, but there is little doubt that the reading in the text is the correct one. *'Passy measures'* is a corruption of the Italian *'passamezzo,'* which

word Florio explains as 'a *passa-measure* in dancing, a cinque pace'; it was a slow dance, differing little from the action of walking. '*Pavin*' was a grave Spanish dance. *Cp.* Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music*, 201 ff. According to Halliwell, the *passy measures pavin* is described as follows in an early MS. list of dances:—

Passo-e-mezzo. Pavana.

From *Il Ballarino di M. Fabritio Caroso da Sermoneta* (Venice, 1581).

"*The passinge measure Pavyon*—2 singles and a double forward, and 2 singles syde.—Reprince back." Sir Toby means, therefore, that 'the surgeon is a rogue and a grave solemn coxcomb.'

V. i. 362. '*against.*' Tyrwhitt's conjecture '*in*' has a good deal in its favour; '*against*' may have been caught from line 360.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[*Duke.*] Hudson in his "abstract of the tale as told by Barnaby Rich, from which," he says, "a pretty fair estimate of the Poet's obligations may be easily made out," further remarks: "A certain duke, named Apolonius, had served a year in the wars against the Turk. Returning homewards by sea, he was driven by stress of weather to the isle of Cyprus, where he was well received by Pontus, the governor, whose daughter Silla fell so deeply in love with him, that after his departure to Constantinople she forsook home in pursuit of him, having persuaded her man Pedro to go along with her. For security against such perils and injuries as are apt to befall young ladies in her situation, she assumed the dress and name of her brother Silvio, who was absent from home when she left. Coming to Constantinople, she inquired out the residence of Apolonius, and presented herself before him, craving to be his servant; and he, being well disposed towards strangers, and liking her appearance, took her into his service. Her smooth and gentle behaviour soon won his confidence, and her happy diligence in waiting upon him caused her to be advanced above all the rest of his servants in credit and trust."

5-7. *like the sweet sound*, etc.:—Milton seems to have had this in his eye when he wrote the richly-freighted lines:—

> "Now gentle gales,
> Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
> Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
> Those balmy spoils."

22, 23. *like fell and cruel hounds,* etc.:—Shakespeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty by the fable of Actæon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds; as a man indulging his eyes or his imagination with a view of a woman he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than Bacon's, who, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients,* supposes this story to warn us against inquiring into the secrets of princes, by showing that those who know that which for reasons of state ought to be concealed will be detected and destroyed by their own servants. Malone thinks that Shakespeare had seen and here recalled Daniel's 5th Sonnet:—

> "Whilst youth and error led my wand'ring mind,
> And sette my thoughts in heedles waies to range,
> All unawares a goddesse chaste I finde,
> (Diana like) to worke my suddaine change.
> . . . . . .
> My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my death," etc.

Daniel in turn may have drawn upon Whitney's *Emblems,* 1586:—

> "those whoe do pursue
> Theire fancies fonde, and thinges unlawfull crave,
> Like brutishe beastes appeare unto the viewe,
> And shall at length Actæon's guerdon have:
> And as his howndes, so theire affections base
> Shall them devoure, and all theire deedes deface."

Whitney may have recurred to Adlington's dedication to his translation of the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius: "For by the fable of Actæon, . . . may be meant, that when a man casteth his eies on the vaine and soon-fading beauty of the world, consenting thereto in his minde, he seemes to be turned into a bruite beast, and so to be slaine through the inordinate desire of his own affects."

30. *season*:—The Poet elsewhere uses *season* in this sense. Thus in *Romeo and Juliet,* II. iii. 69-72:—

> "Jesu Maria, what a deal of *brine*
> Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
> How much salt water thrown away in waste,
> To *season* love!"

Scene II.

15. *Arion*:—Rolfe says: "The allusion is to the classical story of the minstrel Arion, who, when the sailors were about to murder him for his money, asked leave to play a 'swan-song' before he died, after which he threw himself into the sea, and was borne safely to land by one of the dolphins that had gathered about the ship to listen to his music." Halliwell observes that the simile was familiar to the Poet and his audience, both from the classical story and from its frequent introduction into the masques and pageants of the day.

28, 29. *I have heard*, etc.:—"One of Shakespeare's subtle touches in dramatic art," says Clarke. "By the mention of Viola's father having spoken of the Duke we are led to see the source of her interest in Orsino; and by the word *bachelor* we are made to see the peculiar nature of that interest."

56. *as an eunuch*:—This plan of Viola's was not pursued, as it would have been inconsistent with the plot of the play. She was presented as a *page*, not as a *eunuch*.

Scene V.

166. *shrewishly*:—"It is worthy of note," says Clarke, "not only how Olivia is so much struck by the sauciness of the page-messenger, whose manner is so different from the usual deference with which Orsino's envoys treat her as to interest her in the youth even before she sees him, but it is also to be remarked how Viola assumes flippancy when coming from the Duke, although, while in his house, speaking to either himself or his gentlemen, she maintains the most quiet, distant, and even reservedly dignified speech and conduct."

213. *Some mollification for your giant*:—Ladies in romance are guarded by giants. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, entreats Olivia to pacify her giant; an ironical allusion to Maria's smallness of stature.

270. *In voices well divulged*:—Perhaps well-reputed for his knowledge in languages, which was esteemed a great accomplishment in the Poet's time; or the meaning may be well *voiced* or spoken of by others.

304. *Unless the master were the man*:—Malone interprets this passage as follows: "Unless the dignity of the master were added to the merit of the servant, I shall go too far and disgrace

myself." Steevens says she may mean, "this is unbecoming forwardness on my part, unless I were as much in love with the master as I am with the man." Clarke explains it: "Unless the master's love for me were felt by the man."

319. *Mine eye,* etc.:—She fears that her eyes had formed so flattering an idea of the supposed youth Cesario, that she may not have strength of mind sufficient to resist the impression.

321. *be this so*:—Hudson in his "abstract of the tale as told by Barnaby Rich," thus continues the argument: "At this time there dwelt in the city a lady widow named Julina, whose husband had lately died, leaving her large possessions and rich livings, and who, moreover, surpassed all the ladies of Constantinople in beauty. Her attractions of course proved too much for the Duke: he became an earnest suitor to the lady, and employed his new servant to carry his love-tokens and forward his suit. Thus, besides her other afflictions, this piece of disguised sweetness had to endure the greater one of being the instrument to work her own mishap, and of playing the attorney in a cause that made against herself; nevertheless, being altogether desirous to please her master, and caring nothing at all to offend herself, she urged his suit with as much zeal as if it had been her own preferment. But 'twas not long till Silla's sweetness stole through her disguise right into the heart of the lady Julina, who at length got so entangled with the often sight of this sweet temptation, that she fell as much in love with the servant as the master was with herself. Thus things went on, till one day Silla, being sent with a message to the lady, began to solicit very warmly for the Duke, when Julina interrupted her, saying, 'Silvio, it is enough that you have said for your master: henceforth either speak for yourself, or say nothing at all.'"

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

35. *murder me*:—It may be that in this passage reference is had to a superstition thus indicated by Sir Walter Scott in *The Pirate*: When Mordaunt has rescued Cleveland from the sea, and is trying to revive him, Bryce, the pedler, says to him, "Are you mad? you, that have so long lived in Zetland, to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not, if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury?" Sir Walter suggests

in a note that this inhuman maxim was probably held by the islanders of the Orkneys, as an excuse for leaving all to perish alone who were shipwrecked upon their coasts, to the end that there might be nothing to hinder the plundering of their goods; which of course could not well be if any of the owners survived. This practice, he says, continued into the eighteenth century, and "was with difficulty weeded out by the sedulous instructions of the clergy and the rigorous injunctions of the proprietors."

Scene II.

13. *She took the ring*:—Clarke says that "Viola, perceiving that Olivia has framed an excuse to blind her steward whom she sends, and willing to aid her in screening herself, accepts the version given of the ring's having been sent from Orsino to the Countess; which, moreover, affords a ready and plausible motive for refusing to take it now herself."

21. *her eyes had lost her tongue*:—That is, says Hudson, "her eyes were so charmed that she lost the right use of her tongue, and let it run as if it were divided from her judgement."

Scene III.

10-12. *the four elements*, etc.:—In ridicule of the medical theory of that time, which supposed health to consist in the just temperament of the *four elements* in the human frame. Homer agrees with Sir Andrew:—

> "Strength consists in spirits and in blood,
> And those are ow'd to generous wine and food."

52. *Sweet and twenty* appears to have been an ancient term of endearment.

58. *make the welkin dance*:—That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round.

59, 60. *draw three souls*, etc.:—Shakespeare represents weavers much given to harmony in his time. Sir Toby meant that the catch should be so harmonious that it would hale the soul out of a weaver *thrice over*, a tumid way of saying that it would give this warm lover of song thrice more delight than it would give another man. Warburton deemed this passage an allusion to the three souls of the Peripatetic philosophy. This inspired Coleridge to

remark: "O genuine and inimitable (at least I hope so) Warburton! This note of thine, if but one in five millions, would be half a one too much."

86. *O, the twelfth day,* etc.:—With Sir Toby as wine goes in music comes out, and fresh songs keep bubbling up in his memory as he waxes mellower. A similar thing occurs in *2 Henry IV.*, where Master Silence grows merry and musical amidst his cups in "the sweet of the night." Of the ballads referred to by Sir Toby, *O, the twelfth day of December* is entirely lost. Percy has one stanza of *There dwelt a man in Babylon,* which he describes as "a poor dull performance, and very long." *Three merry men be we* seems to have been the burden of several old songs, one of which was called *Robin Hood and the Tanner. Peg-a-Ramsay,* or *Peggy Ramsay,* was an old popular tune which had several ballads fitted to it. *Thou knave* was a catch which, says Sir John Hawkins, "appears to be so contrived that each of the singers calls the other knave in turn."

Scene IV.

26-39. *What kind of woman,* etc.:—In common with others, Brandes sees in this passage a revelation of the Poet's unhappiness consequent upon his own marriage. Says Brandes: "Ordinary knowledge of the world is sufficient to suggest that his association with a village girl eight years older than himself could not satisfy him or fill his life. The study of his works confirms this conjecture. It would, of course, be unreasonable to attribute conscious and deliberate autobiographical import to speeches torn from their context in different plays; but there are none the less several passages in his dramas which may fairly be taken as indicating that he regarded his marriage in the light of a youthful folly." Whereupon Brandes quotes this passage. And Elze, agreeing with this view, asks: "Is it possible not to recognize this to be the Poet's grief at his own unfortunate marriage?" He adds: "It is obviously wisdom that has sprung from sorrow." Mabie, however, like Halliwell and others, views the matter differently. "The tradition that he was an unhappy husband is based entirely on the assumption that, while his family remained in Stratford, for twelve years he was almost continuously absent in London, and that he seems to speak with deep feeling about the disastrous effects of too great intimacy before marriage, and of the importance of a woman's marrying a man older than herself.

This is, however," continues Mabie, "pure inference, and it is perilous to draw inferences of this kind from phrases which a dramatist puts into the mouths of men and women who are interpreting, not their author's convictions and feelings, but a phase of character, a profound human experience, or the play of that irony which every playwright from Æschylus to Ibsen has felt deeply. The dramatist reveals his personality as distinctly as does the lyric poet, but not in the same way. Shakespeare's view of life, his conception of human destiny, his attitude toward society, his ideals of character, are to be found, not in detached passages framed and coloured by dramatic necessities, but in the large and consistent conception of life which underlies the entire body of his work."

Scene V.

72. *Saying,* etc.:—"Malvolio the count," says Lloyd, "promises unbecoming reminiscence of Malvolio the steward; and Olivia, 'left in a day-bed sleeping,' is forgotten for the enjoyment of the branched gown, the state, the rich jewel, and the opportunity of being surly with servants, and snubbing his old enemy, and now his kinsman, Toby."

82. *'One Sir Andrew'*:—It may be worthy of remark that the leading ideas of Malvolio, in his *humour of state,* bear a strong resemblance to those of Alnaschar in *The Arabian Nights.* Some of the expressions too are very similar. Many Arabian fictions had found their way into obscure Latin and French books, and from thence into English ones, long before any version of *The Arabian Nights* had appeared. In *The Dialogues of Creatures Moralized,* printed early in the sixteenth century, a story similar to that of Alnaschar is related.

161. *The Fortunate-Unhappy*:—Maria's quaint stratagem of the letter is evidently for the purpose of disclosing to others what her keener sagacity has discovered long before; and its working lifts her into a model of arch roguish mischievousness, with wit to plan and art to execute whatsoever falls within the scope of such a character. The scenes where the waggish troop, headed by this "noble gull-catcher" and "most excellent devil of wit," bewitch Malvolio into "a contemplative idiot," practising upon his vanity and conceit until he seems ready to burst with an ecstasy of self-consequence, and they "laugh themselves into stitches" over him, are almost painfully diverting. At length, however, our

merriment at seeing him "jet under his advanced plumes" passes into pity for his sufferings, and we feel a degree of resentment towards his ingenious persecutors. Doubtless the Poet meant to push the joke upon him so far as to throw our feelings over on his side, and make us take his part. For his character is such that perhaps nothing but excessive reprisals on his vanity could make us do justice to his real worth.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

23, 24. *words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them*:—This is believed to be an allusion to the order of the Privy Council in June, 1600, laying very severe restrictions upon stage performances. After prescribing "that there shall be about the city two houses and no more, allowed to serve for the use of common stage plays; of the which houses, one shall be in Surrey, in the place commonly called *The Bankside,* or thereabouts, and the other in Middlesex," the order runs thus: "Forasmuch as these stage plays, by the multitude of houses and company of players, have been so frequent, not serving for recreation, but inviting and calling the people daily from their trade and work to misspend their time; it is likewise ordered, that the two several companies of players, assigned unto the two houses allowed, may play each of them in their several houses twice a week, and no oftener: and especially they shall refrain to play on the Sabbath day, upon pain of imprisonment and further penalty. And they shall forbear altogether in the time of Lent, and likewise at such time and times as any extraordinary sickness, or infection of disease, shall appear to be in or about the city." This, of course, was little short of entire suppression of the playhouses. Words were disgraced by bonds inasmuch as imprisonment was the penalty for violation of the order.

Scene II.

46. *if thou thou'st him*:—This has been generally thought an allusion to Coke's impudent and abusive *thouing* of Sir Walter Raleigh at his trial; but the play was acted a year and a half before that trial took place. And indeed it had been no insult to

thou Sir Walter, unless there were some preëxisting custom or sentiment to make it so. What that custom was may be seen by the following passage from *The Rule of St. Bridget*: "None of hyghenesse schal *thou* another in spekynge, but eche schal speke reverently to other, the younger namely to the elder." One of the authors of *Guesses at Truth* has a very learned and ingenious essay on the subject, wherein he quotes the following from a book published in 1661, by George Fox the Quaker: "For this *thou* and *thee* was a sore cut to proud flesh, and them that sought self-honour; who, though they would say it to God and Christ, would not endure to have it said to themselves. So that we were often beaten and abused, and sometimes in danger of our lives, for using those words to some proud men, who would say, *What, you ill-bred clown, do you* thou *me*!"

Scene III.

[*Enter Sebastian and Antonio.*] We find the twin-brother Sebastian to have conciliated as unconsciously as effectually the affectionate friendship of the generous nature of Antonio. This Scene interests us in Sebastian on his own account, but even more by indicating the sympathy of his nature with that of Viola—it prepares us to witness and take pleasure in his accidental succession to her favour with Olivia.

Scene IV.

59. *midsummer madness*:—"'Tis midsummer moon with you" was a proverbial phrase, signifying you are mad. It was an ancient opinion that hot weather affected the brain.

254. *on carpet consideration*:—The meaning of this may be gathered from Randle Holme. Speaking of a certain class of knights, he says, "They are termed simply knights of the *carpet*, or knights of the green cloth, to distinguish them from knights that are dubbed as soldiers in the field; though in these days they are created or dubbed with the like ceremony as the others are, by the stroke of a naked sword upon the shoulder."

397. *so do not I*:—That is, "I do not yet believe myself, when from this accident I gather hope of my brother's life."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

20. *There's money for thee*:—Lloyd notes this parallel: "Viola in the first Scene, her shipwreck notwithstanding, and from funds which we do not impeach poetical omnipotence by inquiring into, pays the Captain bounteously for cheering hopes, 'for saying so there's gold.' The incident has its use in removing from her from the first the unpleasant associations of necessity, and leaving us at ease in the freedom of her actions and inclinations; but it also enables us to recognize in the 'open hand' of Sebastian, when he gives money to the troublesome Clown, the expression of twin disposition with his sister."

Scene II.

24, 25. *Malvolio the lunatic*:—"The Malvolio of the madhouse," says Herford, "is a figure some degrees less comic than the Malvolio of the garden-scene, and his indignant yet tempered protest, when released, insensibly excites in the modern reader a sympathy which removes him for the moment from the region of comedy altogether."

61. *woodcock*:—The Clown mentions a woodcock, because it was proverbial as a foolish bird, and therefore a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits.

98. *the minister is here*:—The Clown, in the dark, acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas; the preceding part of this speech being spoken as Clown, the following as Priest.

128. *vice*:—The *vice* was the fool of the old moralities. He was grotesquely dressed in a cap with ass's ears, and a long coat, and carried a dagger or lath. One of his chief employments was to make sport with the devil, leaping on his back and belabouring him with his dagger, till he made him roar. The devil, however, always carried him off in the end. The moral was, that sin, which has the courage to make very merry with the devil, and is allowed by him to take very great liberties, must finally become his prey. The lines which close this Scene are probably a part of some well-known old comic song, resounding the exploits of that ancient theatrical personification, the *vice*.

Scene III.

1. Hudson thus continues his "abstract" of Barnaby Rich: "Meanwhile Silla's brother, the right Silvio indeed, had returned home to Cyprus; and was much grieved to find her missing, whom he loved the more tenderly for that, besides being his own sister, she was so like him in person and feature that no one could distinguish them, save by their apparel. Learning how she had disappeared, and supposing that Pedro had seduced and stolen her away, he vowed to his father that he would not only seek out his sister, but take revenge on the servant. In this mind he departed, and, after seeking through many towns and cities in vain, arrived at Constantinople. One evening, as he was walking for recreation on a pleasant green without the walls of the city, he chanced to meet the lady Julina, who had also gone forth to take the air. Casting her eyes upon Silvio, and thinking him to be the messenger that had so often done enchantment upon her, she drew him aside, and soon courted him into a successful courtship of herself. Of course she was not long in getting tied up beyond the Duke's hope."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

20. *conclusions to be as kisses*:—Warburton thought this should read, "conclusion to be asked, is"; upon which Coleridge remarks: "Surely Warburton could never have wooed by kisses and won, or he would not have flounder-flatted so just and humorous, nor less pleasing than humorous, an image into so profound a nihility. In the name of love and wonder, do not four kisses make a double affirmative? The humour lies in the whispered 'No!' and the inviting 'Don't!' with which the maiden's kisses are accompanied, and thence compared to negatives, which by repetition constitute an affirmative."

158. *interchangement of your rings*:—In ancient espousals the man received as well as gave a ring.

164. *on thy case?*—The skin of a fox or rabbit was often called its case. So in Cary's *Present State of England*, 1626: "Queen Elizabeth asked a knight, named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies. He answered, As I like my silver-haired conies at home: the *cases* are far better than the bodies."

269-272. *And all those sayings,* etc.:—It is observable that the Poet has left it uncertain whether Viola was in love with the Duke before the assumption of her disguise, or whether her heart was won afterwards by reading "the book even of his secret soul" while wooing another. Nor does it much matter whether her passion were one of the motives, or one of the consequences, of her disguise, since in either case such a man as Olivia describes him to be might well find his way to tougher hearts than hers. But her love has none of the skittishness and unrest which mark the Duke's passion for Olivia; complicated out of all the elements of her richly-gifted, sweetly-tempered nature, it is strong without violence; never mars the innate modesty of her character; is deep as life, tender as infancy, pure, peaceful, and unchangeable as truth.

326. *Your master's mistress*:—Hudson concludes his "abstract" of Barnaby Rich: "The appearance of Silla's brother forthwith brings about a full disclosure what and who she is; whereupon the Duke, seeing the lady widow now quite beyond his reach, and learning what precious riches are already his in the form of a serving-man, transfers his heart to Silla, and takes her to his bosom."

362. *Maria writ the letter,* etc.:—"Now Maria writ the letter," says Daniel, "at the 'importance' of her own love of mischief; the plot originated entirely with her, though Sir Toby and the rest eagerly joined in it. And when could Sir Toby have found time for the marriage ceremony on this morning which has been so fully occupied by the plots on Malvolio and Sir Andrew Aguecheek? It could not have been since he last left the stage, for he was then drunk and wounded, and sent off to bed to have his hurts looked to."

389-408. *When that I,* etc.:—"It is to be regretted, perhaps," says Staunton, "that this 'nonsensical ditty,' as Steevens terms it, has not long since been degraded to the foot-notes. It was evidently one of those jigs with which it was the rude custom of the Clown to gratify the groundlings upon the conclusion of a play. These absurd compositions, intended only as a vehicle for buffoonery, were usually improvisations of the singer, tagged to some popular ballad-burden, or the first lines of various songs strung together in ludicrous juxtaposition, at the end of each of which the performer indulged in hideous grimace and a grotesque sort of 'Jump Jim Crow' dance." Weiss, however, finds it somewhat of more significance: "When the play is over, the

Duke plighted to his page, Olivia rightly married to the wrong man, and the whole romantic ravel of sentiment begins to be attached to the serious conditions of life, Feste is left alone upon the stage. Then he sings a song which conveys to us his feeling of the world's impartiality: all things proceed according to law; nobody is humoured; people must abide the consequences of their actions, 'for the rain it raineth every day.' A 'little tiny boy' may have his toy; but a man must guard against knavery and thieving: marriage itself cannot be sweetened by swaggering; whoso drinks with 'toss-pots' will get a 'drunken head': it is a very old world, and began so long ago that no change in its habits can be looked for. The grave insinuation of this song is touched with the vague, soft bloom of the play. As the noises of the land come over sea well-tempered to the ears of islanders, so the world's fierce, implacable roar reaches us in the song, sifted through an air that hangs full of the Duke's dreams, of Viola's pensive love, of the hours which music flattered. The note is hardly more presageful than the cricket's stir in the late silence of a summer. How gracious hath Shakespeare been to mankind in this play! He could not do otherwise than leave Feste all alone to pronounce its benediction; for his heart was a nest of songs whence they rose to whistle with the air of wisdom. Alas for the poor fool in *Lear* who sang to drown the cries from a violated nest!"

Questions on Twelfth Night.

1. What position in the time-scheme of Shakespeare's comedies does this one occupy?

2. Give the meaning of the play.

3. What characters of this play and what parts of the action were original with Shakespeare?

4. What resemblances in parts does this comedy bear to earlier ones of Shakespeare?

ACT FIRST.

5. In what way does the opening passage indicate the theme and the atmosphere of the play?

6. Indicate your impression of the Duke, derived from his opening speech. In what sense does Shakespeare here and elsewhere use the word *fancy*?

7. To what kind of a life had Olivia devoted herself previous to the opening of the play?

8. Is such word-play as *Illyria-Elysium* common in Shakespeare?

9. How is Sebastian introduced into the play, and what feeling is conveyed as to his fate? What is indicated by the degree of attention given to him?

10. What two facts does Viola furnish about Orsino? How do these facts assist the moral credibility of the plot?

11. What design has Viola evidently formed as indicated in Sc. ii. 42 *et seq.*?

12. Does the question of means of maintenance enter into Viola's thought of her future?

13. Do Sir Toby and Maria declare themselves as lovers in Sc. iii.? How is Sir Andrew's part in the action made clear to the spectator?

14. What mental qualities does Sir Andrew exhibit in his scene with Sir Toby and Maria?

15. Why did the Duke not woo for himself? What directions concerning her mission does he give Viola?

16. What manner of life does the Duke affect?

17. Interpret (Sc. v.) *God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.*

18. In what danger of his position does the Clown stand at the opening of the comedy? How does he reëstablish himself in Olivia's favour? What is his comment on her mourning?

19. What is Malvolio's opinion of Feste? Account for his spleen.

20. How does Olivia retort upon Malvolio?

21. What parleying occurs before Viola is introduced to Olivia? How was the scene between Olivia and Sir Toby foreshadowed?

22. Consider Malvolio's way of reporting the persistence of the Duke's messenger in the light of his opinion of professional fools. Does he here make himself one of the *fools' zanies*?

23. What touch of humour does Viola give to her reply when asked if she is a comedian?

24. In her interview with Olivia, how does Viola in effect say all that the Duke would have her say, and yet avoid the banality of repeating his love-speech?

25. Compare the situations in *Twelfth Night* and *As You Like It* of a woman falling in love with a disguised woman; from the point of view of Olivia and Phebe what was there in the situation to interest Shakespeare?

26. Review the causes for the action that the first Act has laid down.

ACT SECOND.

27. What element of the plot was not introduced in the first Act?

28. What tribute to Viola does Sebastian offer that would disprove any possible theory that Viola used artifice in attracting Olivia's attention, and thus assisting her own case with the Duke?

29. Explain the friendship of Antonio and Sebastian.

30. How does Viola discover that Olivia has fallen in love with her? In her review of the facts what conclusion does she reach? Imagine Helena so placed; how would she have decided?

31. Compare Sir Andrew's and Malvolio's attitude towards the Clown. What traits are put to Sir Andrew's advantage? How does Sir Andrew compare his own and Sir Toby's fooling?

32. In selecting the song for the Clown to sing, why was the choice made of a love-song?

33. How is the antagonism of Malvolio foreshadowed? How is Malvolio's lack of imagination indicated by Sir Toby?

34. Was Malvolio a Puritan? What was the reason for Maria's special animus against him?

35. What attitude as lovers do the men of the under plot take in common?

36. What conviction does the Duke hold of his own constancy? How does Feste comment on the fact of it later?

37. What is the Duke's comment on marriage? How has it been interpreted as a personal confession of the Poet? In holding the view that Shakespeare embodied a personal opinion, is there any antagonism to the canon of dramatic art that demands objectivity?

38. Does the situation and veiled confession of Viola controvert the assertion of Orsino (iv. 95 *et seq.*) as to woman's love?

39. Is there a noticeable increase in intensity of passion in the Duke as he dismisses Viola on the second quest?

40. Why is Fabian made the *third* auditor, instead of the fool, as Maria had promised? What grievance had Fabian against Malvolio?

41. How does this scene resemble the one in *All's Well that Ends Well* when Parolles is put to his questions?

42. What are Malvolio's ambitions? What had evidently been Olivia's attitude towards him previously?

43. Who of the listeners takes the most unalloyed joy in the absurd exhibition of Malvolio? Is there any purpose in bringing one in to see the thing from the motive of pure love of fun?

44. What quality does Malvolio chiefly lack? Where is this shown ironically?

ACT THIRD.

45. What are Viola's comments on the office of the fool? Does the passage between Viola and the Clown contribute anything to the progress of the plot?

46. How is the device of the ring that Olivia sent after Viola disposed of?

47. To what artifice does Olivia resort for securing the continued visits of Viola? Contrast the intellectual sincerity of the

two women, having in view the increased difficulties of Viola's position.

48. What is the reason of Sir Andrew's discouragement over his wooing of Olivia? How is this motive made to furnish one of the comic episodes of the play? How is assurance made that the episode will be comic?

49. How is postponement effected to bring on the Malvolio episode previously prepared for?

50. How is expectation as a dramatic effect wrought to a high pitch?

51. What is the purpose of the stay in the action that gives place to Sc. iii.?

52. What elements of this Scene contribute to the complication?

53. How is the occasion for the duel between Viola and Sir Andrew provided?

54. What dramatic necessity requires that the scene of Malvolio's fatuousness before Olivia be played during the absence of the knights?

55. What subtle analysis of Malvolio's infatuation does Sir Toby make? How is the practical joke continued?

56. Show how the complication of the drama is completed at the duel scene. Without providential interference, could Viola have extricated herself from the situation?

57. What is the dramatic purpose of Antonio's mistake in supposing Viola to be Sebastian?

58. What is foreshadowed in Sir Andrew's sudden revival of valour?

ACT FOURTH.

59. Does the Clown seem merely avaricious, or is there some apprehensiveness and provision for the future in his thought?

60. What purpose do you see in Shakespeare's not bringing the fool into the comic scenes of the third Act?

61. Do the mystifications of Sebastian partake of the nature of elements in the resolution?

62. Why does Feste dress the part of the parson, since Malvolio, whom he is to deceive, is out of sight?

63. What satire is intended in the dialogue between Malvolio and Feste disguised as Sir Topas?

64. In what way is the practical joke upon Malvolio brought to an end?

65. Does Shakespeare, in the soliloquy that Sebastian utters in Sc. iii., covertly insinuate that love is a kind of madness, even though the particular acts that bear such a stamp in the eyes of Sebastian are understood by the spectators to be within reason? What interpretation do you put upon Sebastian's readiness to plight troth with Olivia?

ACT FIFTH.

66. What is the effect of the two accusations put upon Viola by Antonio and by Olivia, and of her rejection by the Duke?

67. Do not Malvolio's words in the second Act, *'Tis but fortune; all is fortune,* furnish the key to the resolutions in this play?

68. What is effected by the comic interlude where the two knights appear with broken heads?

69. Is the scene of recognition convincing, considering that the brother and sister had been separated but three months?

70. Why is it that the resolution of many of Shakespeare's comedies presents situations of little interest?

71. Does Malvolio end his dramatic life without conversion?

72. Comment on the suitability of the concluding song to the temper of the play.

---

73. Are any of Shakespeare's other masquerading maidens involved in such funny consequential situations as Viola?

74. Comment on the sense of humour which helps her out in her encounters with the women of the play.

75. Describe the three kinds of lovers that beset Olivia. Why does Sir Andrew never come into audience with her?

76. Indicate some points of Sir Toby's character. What fitness was there in the match between him and Maria? Comment on Maria's intellectual qualities.

77. What kinship exists between Sir Andrew, Shallow, and Slender?

78. What was Shakespeare's purpose in dividing the fun-making function between Fabian and the Clown? What is Fabian's dominant trait?

79. Comment on some of the following points in the Clown's character: his knowledge of the world and insight into the true characters of those about him; his refinement; his love of fun;

his prudence; his melancholy. What of his personal detachment from the action of the play?

80. Malvolio presents what Puritan qualities of the time? How is the Puritan prohibition of bear-baiting dealt with through him? As a lover, what makes him absurd? How near to him do lovers of the type of Benedick approach?

81. What view of love and marriage is subsumed in this play?

82. Hazlitt, in his essay on this play, distinguishes three kinds of comedy; namely, comedy of artificial life, comedy of sentiment, and comedy of nature. To which of these would you assign *Twelfth Night*?

The Tragedy of Macbeth

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

Preface.

The First Edition. *Macbeth* was first printed in the *First Folio*, where it occupies pp. 131 to 151, and is placed between *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*. It is mentioned among the plays registered in the books of the Stationers' Company by the publishers of the Folio as "not formerly entered to other men." The text is perhaps one of the worst printed of all the plays, and textual criticism has been busy emending and explaining away the many difficulties of the play. Even the editors of the Second Folio were struck by the many hopeless corruptions, and attempted to provide a better text. The first printers certainly had before them a very faulty transcript, and critics have attempted to explain the discrepancies by assuming that Shakespeare's original version had been tampered with by another hand.

"Macbeth" and Middleton's "Witch." Some striking resemblances in the incantation scenes of *Macbeth* and Middleton's *Witch* have led to a somewhat generally accepted belief that Thomas Middleton was answerable for the alleged un-Shakespearian portions of *Macbeth*. This view has received confirmation from the fact that the stage-directions of *Macbeth* contain allusions to two songs which are found in Middleton's *Witch* (viz. "*Come away, come away,*" III. v.; "*Black Spirits and white,*" IV. i.). Moreover, these very songs are found in

D'Avenant's re-cast of Macbeth (1674).* It is, however, possible that Middleton took Shakespeare's songs and expanded them, and that D'Avenant had before him a copy containing additions transferred from Middleton's cognate scenes. This view is held by the most competent of Middleton's editors, Mr. A. H. Bullen, who puts forward strong reasons for assigning the *Witch* to a later date than *Macbeth*, and rightly resents the proposals on the part of able scholars to hand over to Middleton some of the finest passages of the play.† Charles Lamb had already noted the essential differences between Shakespeare's and Middleton's Witches. "Their names and some of their properties, which Middleton has given to his hags, excite smiles. The Weird Sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot co-exist with mirth. But in a lesser degree, the Witches of Middleton are fine creatures. Their power, too, is in some measure over the mind. They raise jars, jealousies, strifes, *like a thick scurf o'er life.*" (*Specimens of English Dramatic Poets.*)

The Porter's Speech. Among the passages in *Macbeth* that have been doubted are the soliloquy of the Porter, and the short dialogue that follows between the Porter and Macduff. Even Coleridge objected to "the low soliloquy of the Porter"; he believed them to have been

* The first of these songs is found in the edition of 1673, which contains also two other songs not found in the Folio version.

† The following are among the chief passages supposed to resemble Middleton's style, and rejected as Shakespeare's by the Clarendon Press editors:—Act I. Sc. ii., iii. 1-37; Act II. Sc. i. 61, iii. (Porter's part); Act III. Sc. v.; Act IV. Sc. i, 39-47, 125-132; iii. 140-159; Act V. (?) ii., v. 47-50; viii. 32-33, 35-75.

The second scene of the First Act is certainly somewhat disappointing, and it is also inconsistent (*cp.* ll. 52, 53, with Sc. iii., ll. 72, 73, and 112, etc.), but probably the scene represents the compression of a much longer account. The introduction of the superfluous Hecate is perhaps the strongest argument for rejecting certain witch-scenes, viz.: Act III. Sc. v.; Act. IV. Sc. i. 39-47; Act IV. Sc. i. 125-132.

written for the mob by some other hand, perhaps with Shakespeare's consent, though he was willing to make an exception in the case of the Shakespearian words, "*I'll devil-porter it no further; I had thought to let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.*" But the Porter's Speech is as essential a part of the design of the play as is the Knocking at the Gate, the effect of which was so subtly analyzed by De Quincey in his well-known essay on the subject. "The effect was that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awefulness and a depth of solemnity . . . when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds; the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflex upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that has suspended them."

The introduction of the Porter, a character derived from the Porter of Hell in the old Mysteries, is as dramatically relevant, as are the grotesque words he utters; and both the character and the speech are thoroughly Shakespearian in conception (*cp. The Porter in Macbeth, New Shak. Soc.*, 1874, by Prof. Hales).

Date of Composition. The undoubted allusion to the union of England and Scotland under James I. (Act IV. sc. i. 120) gives us one limit for the date of *Macbeth*, viz., March, 1603, while a notice in the MS. Diary of Dr. Simon Forman, a notorious quack and astrologer, gives 1610 as the other limit; for in that year he saw the play performed at the Globe.* Between these two dates, in the year 1607, "*The Puritan, or, the Widow of Watling*

* The Dairy is among the Ashmolean MSS. (208) in the Bodleian Library; its title is a *Book of Plaies and Notes thereof for common Policie.* Halliwell Phillipps privately reprinted the

Street," was published, containing a distinct reference to Banquo's Ghost—"*Instead of a jester we'll have a ghost in a white sheet sit at the upper end of the table.*"*

It is remarkable that when James visited Oxford in 1605 he was "addressed on entering the city by three students of St. John's College, who alternately accosted his majesty, reciting some Latin verses, founded on the prediction of the weird sisters relative to Banquo and Macbeth." The popularity of the subject is further attested by the insertion of the *Historie of Makbeth* in the 1606 edition of *Albion's England.* The former incident may have suggested the subject to Shakespeare; the latter fact may have been due to the popularity of Shakespeare's play. At all events authorities are almost unanimous in assigning *Macbeth* to 1605-1606; and this view is borne out by minor points of internal evidence.† As far as metrical characteristics are concerned the comparatively large number of light-endings, twenty-one in all (contrasted with eight in *Hamlet* and ten in *Julius Cæsar*) places *Macbeth* near the plays of the Fourth Period.‡ With an early play of this period, viz., *Antony*

valuable and interesting booklet. The account of the play as given by Forman is not very accurate.

* Similarly, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle,* produced in 1611:—

> "*When thou art at the table with thy friends,*
> *Merry in heart and fill'd with swelling wine,*
> *I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,*
> *Invisible to all men but thyself.*"

† *E.g.* II. iii. 5. "*expectation of plenty*" probably refers to the abundance of corn in the autumn of 1606; the reference to the "*Equivocator*" seems to allude to Garnet and other Jesuits who were tried in the spring of 1606.

‡ Macbeth numbers but two weak-endings, while *Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar* have none. *Antony and Cleopatra* has no less than seventy-one light-endings and twenty-eight weak-endings. It would seem that Shakespeare, in this latter play, broke away from his earlier style as with a mighty bound.

and Cleopatra, it has strong ethical affinities (*vide Preface to Antony and Cleopatra*).

The Sources of the Plot. Shakespeare derived his materials for *Macbeth* from Holinshed's *Chronicle of England and Scotland*, first published in 1577, and subsequently in 1587; the latter was in all probability the edition used by the poet. Holinshed's authority was Hector Boece, whose *Scotorum Historiae* was first printed in 1526; Boece drew from the work of the Scotch historian Fordun, who lived in the fourteenth century. Shakespeare's indebtedness to Holinshed for the plot of the present play is not limited to chapters dealing with Macbeth; certain details of the murder of Duncan belong to the murder of King Duffe, the great grandfather of Lady Macbeth. Shakespeare's most noteworthy departure from his original is to be found in his characterization of Banquo.

(A full summary of theories of The Legend of Macbeth is to be found in Furness' *Variorum* edition, which contains also an excellent survey of the various criticisms on the characters.)

The Macbeth of Legend has been whitened by recent historians; and the Macbeth of History, according to Freeman, seems to have been quite a worthy monarch (*cp.* Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, etc.).

Shakespeare, in all probability, took some hints from Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1548) for his witch-lore. It should also be noted that King James, a profound believer in witchcraft, published in 1599 his *Demonologie*, maintaining his belief against Scot's scepticism. In 1604 a statute was passed to suppress witches.

There may have been other sources for the plot; possibly an older play existed on the subject of Macbeth; in Kempe's *Nine Days' Wonder* (1600) occur the following words:—"I met a proper upright youth, only for a little stooping in the shoulders, all heart to the heel, a

penny poet, whose first making was the miserable story of Mac-doel, or Mac-dobeth, or Mac-somewhat," etc. Furthermore, a ballad (? a stage-play) on Macdobeth was registered in the year 1596.

Duration of Action. The Time of the Play, as analyzed by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1877-79), is nine days represented on the stage, and intervals:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. to iii. *Day* 2, Act I. Sc. iv. to vii. *Day* 3, Act II. Sc. i. to iv. *An interval*, say a couple of weeks. *Day* 4, Act III. Sc. i. to v. [Act III. Sc. vi., an impossible time.] *Day* 5, Act IV. Sc. i. *Day* 6, Act IV. Sc. ii. *An interval.* Ross's journey to England. *Day* 7, Act IV. Sc. iii., Act V. Sc. i. *An interval.* Malcolm's return to Scotland. *Day* 8, Act V. Sc. ii. and iii. *Day* 9, Act V. Sc. iv. to viii.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Macbeth and Banquo, two commanding generals under King Duncan of Scotland, achieve a signal victory over a rebel army, although the latter is supported by Norwegian troops. On their return from battle the two Scottish generals are accosted by three witches, who hail Macbeth as Thane of Glamis, Thane of Cawdor, and future king of Scotland. Afterwards they promise Banquo that his sons shall sit upon the throne. Macbeth is already Thane of Glamis, but nothing more. While the witches' announcement is yet sounding in his ears, messengers from the king arrive and confer upon him, in Duncan's name, and because of his victory, the title of Thane of Cawdor. This verification of two terms of the witches' greeting leads Macbeth secretly to hope for the third—the throne itself. He communicates this wish to his wife, a cruel, unscrupulous woman, and their joint desire develops into a plot against the king. The monarch, suspecting nothing, seeks to do Macbeth still further honour by visiting him.

II. During the visit the king is murdered by Macbeth, aided by his wife. Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's sons, flee the country in terror; and Macbeth seeks to divert suspicion concerning the deed from himself to them. Since the sons have fled, Macbeth, as next heir,

is crowned king of Scotland. The third prediction of the witches is accomplished.

III. Macbeth, however, is unsatisfied. He bethinks himself that Banquo also was promised something by the Weird Sisters—namely, that his children shall one day mount the throne. The thought is galling to Macbeth, who wishes to make the crown secure for his own posterity. He plots to kill Banquo and his only son, Fleance. To further the plot he makes a great feast and invites Banquo and Fleance particularly. On their way thither they are waylaid and Banquo is slain by murderers in Macbeth's employ, but Fleance escapes.

While the slain Banquo's blood is yet warm and flowing, Macbeth's feast is spread. It is indeed a regal repast, and King Macbeth himself says that but one feature is lacking—the presence of his chief guest, Banquo. This he says to divert suspicion, for he has already received news of Banquo's violent end. But scarcely has he uttered the words when the ghost of Banquo appears at Macbeth's seat. No one sees him save Macbeth, but his alarm causes the banquet to break up in confusion.

IV. Macbeth, harried by doubts and fears, resolves upon and obtains another interview with the witches. He is warned to beware of Macduff; he is promised that "none of woman born shall harm Macbeth"; he is advised to fear naught till Birnam wood shall come against him. Still unsatisfied, he demands again to know if Banquo's issue shall reign in the kingdom, and from what the witches show he becomes convinced that the crown is assigned to them. The first news that greets him upon leaving the witches is that Macduff has escaped to England to join forces with Malcolm, the late king's eldest son. Enraged, Macbeth storms Macduff's castle and puts Lady Macduff and her children to the sword.

V. The queen meanwhile is almost insane over the

thought of her own share in Macbeth's crimes. She walks in her sleep and endeavors to wash imaginary blood-stains from her hands. Finally she expires, "as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands."

Macbeth also is growing tired of life, but the hag's last prophecies spur him to renewed effort. He is almost unmanned, therefore, when word is brought that Birnam wood is moving against him; for this was one of the apparently impossible threats of the witches. The moving woods were really branches of the trees of Birnam lopped off and carried by the invading troops of Malcolm and Macduff to protect their advance against him. Still Macbeth believes himself invulnerable, and fearing none save one "that was not born of woman," he rushes forth to battle. He fights with almost superhuman strength and valor till he meets Macduff, against whom he remembers that he has been warned by the witches. At first he shrinks from fighting Macduff, but when brought to bay, exclaims: "I bear a charmed life, which must not yield to one of woman born." "Despair thy charm," retorts his foe, "Macduff was from his mother's womb untimely ripp'd." And in the ensuing duel Macbeth is slain. Malcolm is hailed king of Scotland. McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Summary of the Macbeth Legend.

Duncan, by his mother Beatrice a grandson of Malcolm II., succeeded to the throne on his grandfather's death, in 1033: he reigned only six years. Macbeth, his near relation, also a grandchild of Malcolm II., though by the mother's side, was stirred up by ambition to contest the throne with the possessor. The Lady of Macbeth also, whose real name was Graoch, had deadly injuries to avenge on the reigning prince. She was the

granddaughter of Kenneth IV., killed 1003, fighting against Malcolm II.; and other causes for revenge animated the mind of her who has been since painted as the sternest of women. The old annalists add some instigations of a supernatural kind to the influence of a vindictive woman over an ambitious husband. Three women, of more than human stature and beauty, appeared to Macbeth in a dream or vision, and hailed him successively by the titles of Thane of Cromarty, Thane of Moray, which the king afterwards bestowed on him, and finally by that of King of Scots; this dream, it is said, inspired him with the seductive hopes so well expressed in the drama.

Macbeth broke no law of hospitality in his attempt on Duncan's life. He attacked and slew the king at a place called Bothgowan, or the Smith's House, near Elgin, in 1039, and not, as has been supposed, in his own castle of Inverness. The act was bloody, as was the complexion of the times; but, in very truth, the claim of Macbeth to the throne, according to the rule of Scottish succession, was better than that of Duncan. As a king, the tyrant so much exclaimed against was, in reality, a firm, just, and equitable prince. Apprehensions of danger from a party which Malcolm, the eldest son of the slaughtered Duncan, had set on foot in Northumberland, and still maintained in Scotland, seem, in process of time, to have soured the temper of Macbeth, and rendered him formidable to his nobility. Against Macduff, in particular, the powerful Maormor of Fife, he had uttered some threats which occasioned that chief to fly from the court of Scotland. Urged by this new counsellor, Siward, the Danish Earl of Northumberland, invaded Scotland in the year 1054, displaying his banner in behalf of the banished Malcolm. Macbeth engaged the foe in the neighborhood of his celebrated castle of Dunsinane. He was defeated, but escaped from the battle, and was slain at Lumphanan in 1056.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

III.

Macbeth.

This drama shows us the gathering, the discharge, and the dispelling of a domestic and political storm, which takes its peculiar view from the individual character of the hero. It is not in the spirit of mischief that animates the "weird sisters," nor in the passionate and strong-willed ambition of Lady Macbeth, that we find the main-spring of this tragedy, but in the disproportioned though poetically tempered soul of Macbeth himself. A character like this, of extreme selfishness, with a most irritable fancy, must produce, even in ordinary circumstances, an excess of morbid apprehensiveness; which, however, as we see in him, is not inconsistent with the greatest physical courage, but generates of necessity the most entire moral cowardice. When, therefore, a man like this, ill enough qualified even for the honest and straightforward transactions of life, has brought himself to snatch at an ambitious object by the commission of one great sanguinary crime, the new and false position in which he finds himself by his very success will but startle and exasperate him to escape, as Macbeth says, from "horrible imaginings" by the perpetration of greater and greater actual horrors, till inevitable destruction comes upon us amidst universal execration. Such, briefly, are the story and the moral of *Macbeth.* The passionate ambition and indomitable will of his lady, though agents indispensable to urge such a man to the one decisive act which is to compromise him in his own opinion and that of the world, are by no means primary springs of the dramatic action. Nor do the "weird sisters" themselves do more than aid collaterally in impelling a man, the inherent evil of whose nature and purpose has predisposed him to take their equivocal suggestions in the most mischievous sense. And, finally, the very thunder-cloud which, from the beginning almost to the

ending, wraps this fearful tragedy in physical darkness and lurid glare, does but reflect and harmonize with the moral blackness of the piece. . . .

The very starting-point for an inquiry into the real, inherent, and habitual nature of Macbeth, independent of those particular circumstances which form the action of the play, lies manifestly, though the critics have commonly overlooked it, in the question, With whom does the scheme of usurping the Scottish crown by the murder of Duncan actually originate? We sometimes find Lady Macbeth talked of as if she were the first contriver of the plot, and suggester of the assassination; but this notion is refuted, not only by implication, in the whole tenor of the piece, but most explicitly in I. vii. 48-52. Most commonly, however, the *witches* (as we find the "weird sisters" pertinaciously miscalled by all sorts of players and of critics) have borne the imputation of being the first to put this piece of mischief in the hero's mind. Yet the prophetic words in which the attainment of royalty is promised him contain not the remotest hint as to the means by which he is to arrive at it. They are simply "All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter"—an announcement which, it is plain, should have rather inclined a man who was *not* already harbouring a scheme of guilty ambition to wait quietly the course of events. According to Macbeth's own admission, the words of the "weird sisters" on this occasion convey anything rather than an incitement to murder to the mind of a man who is not meditating it already. This supernatural soliciting is only made such to the mind of Macbeth by the fact that he is already occupied with a purpose of assassination.

FLETCHER: *Studies of Shakespeare.*

Macbeth's doubts and difficulties, his shrinkings and misgivings, spring from the peculiar structure and movement of his intellect, as sympathetically inflamed and

wrought upon by the poison of meditated guilt. His whole state of man suffers an insurrection; conscience forthwith sets his understanding and imagination into morbid, irregular, convulsive action, insomuch that the former disappears in the tempestuous agitation of thought which itself stirs up: his will is buffeted and staggered with prudential reasonings and fantastical terrors, both of which are self-generated out of his disordered and unnatural state of mind. Here begins his long and fatal course of self-delusion. He misderives his scruples, misplaces his apprehensions, mistranslates the whispers and writhings of conscience into the suggestions of prudence, the forecastings of reason, the threatenings of danger. His strong and excitable imagination, set on fire of conscience, fascinates and spellbinds the other faculties, and so gives an objective force and effect to its internal workings. Under this guilt-begotten hallucination "present fears are less than horrible imaginings." Thus, instead of acting directly in the form of remorse, conscience comes to act circuitously through imaginary terrors, which again react on the conscience, as fire is kept burning by the current of air which itself generates. Hence his apparent freedom from compunctious visitings even when he is really most subject to them. It is probably from oversight of this that some have set him down as a timid, cautious, remorseless villain, withheld from crime only by a shrinking, selfish apprehensiveness. He does indeed seem strangely dead to the guilt and morbidly alive to the dangers of his enterprise; free from remorses of conscience, and filled with imaginary fears: but whence his uncontrollable irritability of imagination? how comes it that his mind so swarms with horrible imaginings, but that his imagination itself is set on fire of hell? So that he seems remorseless, because in his mind the agonies of remorse project and translate themselves into the spectres of a conscience-stricken imagination.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

We are sometimes told that Shakespeare did not intend to make Macbeth a psychological study; he did make him so, and it is sufficient that we find his intent in the result. . . . The poetic mind on which the presages and suggestions of supernatural things could work; a nature sensitive, intellectual emotion, so that one can imagine him even in his contemplation of coming crimes weeping for the pain of the destined victim; self-torturing, self-examination, playing with conscience, so that action and reaction of poetic thought might send emotional waves through the brain while the resolution was as grimly fixed as steel and the heart as cold as ice; a poet supreme in the power of words, with vivid imagination and glowing sympathy of intellect; a villain, cold-blooded, selfish, remorseless, with the true villain's nerve and callousness when pressed to evil work, and the physical heroism of those who are born to kill; a moral nature with only sufficient weakness to quail (?) momentarily before superstitious terrors; a man of sentiment and not of feeling—such was the mighty dramatic character which Shakespeare gave to the world in Macbeth.

IRVING: *The Character of Macbeth.*

IV.

Character of Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth, like all in Shakespeare, is a class individualized:—of high rank, left much alone, and feeding herself with day-dreams of ambition, she mistakes the courage of fantasy for the power of bearing the consequences of the realities of guilt. Hers is the mock fortitude of a mind deluded by ambition; she shames her husband with a superhuman audacity of fancy which she cannot support, but sinks in the season of remorse, and dies in suicidal agony. Her speech:—

Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here, etc.

is that of one who had habitually familiarized her imagination to dreadful conceptions, and was trying to do so still more. Her invocations and requisitions are all the false efforts of a mind accustomed only hitherto to the shadows of the imagination, vivid enough to throw the every-day substances of life into shadow, but never as yet brought into direct contact with their own correspondent realities.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

It is particularly observable that in Lady Macbeth's concentrated, strong-nerved ambition, the ruling passion of her mind, there is yet a touch of womanhood: she is ambitious less for herself than for her husband. It is fair to think this, because we have no reason to draw any other inference either from her words or her actions. In her famous soliloquy, after reading her husband's letter, she does not once refer to herself. It is of him she thinks: she wishes to see her husband on the throne, and to place the sceptre within *his* grasp. The strength of her affection adds strength to her ambition. Although in the old story of Boethius we are told that the wife of Macbeth "burned with unquenchable desire to bear the name of queen," yet in the aspect under which Shakespeare has represented the character to us the selfish part of this ambition is kept out of sight. We must remark also, that in Lady Macbeth's reflections on her husband's character, and on that milkiness of nature which she fears "may impede him from the golden round," there is no indication of female scorn: there is exceeding pride, but no egotism, in the sentiment or the expression; no want of wifely or womanly respect and love for *him*, but, on the contrary, a sort of unconsciousness of her own mental superiority, which she betrays rather than asserts, as interesting in itself as it is most admirably conceived and delineated. Nor is there anything vulgar in her ambition; as the strength of her

affections lends to it something profound and concentrated, so her splendid imagination invests the object of her desire with its own radiance. We cannot trace in her grand and capacious mind that it is the mere baubles and trappings of royalty which dazzle and allure her: hers is the sin of the "star-bright apostate," and she plunges with her husband into the abyss of guilt to procure for "all their days and nights sole sovereign sway and masterdom." She revels, she luxuriates, in her dream of power. She reaches at the golden diadem which is to sear her brain; she perils life and soul for its attainment, with an enthusiasm as perfect, a faith as settled, as that of the martyr who sees at the stake heaven and its crowns of glory opening upon him. . . .

Lady Macbeth having proposed the object to herself, and arrayed it with an ideal glory, fixes her eye steadily upon it, soars far above all womanish feelings and scruples to attain it, and stoops upon her victim with the strength and velocity of a vulture; but having committed unflinchingly the crime necessary for the attainment of her purpose, she stops there. After the murder of Duncan, we see Lady Macbeth, during the rest of the play, occupied in supporting the nervous weakness and sustaining the fortitude of her husband. . . . But she is nowhere represented as urging him on to new crimes; so far from it that, when Macbeth darkly hints his purposed assassination of Banquo, and she inquires his meaning, he replies,

> Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
> Till thou approve the deed.

The same may be said of the destruction of Macduff's family. Every one must perceive how our detestation of the woman had been increased, if she had been placed before us as suggesting and abetting those additional cruelties into which Macbeth is hurried by his mental cowardice.

Lastly, it is clear that in a mind constituted like that

of Lady Macbeth conscience must wake some time or other, and bring with it remorse closed by despair, and despair by death. This great moral retribution was to be displayed to us—but how? Lady Macbeth is not a woman to start at shadows; she mocks at air-drawn daggers; she sees no imagined spectres rise from the tomb to appal or accuse her. The towering bravery of *her* mind disdains the visionary terrors which haunt her weaker husband. We know, or rather feel, that she who could give a voice to the most direful intent, and call on the spirits that wait on mortal thoughts to "unsex her," and "stop up all access and passage of remorse"—to that remorse would have given nor tongue nor sound; and that rather than have uttered a complaint, she would have held her breath and died. To have given her a confidant, though in the partner of her guilt, would have been a degrading resource, and have disappointed and enfeebled all our previous impressions of her character; yet justice is to be done, and we are to be made acquainted with that which the woman herself would have suffered a thousand deaths rather than have betrayed. In the sleeping scene we have a glimpse into the depths of that inward hell.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

To make and share a husband's fortune was her [Lady Macbeth's] only motive, and the only driving-power she could supply to that was love: her character was most inartificially contrived out of one or two broad elements of womankind; a Semele to invite the solar ray that consumed her. To be a woman was her sole resource.

Let us notice, therefore, how prompt was her first inspiration, and how quickly it recoiled exhausted from its terrible victory.

A full-blooded virago who has murder in her heart, but supposes that any chance to commit it is a long way

off, would not betray emotion if Fate suddenly tossed a chance into her lap. Lady Macbeth's nerves are not well padded against such a shock. The husband's letter astonishes and exalts her soul; but the old desires, never before so animated, seem fruitless as ever, since neither time nor place concur. In the height of this turmoil, an attendant enters to say, "The king comes here to-night." The tidings appal her: has Providence gone mad, to trust Duncan with her in this temper? The man is mad to say it. Coming! To-night! "And when goes hence?" Her looks and speech recoil from the coincidence. Then she breaks into that soliloquy which is not the ranting of a mannish murderess who is in a frenzy to get at her victim. The lines quiver with the excitement of a delicate nature that is overstrained and dreads to fail. Vexed and chagrined at womanly proclivities which will be apt to follow their bent against her purpose, she invokes spirits to unsex her, to make thick the blood that runs too limpidly and warm, and clot "the access and passage to remorse." It fills us with dismay to see how far a susceptible womanhood can be transported by a vehement passion. . . .

She does not give Macbeth time to observe that to murder Duncan will exact of him the murder of Malcolm also, who is designated by the king to succeed him. She is in no temper to reflect that the taking-off of Duncan will plunge the husband into ever-renewing complications: her transport carries him away to fruitless crime. But the first blow spends her terrible ardor and disenchants her of murder. She can force it upon her husband, but is not endowed with the complexly woven tissue of talents and motives that can sustain reaction. His muscle drags him through successive scenes of feigning, inures him to the contemplation of fresh murders, and keeps his foot well planted to thrust and parry the foes of his own making. She is all made for love, and for the uttermost that love can suggest: there is no

masculine fiber in her heart; it is packed with the invisible, fine-strung nerves of a feminine disposition. And they have been stretched to such a tension that, since no solider flesh sheathes and protects them as they relax, we see them ravelled: they no longer sustain the firm heart-beat and regulate the blood. There are symptoms, even before the murder is committed, that her strength threatens to be inadequate. She must have recourse to wine, to borrow courage from it that may last till morning; and her mood is so intense that the light body can absorb large draughts of it.

"That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold." . . .

This fascination of spilt blood, this woman's instinct to see her husband through the first surprise, this dread of some defect in his behaviour, this solicitude to repair it by some spirit of her own, takes her into a scene which deals one stroke too much upon her emotion. For the morn broke rapidly, as if to resent the criminal advantage which the midnight took. She has had no chance to calculate what effect this murder will have upon human sensibilities when they are taken by it unawares. She sees the awfulness of it suddenly reflected from the faces and gestures of Macduff, Banquo, and the rest. It beats at the gate, across which she has braced a woman's arm, and breaks it in; and a mob of reproaches rush over her. What have those delicate hands been doing? What is this hideous issue of her slender body, just born, stark naked, in the horror of these men? Nature, in making her, was so little in the male mood, so intently following the woman's model, that it left out the element which carries Macbeth through this scene. . . . "Help me hence, ho!" her sex cries. It is the revulsion of nature in a feminine soul. Love has exhaled all its hardihood into the deed which is just now discovered. . . .

Her fortitude just eked her out to reach the gracious action that dismissed the guests, as she wished "A kind

good-night to all!" Yes, good-night to all—to us also. She gains the shelter of her chamber: then she entirely disappears from the action of the tragedy, to sicken in seclusion with the consciousness that her fatal love has purveyed successive murders for her household. She can be of no further use to Shakespeare now: such a terrible requisition of genius has exhausted her; she is removed from our view and consigned to the offices of women. For the courage that was screwed to the sticking-place was screwed by love's wrest one turn too far. But another kind of woman—massive, cruel, prompted by unmixed ambition, guided by pure hatefulness—would have had no trouble in assuming the dogged resolution with which Macbeth began henceforth to outface Fate. Not so this soul, who has known "how tender 'tis to love the babe" that milks her. . . .

So, not long after, a cry of women struggles through the castle, and bids Macbeth's desperate engrossment know that the "brief candle" of her night-walking sorrow has gone out. He has no time to permit his queen to die, but she has slipped from his arms. Alas! another shape of Nature's womanhood by Nature destroyed. Malcolm may suspect that she destroyed herself, but Shakespeare furnished no pretext for that palace rumour. And it so disconcerts the pathos which he intended should accumulate around the temper of her crime that many commentators suspect the scene, upon this and other considerations, of having been tampered with. Malcolm may call her "fiend-like," if he will. 'Tis pardonably honest English from a son who slept one night so near to a murdered father. What was to Malcolm a righteous phrasing of the deed does not cover Shakespeare's implication of the mood which led to it. The great poet delivers to us a sprig of rosemary, for remembrance of Nature in a woman, but enjoins us to tie it up with rue.

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

V.

Lady Macbeth's Influence Over Her Husband.

Macbeth is excitably imaginative, and his imagination alternately stimulates and enfeebles him. The facts in their clear-cut outline disappear in the dim atmosphere of surmise, desire, fear, hope, which the spirit of Macbeth effuses around the fact. But his wife sees things in the clearest and most definite outline. Her delicate frame is filled with high-strung nervous energy. With her to perceive is forthwith to decide, to decide is to act. Having resolved upon her end, a practical logic convinces her that the means are implied and determined. Macbeth resolves, and falters back from action; now he is restrained by his imagination, now by his fears, now by lingering velleities towards a loyal and honourable existence. He is unable to keep in check or put under restraint any one of the various incoherent powers of his nature, which impede and embarrass each the action of the other. Lady Macbeth gains, for the time, sufficient strength by throwing herself passionately into a single purpose, and by resolutely repressing all that is inconsistent with that purpose. Into the service of evil she carries some of the intensity and energy of asceticism—she cuts off from herself her better nature, she yields no weak paltering with conscience. "I have given suck," she exclaims, "and know how tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me"; she is unable to stab Duncan because he resembles her father in his sleep; she is appalled by the copious blood in which the old man lies, and the horror of the sight clings to her memory; the smell of the blood is hateful to her and almost insupportable; she had not been without apprehension that her feminine nature might fail to carry her through the terrible ordeal, through which she yet resolved that it should be compelled to pass. She must not waste an

atom of her strength of will, which has to serve for two murderers—for her husband as well as for herself. She puts into requisition with the aid of wine and of stimulant words the reserve of nervous force which lay unused. No witches have given her "Hail"; no airy dagger marshals her the way she is going; nor is she afterwards haunted by the terrible vision of Banquo's gory head. As long as her will remains her own she can throw herself upon external facts, and maintain herself in relation with the definite, actual surroundings; it is in her sleep, when the will is incapable of action, that she is persecuted by the past which perpetually renews itself, not in ghostly shapes, but by the imagined recurrence of real and terrible incidents.

The fears of Lady Macbeth upon the night of Duncan's murder are the definite ones that the murderers may be detected, that some omission in the pre-arranged plan may occur, that she or her husband may be summoned to appear before the traces of their crime have been removed. More awful considerations would press in upon her and overwhelm her sanity, but that she forcibly repels them for the time:

> These deeds must not be thought
> After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

To her the sight of Duncan dead is as terrible as to Macbeth; but she takes the daggers from her husband; and with a forced jest, hideous in the self-violence which it implies, she steps forth into the dark corridor:

> If he do bleed
> I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
> For it must seem their guilt.

"A play of fancy here is like a gleam of ghastly sunshine striking across a stormy landscape." The knocking at the gate clashes upon her overstrained nerves and thrills her; but she has determination and energy to

direct the actions of Macbeth, and rouse him from the mood of abject depression which succeeded his crime. A white flame of resolution glows through her delicate organization, like light through an alabaster lamp:

> Infirm of purpose!
> Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
> Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
> That fears a painted devil.

If the hold which she possesses over her own faculties should relax for a moment, all would be lost. For dreadful deeds anticipated and resolved upon, she has strength, but the surprise of a novel horror, on which she has not counted, deprives her suddenly of consciousness; when Macbeth announces his butchery of Duncan's grooms, the lady swoons—not in feigning but in fact—and is borne away insensible.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

VI.

The Witches.

The old witches of superstition were foul, ugly, mischievous beings, generally actuated by vulgar envy or hate; not so much wicked as mean, and therefore apt to excite disgust, but not to inspire terror or awe; who could inflict injury, but not guilt; could work men's physical ruin, but not win them to work their own spiritual ruin. The Weird Sisters of Shakespeare, as hath been often remarked, are essentially different, and are beholden to them for little if anything more than the drapery of the representation. Resembling old women, save that they have long beards, they bubble up in human shape, but own no human relations; are without age, or sex, or kin; without birth or death; passion-

less and motiveless. A combination of the terrible and the grotesque, unlike the Furies of Æschylus they are petrific, not to the senses, but to the thoughts. At first, indeed, on merely looking *at* them, we can scarce help laughing, so uncouth and grotesque is their appearance; but afterwards, on looking *into* them, we find them terrible beyond description; and the more we look, the more terrible do they become: the blood almost curdling in our veins, as, dancing and singing their infernal glees over embryo murders, they unfold to our thoughts the cold, passionless, inexhaustible malignity and deformity of their nature. Towards Macbeth they have nothing of personal hatred or revenge: their malice is of a higher strain, and savours as little of any such human ranklings as the thunderstorms and elemental perturbations amidst which they come and go. But with all their essential wickedness there is nothing gross, or vulgar, or sensual about them. They are the very purity of sin incarnate; the vestal virgins, so to speak, of hell; in whom everything seems reversed; whose ascent is downwards; whose proper eucharist is a sacrament of evil; and the law of whose being is violation of law!

The later critics, Coleridge especially, dwell much on what they conceive to be the most distinctive and essential feature of Shakespeare's art, affirming it to be the organic involution of the universal in the particular; that his characters are classes individualized; that his men and women are those of his own age and nation indeed, yet not in such sort but that they are equally the men and women of all ages and nations; for which cause they can never become obsolete, or cease to be natural and true. Herein the Weird Sisters are thoroughly Shakespearian, there being nothing in his whole circle of character wherein this method of art is more profoundly exemplified. . . . In their literal character the Weird Sisters answer to something that was, and is not; in their symbolical character they answer to something that was, and is, and will abide; for they represent the

mysterious action and reaction between the evil mind and external nature.

For the external world serves in some sort as a looking-glass, wherein man beholds the image of his fallen nature; and he still regards that image as his friend or his foe, and so parleys with it or turns from it, according as his will is more disposed to evil or to good. For the evil suggestions, which seem to us written in the face or speaking from the mouth of external objects and occasions, are in reality but projections from our own evil hearts; these are instances wherein "we do receive but what we give": the things we look upon seem inviting us to crime, whereas in truth our wishes construe their innocent meanings into wicked invitations. In the spirit and virtue of which principle the Weird Sisters symbolize the inward moral history of each and every man, and therefore may be expected to live in the faith of reason so long as the present moral order or disorder of things shall last. So that they may be aptly enough described as poetical or mythical impersonations of evil influences. . . . And the secret of their power over Macbeth lies mainly in that they present to him his embryo wishes and half-formed thoughts: at one time they harp his fear aright, at another time his hope; and that, too, even before such hope and fear have distinctly reported themselves in his consciousness; and by thus harping them, strengthen them into resolution and develop them into act. As men often know they would something, yet know not clearly what, until they hear it spoken by another; and sometimes even dream of being told things which their minds have been tugging at, but could not put into words.

All which may serve to suggest the real nature and scope of the effect which the Weird Sisters have on the action of the play.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Knocking at the Gate.

From my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in *Macbeth.* It was this:—The knocking at the gate which succeeds to the murder of Duncan produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account. The effect was that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity; yet, however obstinately I endeavored with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see *why* it should produce such an effect. . . . At length I solved it to my own satisfaction; and my solution is this:—Murder, in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason—that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life: an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) amongst all living creatures. This instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of the "poor beetle that we tread on," exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must be with *him* (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them—not a sympathy of pity or approbation). In the murdered person, all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic; the fear of instant death smites him "with its petrific mace." But in the murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion—

jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred—which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look.

De Quincey: *On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth.*

VIII.

Quality of the Play.

I regard *Macbeth*, upon the whole, as the greatest treasure of our dramatic literature. We may look as Britons at Greek sculpture, and at Italian paintings, with a humble consciousness that our native art has never reached their perfection; but in the drama we can confront Æschylus himself with Shakespeare; and of all modern theatres, *ours* alone can compete with the Greek in the unborrowed nativeness and sublimity of its superstition. In the grandeur of tragedy *Macbeth* has no parallel, till we go back to the *Prometheus and the Furies* of the Attic stage. I could even produce, if it were not digressing too far from my subject, innumerable instances of striking similarity between the metaphorical mintage of Shakespeare's and of Æschylus's style—a similarity, both in beauty and in the fault of excess, that unless the contrary had been proved, would lead me to suspect our great dramatist to have been a studious Greek scholar. But their resemblance arose from the consanguinity of nature. In one respect, the tragedy of *Macbeth* always reminds me of Æschylus's poetry. It has scenes and conceptions absolutely too bold for representation. What stage could do justice to Æschylus, when the Titan Prometheus makes his appeal to the elements; and when the hammer is heard in the Scythian Desert that rivets his chains? Or when the Ghost of Clytemnestra rushes into Apollo's temple, and rouses the sleeping Furies? I wish to imagine these scenes. I should be sorry to see the acting of them attempted. In like manner, there are parts of *Macbeth* which I delight

to read much more than to see in the theatre. . . . Nevertheless, I feel no inconsistency in reverting from these remarks to my first assertion, that all in all, *Macbeth* is our greatest possession in dramatic poetry.

CAMPBELL: *Life of Mrs. Siddons.*

As regards wealth of thought, *Macbeth* ranks far below *Hamlet;* it lacks the wide, free, historic perfection which in *Julius Cæsar* raises us above the horror of his tragic fall. It cannot be compared with *Othello* for completeness, depth of plot, or full, rich illustration of character. But, in our opinion, it excels all that Shakspeare, or any other poet, has created, in the simple force of the harmonious, majestic current of its action, in the transparency of its plan, in the nervous power and bold sweep of its language, and in its prodigal wealth of poetical coloring.

KREYSSIG: *Vorlesungen über Shakspeare.*

The Tragedy of Macbeth

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DUNCAN, *king of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } *his sons.*

MACBETH, BANQUO, } *generals of the king's army.*

MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, MENTEITH, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, } *noblemen of Scotland.*

FLEANCE, *son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.*

YOUNG SIWARD, *his son.*

SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*

BOY, *son to Macduff.*

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A Sergeant.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.

Three Witches.

Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

SCENE: *Scotland; England.*

The Tragedy of Macbeth.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

A desert place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly 's done,
When the battle 's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin.
All. Paddock calls:—anon!
Fair is foul, and foul is fair. 10
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant

Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Ser. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that 10
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak:
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave; 20
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage, 31
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Ser. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks; so they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha, 40
I cannot tell—
But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.
[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*

Who comes here?

Enter Ross.

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself 50
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,

The victory fell on us.
Dun. Great happiness!
Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men 60
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's Inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Ross. I'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
Sec. Witch. Killing swine.
Third Witch. Sister, where thou?
First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd.
'Give me,' quoth I:
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband 's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do. 10
Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.
First Witch. Thou 'rt kind.
Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid; 20
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

Third Witch. A drum, a drum! 30
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm 's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are these
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire, 40
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter! 50

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear 60
Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: 70
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.
[*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd? 80

Macb. Into the air, and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who 's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads 90
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,

And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent 100
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor.
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgement bears that life 110
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home, 120
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's

In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting 130
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function 140
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner 's rapt.

Macb. [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn 151
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.

Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Forres. The palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed 10
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow

To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say, 20
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known 30
No less to have done so: let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;

So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires; 50
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let 's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Inverness. Macbeth's castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady M. 'They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor"; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 10 "Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what

greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without 20
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou 'ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem 30
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message;

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit Messenger.*

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan 40
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherein your sightless substances 50
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence? 60

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come 70
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Before Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasure seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess! 10
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you

How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where 's the thane of Cawdor? 20
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him. 30
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgement here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice 10
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking-off; 20
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has? 30
Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour 40
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?
Macb. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
Lady M. What beast was 't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would 50
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you

Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place, 60
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbec only; when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon 70
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. 80
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Inverness. Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance bearing a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword. There 's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword,
Who 's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king 's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All 's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters: 20
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable 40
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There 's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse 50
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. 61
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within*] Who 's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked 10
And 'tis not done: the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Enter Macbeth.

My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain. 20

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There 's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!'
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands:
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply. 30

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep'—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean? 40

Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I 'll go no more: 50
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood 60
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] 1
hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark!
more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us 70
And show us to be watchers: be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

[*Knocking within.*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
couldst! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same.

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here 's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you 'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who 's there, in th' other devil's name? Faith, here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there? Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

[*Opens the gate.*

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke? 30

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance; therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him. 40

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my leg sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him; 50
I had almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I 'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.
Macd. I 'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*
Len. Goes the king hence to-day?
Macb. He does: he did appoint so.
Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible 61
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woful time: the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee.
Macb. }
Len. } What 's the matter?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece. 70
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.
Macb. What is 't you say? the life?
Len. Mean you his majesty?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;

See, and then speak yourselves.
[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*
Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake! 80
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell.
[*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What 's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo! 90
Our royal master 's murder'd.
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Ban. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant

There 's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of. 100

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father 's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows:
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them. 110
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart 122
Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let 's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.
Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady: 130
[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macd. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.
All. Well contented.
[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*
Mal. What will you do? Let 's not consort with them: 140
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I 'll to England.
Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are
There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,

The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that 's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there 's warrant in that theft 150
Which steals itself when there 's no mercy left.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Outside Macbeth's castle.

Enter Ross with an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural, 10
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last
A falcon towering in her pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff. 20
How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. 30

Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I 'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Ross. Farewell, father.
Old M. God's benison go with you and with those 40
That would make good of bad and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Forres. The palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well
And set me up in hope? But hush, no more. 10

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king; Lady Macbeth, as queen; Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here 's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I 'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties

Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord. 20

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we 'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd 30
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit Banquo.* 40
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant.*
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.
Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Attendant.*
To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus: our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature 50
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares,
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My Genius is rebuked, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings: 60
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them, and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings! 70
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! Who 's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit Attendant.*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you, 80
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

First Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave 90
And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive

Particular addition, from the bill 100
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what 110
I do to spite the world.

First Mur. And I another
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine, and in such bloody distance
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, 120
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.
First Mur. Though our lives—
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time, 130
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I 'll come to you anon.
Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord.
Macb. I 'll call upon you straight: abide within 140
[*Exeunt Murderers.*
It is concluded: Banquo thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady M. Nought 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making; 9
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what 's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She 'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie 21
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; 30
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces visards to our hearts,

Disguising what they are.
Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.
Macb. There 's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown 40
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What 's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood: 51
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A park near the palace.

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?
Third Mur. Macbeth.
Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!
Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation 10
Already are i' the court.
First Mur. His horses go about.
Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually—
So all men do—from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.
Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

Third Mur. 'Tis he.
First Mur. Stand to 't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
First Mur. Let it come down.
[*They set upon Banquo.*
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!
[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*
Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?
First Mur. Was 't not the way?
Third Mur. There 's but one down; the son is fled.
Sec. Mur. We have lost 20
Best half of our affair.
First Mur. Well, let 's away and say how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Hall in the palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last a hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I 'll sit i' the midst: 10
Be large in mirth; anon we 'll drink a measure
The table round. [*Approaching the door*] There 's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he 's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped. 20
Macb. [*Aside*] Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo 's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.
[*Aside*] There the grown serpent lies; the worm that 's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed, 30
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow
We 'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May 't please your highness sit.

[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd, 40
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table 's full.

THE BANQUET.
Macbeth, Act III., Scene iv.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake 50
Thy gory locks at me.
Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff! 60
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send 71
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Exit Ghost.*
Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fie, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again, 80
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I 'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss; 90
Would he were here! to all and him we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, 100
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Exit Ghost.*
Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be, 110
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night; and better health 120
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.*

Macb. It will have blood: they say blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augures and understood relations have
By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?
Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way, but I will send: 130
There 's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd. 140
Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macb. Come, we 'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and over-bold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done 10
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I 'll spend 20
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I 'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that distill'd by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away,' etc.*

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

First Witch. Come, let 's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Forres. The palace.

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact! 10
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key—
As, an 't please heaven, he shall not—they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance. 20
But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,

Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid 30
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:
That by the help of these, with Him above
To ratify the work, we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honours:
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,' 40
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!

Lord. I 'll send my prayers with him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.
Third Witch. Harpier cries ''Tis time, 'tis time.'
First Witch. Round about the cauldron go:
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble; 10
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble; 20
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,

Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe 30
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains: 40
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and a song:* '*Black spirits,*' *etc.*
[*Hecate retires.*

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess, 50
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:

Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me 60
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We 'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that 's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought.
Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70

First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me: enough.
[*Descends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word more,—

First Witch. He will not be commanded; here 's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child.

Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I 'ld hear thee.
Sec. App. Be bloody, bold and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born 80
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I 'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
All. Listen, but speak not to 't.
Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care 90
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends*
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath

To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart 100
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; 110
Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's Ghost following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I 'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see 120
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I 'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round, 130
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter Lennox.

Len. What 's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was 't came by? 140
Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England!
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. [*Aside*] Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise; 150
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I 'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Fife. Macduff's castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Ross. You must have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not:
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear, 20
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I 'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father 's dead: 30
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou 'ldst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market. 40

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.
Son. And be all traitors that do so?
L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged. 50
Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?
L. Macd. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them?
L. Macd. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.
L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. If he were dead, you 'ld weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father. 60
L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty, 70
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*
L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime

Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?—What are these
faces?

Enter Murderers.

First Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified 80
Where such as thou mayst find him.
First Mur. He 's a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain!
First Mur. What, you egg!
[*Stabbing him.*

Young fry of treachery!
Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*
[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murderer!'*
[*Exeunt murderers, following her.*

Scene III.

England. Before the King's palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I 'll wail;

What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will. 10
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil 19
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just, 30
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country:
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd. Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st

For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash 40
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know 50
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there 's no bottom, none, 60
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire

All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may 70
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink:
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house: 80
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
Of your mere own: all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd. 90

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,

Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland! 100

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. O nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet, 110
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above 120
Deal between thee and me! for even now

I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: what I am truly, 131
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we 'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the king forth, I pray you? 140

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What 's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,

I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye, 151
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not. 160
Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!
Ross. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell 170
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What 's the newest grief?
Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Ross. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Ross. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't?
Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings, 181
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be 't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; 190
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.
Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?
Ross. No mind that 's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part

Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all 211
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let 's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so; 220
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes, 230
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may; 239
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-

gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say? 10

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close. 20

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour. 30

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One: two: why, then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can tell our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands; put on your nightgown; look not so pale: I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?
Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the
gate: come, come, come, come, give me your 70
hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed,
to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*
Doct. Will she go now to bed?
Gent. Directly.
Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance, 80
And still keep eyes upon her. So good night:
My mind she has mated and amazed my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.
Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The country near Dunsinane.

Drum and colours. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.
Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.
Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now 10
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he 's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title 20
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. 31

[*Exeunt, marching.*

Scene III.

Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that 's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear. 10

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand—
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*
Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push 20
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What 's your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more? 30
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I 'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I 'll put it on.
Send out moe horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, 40
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I 'll none of it.
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.

Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease 51
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. Pull 't off, I say.
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. 60

Doct. [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Country near Birnam wood.

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward and his Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope: 10
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate: 20
Towards which advance the war.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

Scene V.

Dunsinane. Within the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still 'They come': our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.
[*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*
Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd 10
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, 20
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.
Mess. Gracious my lord, 30
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Macb. Well, say, sir.
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,

I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth, 40
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane'; and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun, 49
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Dunsinane. Before the castle.

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we

Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Siw. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. 10
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course. What 's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name 's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword 10
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*
Macb. Thou wast born of woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note 21
Seems bruited: let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle 's gently render'd;
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Scene VIII.

Another part of the field.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words:
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed: 10
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense; 20
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I 'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We 'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, 30
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'
[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Ross, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.
Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man; 40
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Ross. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He 's worth more sorrow, 50
And that I 'll spend for him.
Siw. He 's worth no more:

They say he parted well and paid his score:
And so God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland!
[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time 60
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What 's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands 70
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Glossary.

A one, a man (Theobald from Davenant, "*a Thane*"; Grant White, "*a man*"); III, iv. 131.
Absolute, positive; III. vi. 40.
Abuse, deceive; II. i. 50.
Acheron, the river of the infernal regions; III. v. 15.
Adder's fork, the forked tongue of the adder; IV. i. 16,
Addition, title; I. iii. 106.
Address'd them, prepared themselves; II. ii. 24.
Adhere, were in accordance; I. vii. 52.
Admired, wondrous-strange; III. iv. 110.
Advise, instruct; III. i. 129.
Afeard, afraid; I. iii. 96.
Affection, disposition; IV. iii. 77.
Affeer'd, confirmed; IV. iii. 34.
Alarm, call to arms; V. ii. 4.
Alarum'd, alarmed; II. i. 53.
All, any; III. ii. 11.
——; "and all to all," *i. e.* and we all (drink) to all; III. iv. 92.
All-thing, in every way; III. i. 13.
A-making, in course of progress; III. iv. 34.
Angel, genius, demon; V. viii. 14.
Angerly, angrily; III. v. 1.
Annoyance, hurt, harm; V. i. 84.
Anon, immediately; I. i. 10.
Anon, anon, "coming, coming"; the general answer of waiters; II. iii. 23.
An't, if it (Folios, "*and't*"); III. vi. 19.
Antic, grotesque, old-fashioned; IV. i. 130.
Anticipatest, dost prevent; IV. i. 144.
Apace, quickly; III. iii. 6.
Apply, be devoted; III. ii. 30.
Approve, prove; I. vi. 4.
Argument, subject, theme; II. iii. 126.
Arm'd, encased in armour; III. iv. 101.
Aroint thee, begone; I. iii. 6.
Artificial, made by art; III. v. 27.
As, as if; II. iv. 18.
Assay; "the great a. of art," the greatest effort of skill; IV. iii. 143.
Attend, await; III. ii. 3.
Augures, auguries; (?) augurs; III. iv. 124.
Authorized by, given on the authority of; III. iv. 66.
Avouch, assert; III. i. 120.

Baby of a girl, (?) girl's doll; according to others, "feeble child of an immature mother"; III. iv. 106.
Badged, smeared, marked (as with a badge); II. iii. 106.
Bane, evil, harm; V. iii. 59.
Battle, division of an army; V. vi. 4.
Beguile, deceive; I. v. 64.
Bellman "the fatal bellman"; II. ii. 3. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a XVIth cent. black-letter ballad.

Bellona, the goddess of war; I. ii. 54.
Bend up, strain; I. vii. 79.
Benison, blessing; II. iv. 40.
Bent, determined; III. iv. 134.
Best, good, suitable; III. iv. 5.
Bestow'd, staying; III. i. 30.
Bestows himself, has settled; III. vi. 24.
Bestride, stand over in posture of defence; IV. iii. 4.
Bides, lies; III. iv. 26.
Bill, catalogue; III. i. 100.
Birnam, a high hill twelve miles from Dunsinane; IV. i. 93.
Birthdom, land of our birth, mother-country; IV. iii. 4.
Bladed; "b. corn," corn in the blade, when the ear is still green; IV. i. 55.
Blind-worm, glow-worm; IV. i. 16.
Blood-bolter'd, locks matted into hard clotted blood; IV. i. 123.
Blow, blow upon; I. iii. 15.
Bodements, forebodings; IV. i. 96.
Boot; "to b.," in addition; IV. iii. 37.
Borne, conducted, managed; III. vi. 3.
Borne in hand, kept up by false hopes; III. i. 81.
Bosom, close and intimate; I. ii. 64.
Brainsickly, madly; II. ii. 46.
Break, disclose; I. vii. 48.
Breech'd, "having the very hilt, or breech, covered with blood" (according to some "covered as with breeches"); II. iii. 121.
Breed, family, parentage; IV. iii. 108.
Brinded, brindled, streaked; IV. i. 1.
Bring, conduct; II. iii. 52.
Broad, plain-spoken; III. vi. 21.
Broil, battle; I. ii. 6.
Broke ope, broken open; II. iii. 71.
But, only; I. vii. 6.
By, past; IV. i. 137.
By the way, casually; III. iv. 130.

Cabin'd, confined; III. iv. 24.
Captains, trisyllabic (S. Walker conj. "*captains twain*"); I. ii. 34.
Careless, uncared for; I. iv. 11.
Casing, encompassing, all surrounding; III. iv. 23.
'Cause, because; III. vi. 21.
Censures, opinion; V. iv. 14.
Champion me, fight in single combat with me; III. i. 72.
Chanced, happened, taken place; I. iii. 153.
Chaps, jaws, mouth; I. ii. 22.
Charge; "in an imperial c.," in executing a royal command; IV. iii. 20.
Charged, burdened, oppressed; V. i. 60.
Chaudron, entrails; IV. i. 33.
Children (trisyllabic); IV. iii. 177.

An early form of chimney.

Chimneys; "our chimneys were blown down," an anachronism; II. iii. 60. (*Cp.* the annexed cut from a mediæval MS. depicting a primitive form of chimney.)
Choke their art, render their skill useless; I. ii. 9.
Chuck, a term of endearment; III. ii. 45.
Clear, serenely; I. v. 72.
Clear, innocent, guiltless; I. vii. 18.
——, unstained; II. i. 28.
Clearness, clear from suspicion; III. i. 133.
Clept, called; III. i. 94.
Cling, shrivel up; V. v. 40.
Close, join, unite; III. ii. 14.
——, secret; III. v. 7.
Closed, enclosed; III. i. 99.
Cloudy, sullen, frowning; III. vi. 41.
Cock, cock-crow; "the second c.," *i.e.* about three o'clock in the morning; II. iii. 27.
Coign of vantage, convenient corner; I. vi. 7.
Cold, (?) dissyllabic; IV. i. 6.
Colme-kill, i.e. Icolmkill, the cell of St. Columba; II. iv. 33.
Come, which have come; I. iii. 144.
Command upon, put your commands upon; III. i. 16.
Commends, commits, offers; I. vii. 11.
Commission; "those in c.," those entrusted with the commission; I. iv. 2.

Composition, terms of peace; I. ii. 59.
Compt; "in c.," in account; I. vi. 26.
Compunctious, pricking the conscience; I. v. 46.
Concluded, decided; III. i. 141.
Confineless, boundless, limitless; IV. iii. 55.
Confounds, destroys, ruins; II. ii. 11.
Confronted, met face to face; I. ii. 55.
Confusion, destruction; II. iii. 71.
Consequences; v. mortal; V. iii. 5.
Consent, counsel, proposal; II. i. 25.
Constancy, firmness; II. ii. 68.
Contend against, vie with; I. vi. 16.
Content, satisfaction; III. ii. 5.
Continent, restraining; IV. iii. 64.
Convert, change; IV. iii. 229.
Convey, "indulge secretly"; IV. iii. 71.
Convince, overpower; I. vii. 64.
Convinces, overpowers; IV. iii. 142.
Copy, (?) copyhold, non-permanent tenure; III. ii. 38.
Corporal, corporeal; I. iii. 81.
Corporal; "each c. agent," *i.e.* "each faculty of the body"; I. vii. 80.
Counsellors; "c. to fear," fear's counsellors, *i.e.* "suggest fear"; V. iii. 17.
Countenance, "be in keeping with"; II. iii. 84.
Crack of doom, burst of sound, thunder at the day of doom; IV. i. 117.
Cracks, charges; I. ii. 37.
Crown, head; IV. i. 113.

Dainty of, particular about; II. iii. 149.
Dear, deeply felt; V. ii. 3.
Degrees, degrees of rank; III. iv. 1.
Deliver thee, report to thee; I v. 11.
Delivers, communicates to us; III. iii. 2.
Demi-wolves, a cross between dogs and wolves; III. i. 94.
Denies, refuses; III. iv. 128.
Detraction, defamation; "mine own d.," the evil things I have spoken against myself; IV. iii. 123.
Devil (monosyllabic); I. iii. 107.
Dew, bedew; V. ii. 30.
Disjoint, fall to pieces; III. ii. 16.
Displaced, banished; III. iv. 109.
Dispute it, fight against it; (?) reason upon it (Schmidt); IV. iii. 220.
Disseat, unseat; V. iii. 21.
Distance, hostility; III. i. 116.
Doff, do off, put off; IV. iii. 188.
Doubt, fear, suspect; IV. ii. 66.
Drink; "my d.," *i.e.* "my *posset*"; II. i. 31.
Drowse, become drowsy; III. ii. 52.
Dudgeon, handle of a dagger; II. i. 46.

Dunnest, darkest; I. v. 52.

Earnest, pledge, money paid beforehand; I. iii. 104.
Easy, easily; II. iii. 142.
Ecstasy, any state of being beside one's self, violent emotion; III. ii. 22.
Effects, acts, actions; V. i. 11.
Egg, term of contempt; IV. ii. 82.
Eminence, distinction; III. ii. 31.
England, the King of England; IV. iii. 43.
Enkindle, incite; I. iii. 121.
Enow, enough; II. iii. 7.
Entrance (trisyllabic); I. v. 40.
Equivocate to heaven, get to heaven by equivocation; II. iii. 12.
Equivocator (probably alluding to Jesuitical equivocation; Garnet, the superior of the order, was on his trial in March, 1606); II. iii. 10.
Estate, royal dignity, succession to the crown; I. iv. 37.
Eternal jewel, immortal soul; III. i. 68.
Eterne, perpetual; III. ii. 38.
Evil, king's evil, scrofula; IV. iii. 146.
Exasperate, exasperated; III. vi. 38.
Expectation, those guests who are expected; III. iii. 10.
Expedition, haste; II. iii. 115.
Extend, prolong; III. iv. 57.

Fact, act, deed; III. vi. 10.
Faculties, powers, prerogatives; I. vii. 17.
Fain, gladly; V. iii. 28.
Fantastical, imaginary; I. iii. 53; I. iii. 139.
Farrow, litter of pigs; IV. i. 65.
Favour, pardon; I. iii. 149.
——, countenance, face; I. v. 73.
Fears, objects of fear; I. iii. 137.
Feed, "to f.," feeding; III. iv. 35.
Fee-grief, "grief that hath a single owner"; IV. iii. 196.
Fell, scalp; V. v. 11.
——, cruel, dire; IV. ii. 70.
Fellow, equal; II. iii. 67.
File, list; V. ii. 8.
——, "the valued f.," list of qualities; III. i. 95.
Filed, made foul, defiled; III. i. 65.
First; "at f. and last," (?) once for all, from the beginning to the end; (Johnson conj. "*to f. and next*"); III. iv. 1.
Fits, caprices; IV. ii. 17.
Flaws, storms of passion; III. iv. 63.
Flighty, fleeting; IV. i. 145.
Flout, mock, defy; I. ii. 49.
Fly, fly from me; V. iii. 1.
Foisons, plenty, rich harvests; IV. iii. 88.
Follows, attends; I. vi. 11.
For, because of; III. i. 121.
——, as for, as regards; IV. ii. 15.

Forbid, cursed, blasted; I. iii. 21.
Forced, strengthened; V. v. 5.
Forge, fabricate, invent; IV. iii. 82.
Forsworn, perjured; IV. iii. 126.
Founded, firmly fixed; III. iv. 22.
Frame of things, universe; III. ii. 16.
Franchised, free, unstained; II. i. 28.
Free, freely; I. iii. 155.
——, honourable; III. vi. 36.
——, remove, do away (Steevens conj. "*Fright*" or "*Fray*"; Bailey conj., adopted by Hudson, "*Keep*"; Kinnear conj. "*Rid*"); III. vi. 35.
French hose, probably a reference to the narrow, straight hose, in contradistinction to the round, wide hose; II. iii. 16.
Fright, frighten, terrify; IV. ii. 69.
From, differently from; III. i. 100.
——, in consequence of, on account of; III. vi. 21.
Fry, literally a swarm of young fishes; here used as a term of contempt; IV. ii. 83.
Function, power of action; I. iii. 140.
Furbish'd, burnished; I. ii. 32.

Gallowglasses, heavy-armed Irish troops (Folio 1, "*Gallowgrosses*"); I. ii. 13.
Genius, spirit of good or ill; III. i. 56.
Gentle senses, senses which are soothed (by the "gentle" air); (Warburton, "*general sense*"; Johnson conj., adopted by Capell, "*gentle sense*"); I. vi. 3.
Germins, germs, seeds; IV. i. 59.
Get, beget; I. iii. 67.
Gin, a trap to catch birds; IV. ii. 35.
'Gins, begins; I. ii. 25.
Gives out, proclaims; IV. iii. 192.
God 'ild us, corruption of "*God yield us*" (Folios, "*God-eyld us*"); I. vi. 13.
Golgotha, i.e. "the place of a skull" (*cp.* Mark xv. 22); I. ii. 40.
Good, brave; IV. iii. 3.
Goodness; "the chance of g.," the chance of success; IV. iii. 136.
Goose, a tailor's smoothing iron; II. iii. 17.
Gospell'd, imbued with Gospel teaching; III. i. 88.
Go to, go to, an exclamation of reproach; V. i. 51.
Gouts, drops; II. i. 46.
Graced, gracious, full of graces; III. iv. 41.
Grandam, grandmother; III. iv. 66.
Grave, weighty; III. i. 22.
Graymalkin; a grey cat (the familiar spirit of the First Witch; "*malkin*" diminutive of "Mary"); I. i. 9.

'*I come, Graymalkin. Paddock calls.*'
From a print by "Hellish" Breugel, c. 1566

Gripe, grasp; III. i. 62.
Grooms, servants of any kind; II. ii. 5.
Gulf, gullet; IV. i. 23.

Hail (dissyllabic); I. ii. 5.
Harbinger, forerunner, an officer of the king's household; I. iv. 45.
Hardly, with difficulty; V. iii. 62.
Harms, injuries; "my h.," injuries inflicted by me; IV. iii. 55.
Harp'd, hit, touched; IV. i. 74.
Harpier, probably a corruption of *Harpy;* IV. i. 3.
Having, possessions; I. iii. 56.
Hear, talk with; III. iv. 32.
Heart; "any h.," the heart of any man; III. vi. 15.
Heavily, sadly; IV. iii. 182.
Hecate, the goddess of hell (one of the names of Artemis-Diana, as goddess of the infernal regions); II. i. 52.
Hedge-pig, hedge-hog; IV. i. 2.
Hermits, beadsmen; men bound to pray for their benefactors (Folio 1, "*Ermites*"); I. vi. 20.
Hie thee, hasten; I. v. 26.
His, this man's; IV. iii. 80.
Holds, withholds; III. vi. 25.
Holp, helped; I. vi. 23.
Home, thoroughly, completely; I. iii. 120.
Homely, humble; IV. ii. 67.
Hoodwink, blind; IV. iii. 72.
Horses (monosyllabic); II. iv. 14.
Housekeeper, watch dog; III. i. 97.
Howlet's, owlet's; IV. i. 17.
How say'st thou, what do you think!; III. iv. 128.
Humane, human; III. iv. 76.

From an old woodcut.

Hurlyburly, tumult, uproar; I. i. 3. (In the annexed curious illustration of some witchcraft absurdity the devil is making a hurly-burly by beating furiously on a drum under which is a Lapland witch.)

Husbandry, economy; II. i. 4.

Hyrcan tiger, i.e. tiger of Hyrcania, a district south of the Caspian; III. iv. 101.

Ignorant, i.e. of future events; I. v. 58.

Ill-composed, compounded of evil qualities; IV. iii. 77.

Illness, evil; I. v. 21.

Impress, force into his service; IV. i. 95.

In, under the weight of; IV. iii. 20.

Incarnadine, make red; II. ii. 62.

Informs, takes visible form; II. i. 48.

Initiate; "the i. fear," "the fear that attends, *i.e.* the first initiation (into guilt)"; III. iv. 143.

Insane; "the i. root," the root which causes insanity; I. iii. 84.

Instant, present moment; I. v. 59.

Interdiction, exclusion; IV. iii. 107.

Intermission, delay; IV. iii. 232.

Intrenchant, indivisible; V. viii. 9.

Jealousies, suspicions; IV. iii. 29.

Jump, hazard, risk; I. vii. 7.

Just, exactly; III. iii. 4.

Jutty, jetty, projection; I. vi. 6.

Kerns, light-armed Irish troops; I. ii. 13. (*Cp.* the subjoined mediæval representation.)

From the Chapter House Liber A, in the Public Record Office.

Knowings, knowledge, experiences; II. iv. 4.

Knowledge; "the k.," what you know (Collier MS. and Walker conj. "*thy k.*"); I. ii. 6.

Lack, want, requirement; IV. iii. 237.

Lack, miss; III. iv. 84.

Lapp'd, wrapped; I. ii. 54.

Large, liberal, unrestrained; III. iv. 11.

Latch, catch; IV. iii. 195.

Lated, belated, III. iii. 6.

Lave, keep clear and unsullied; III. ii. 33.

Lavish, unrestrained, insolent; I. ii. 57.
Lay, did lodge; II. iii. 58.
Lease of nature, term of natural life; IV. i. 99.
Leave, leave off; III. ii. 35.
Left unattended, forsaken, deserted; II. ii. 69.
Lesser, less; V. ii. 13.
Lies; "swears and l.," *i.e.* "swears allegiance and commits perjury" (*cp.* IV. ii. 51 for the literal sense of the phrase); IV. ii. 47.
Lighted, descended; II. iii. 147.
Like, same; II. i. 30.
——, likely; II. iv. 29.
——, equal, the same; IV. iii. 8.
Lily-liver'd, cowardly; V. iii. 15.
Limbec, alembic, still; I. vii. 67.
Lime, bird-lime; IV. ii. 34.
Limited, appointed; II. iii. 57.
Line, strengthen; I. iii. 112.
List, lists, place marked out for a combat; III. i. 71.
Listening, listening to; II. ii. 28.
Lo; "lo you," *i.e.* look you; V. i. 22.
Lodged, laid, thrown down; IV. i. 55.
Look, expect; V. iii. 26.
Loon, brute; V. iii. 11.
Luxurious, lustful; IV. iii. 58.

Maggot-pies, magpies; III. iv. 125.
Mansionry, abode; I. vi. 5.
Mark, take heed, listen; I. ii. 28.
——, notice; V. i. 46.
Marry, a corruption of the Virgin Mary; a slight oath; III. vi. 4.
Mated, bewildered; V. i. 86.
Maws, stomachs; III. iv. 73.
May I, I hope I may; III. iv. 42.
Medicine, "physician"; (?) physic; V. ii. 27.
Meek, meekly; I. vii. 17.
Memorize, make memorable, make famous; I. ii. 40.
Mere, absolutely; IV. iii. 89.
——, utter, absolute; IV. iii. 152.
Metaphysical, supernatural; I. v. 30.
Minion, darling, favourite; I. ii. 19; II. iv. 15.
Minutely, "happening every minute, continual"; V. ii. 18.
Missives, messengers; I. v. 7.
Mistrust; "he needs not our m.," *i.e.* we need not mistrust him; III. iii. 2.
Mockery, delusive imitation; III. iv. 107.
Modern, ordinary; IV. iii. 170.
Moe, more; V. iii. 35.
Monstrous (trisyllabic); III. v. 8.
Mortal, deadly, murderous; I. v. 42.
——, "m. murders," deadly wounds; III. iv. 81.
——, "m. consequences," what befalls man in the course of time; V. iii. 5.
Mortality, mortal life; II. iii. 97.
Mortified, dead, insensible; V. ii. 5.

Mounch'd, chewed with closed lips; I. iii. 5.
Muse, wonder; III. iv. 85.
Must be, was destined to be; IV. iii. 212.

Napkins, handkerchiefs; II. iii. 6.
Nature; "nature's mischief," man's evil propensities; I. v. 51.
——; "in n.," in their whole nature; II. iv. 16.
Naught, vile thing; IV. iii. 225.
Nave, navel, middle (Warburton, "*nape*"); I. ii. 22.
Near, nearer; II. iii. 146.
Near'st of life, inmost life, most vital parts; III. i. 118.
Nice, precise, minute; IV. iii. 174.
Nightgown, dressing gown; II. ii. 70.
Noise, music; IV. i. 106.
Norways', Norwegians'; I. ii. 59.
Norweyan, Norwegian; I. ii. 31.
Note, notoriety; III. ii. 44.
——, list; III. iii. 10.
——, notice; III. iv. 56.
Nothing, not at all; I. iii. 96.
——, nobody; IV. iii. 166.
Notion, apprehension; III. i. 83.

Oblivious, causing forgetfulness; V. iii. 43.
Obscure; "o. bird," *i.e.* the bird delighting in darkness, the owl; II. iii. 63.
Odds; "at o.," at variance; III. iv. 127.
O'erfraught, over-charged, over-loaded; IV. iii. 210.
Of, from; IV. i. 81.
——, with (Hanmer, "*with*"); I. ii. 13.
——, over, I. iii. 33.
——, by; III. vi. 4; III. vi. 27.
——, for; IV. iii. 95.
Offices, duty, employment; III. iii. 3.
——, *i.e.* domestic offices, servants' quarters; II. i. 14.
Old (used colloquially); II. iii. 2.
On, of; I. iii. 84.
Once, ever; IV. iii. 167.
One, wholly, uniformly; II. ii. 63.
On's, of his; V. i. 70.
On't, of it; III. i. 114.
Open'd, unfolded; IV. iii. 52.
Or ere, before; IV. iii. 173.
Other, others; I. iii. 14.
——, "the o.," *i.e.* the other side; I. vii. 28.
——, otherwise; I. vii. 77.
Other's, other man's; IV. iii. 80.
Ourselves, one another; III. iv. 32.
Out, i.e. in the field; IV. iii. 183.
Outrun, did outrun (Johnson, "outran"); II. iii. 117.
Overcome, overshadow; III. iv. 111.
Over-red, redden over; V. iii. 14.
Owe, own, possess; I. iii. 76.
Owed, owned; I. iv. 10.

Paddock, toad (the familiar spirit of the second witch); I. i. 10.

Pall, wrap, envelop; I. v. 52.

Passion, strong emotion; III. iv. 57.

Patch, fool (supposed to be derived from the patched or motley coat of the jester); V. iii. 15.

Peak, dwindle away; I. iii. 23.

Pent-house lid, i.e. eye-lids; "Pent-house," a porch or shed with sloping roof, as shown in the annexed cut; I. iii. 20.

From an engraving of an old timber-house in the market place at Stratford-on-Avon.

Perfect, well, perfectly acquainted; IV. ii. 65.

Pester'd, troubled; V. ii. 23.

Place, "pitch, the highest elevation of a hawk"; a term of falconry; II. iv. 12.

Point; "at a p.," prepared for any emergency; IV. iii. 135.

Poor, feeble; III. ii. 14.

Poorly, dejectedly, unworthily; II. ii. 72.

Portable, endurable; IV. iii. 89.

Possess, fill; IV. iii. 202.

Possets, drink; "posset is hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it, which goes all to a curd" (Randle Holmes' *Academy of Armourie,* 1688); II. ii. 6.

Posters, speedy travellers; I. iii. 33.

Power, armed force, army; IV. iii. 185.

Predominance, superior power, influence; an astrological term; II. iv. 8.

Present, present time; I. v. 58.

——, instant, immediate; I. ii. 64.

——, offer; III. ii. 31.

Presently, immediately; IV. iii. 145.

Pretence, purpose, intention; II. iii. 136.

Pretend, intend; II. iv. 24.

Probation; "passed in p. with you," proved, passing them in detail, one by one; III. i. 80.

Profound, "having deep or hidden qualities" (Johnson); (?) "deep, and therefore ready to fall" (Clar. Pr.); III. v. 24.

Proof, proved armour; I. ii. 54.
Proper, fine, excellent (used ironically); III. iv. 60.
Protest, show publicly, proclaim; V. ii. 11.
Purged, cleansed; III. iv. 76.
Purveyor, an officer of the king sent before to provide food for the king and his retinue, as the *harbinger* provided lodging; I. vi. 22.
Push, attack, onset; V. iii. 20.
Put on, se on, (?) set to work; IV. iii. 239.
Put upon, falsely attribute; I. vii. 70.

Quarry, a heap of slaughtered game; IV. iii. 206.
Quell, murder; I. vii. 72.
Quiet; "at q.," in quiet, at peace; II. iii. 18.

Ravell'd, tangled; II. ii. 37.
Ravin'd, ravenous; IV. i. 24.
Ravin up, devour greedily; II. iv. 28.
Rawness, hurry; IV. iii. 26.
Readiness; "manly r.," complete clothing (opposed to "naked frailties"); II. iii. 139.
Receipt, receptacle; I. vii. 66.
Received, believed; I. vii. 74.
Recoil, swerve; IV. iii. 19.
Recoil; "to r.," for recoiling; V. ii. 23.
Relation, narrative; IV. iii. 173.
Relations, "the connection of effects with causes"; III. iv. 124.
Relish, smack; IV. iii. 95.
Remembrance, quadrisyllabic; III. ii. 30.
Remembrancer, reminder; III. iv. 37.
Remorse, pity; I. v. 45.
Require, ask her to give; III. iv. 6.
Resolve yourselves, decide, make up your minds; III. i. 138.
Rest, remain; I. vi. 20.
——, give rest; IV. iii. 227.
Return, give back, render; I. vi. 28.
Ronyon, a term of contempt; I. iii. 6.
Roof'd, gathered under one roof; III. iv. 40.
Rooky, gloomy, foggy (Jennens, "*rocky*"); III. ii. 51.
Round, circlet, crown; I. v. 29.
——; "r. and top of sovereignty," *i.e.* "the crown, the top or summit of sovereign power"; IV. i. 87.
——, dance in a circle; IV. i. 130.
Rubs, hindrances, impediments; III. i. 134.
Rump-fed, well-fed, pampered; I. iii. 6.

Safe toward, with a sure regard to; I. iv. 27.
Sag, droop, sink; V. iii. 10.
Saint Colme's Inch, the island of Columba, now Inchcolm, in the Firth of Forth; I. ii. 61.
Saucy, insolent, importunate; (?) pungent, sharp, gnawing (Koppel); III. iv. 25.

Say to, tell; I. ii. 6.
'Scaped, escape; III. iv. 20.
Scarf up, blindfold; III. ii. 47.
Scone, the ancient coronation place of the kings of Scotland; II. iv. 31.
Scotch'd, "cut with shallow incisions" (Theobald's emendation of Folios, "*scorch'd*"); III. ii. 13.
Season, seasoning; III. iv. 141.
Seat, situation; I. vi. 1.
Seated, fixed firmly; I. iii. 136.
Security, confidence, consciousness of security, carelessness; III. v. 32.
Seeling, blinding (originally a term of falconry); III. ii. 46.
Seems; "that s. to speak things strange," *i.e.* "whose appearance corresponds with the strangeness of his message" (Clar. Pr.); (Johnson conj. "*teems*"; Collier MS., "*comes,*" etc.); I. ii. 47.
Self-abuse, self-delusion; III. iv. 142.
Self-comparisons, measuring himself with the other; I. ii. 55.
Selfsame, very same; I. iii. 88.
Sennet, a set of notes on trumpet or cornet; III. i. 10-11.
Se'nnights, seven nights, weeks; I. iii. 22.
Sensible, perceptible, tangible; II. i. 36.
Sergeant (trisyllabic); I. ii. 3.
Set forth, shewed; I. iv. 6.
Settled, determined; I. vii. 79.
Sewer, one who tasted each dish to prove there was no poison in it; I. vii. (direc.).
Shag-ear'd, having hairy ears (Steevens conj., adopted by Singer (ed. 2) and Hudson, "*shag-hair'd*"); IV. ii. 82.
Shall, will; II. i. 29.
——, I shall; IV. ii. 23.
Shame, am ashamed; II. ii. 64.
Shard-borne, borne by scaly wing-cases, (Davenant, "*sharp-brow'd*"; Daniel conj. "*sharn-bode*"; Upton conj. "*sharn-born*"); III. ii. 42.
Shift, steal, quietly get; II. iii. 150.
Shipman's card, the card of the compass; I. iii. 17.
Shough, a kind of shaggy dog (Folios, "*Showghes*"; Capell, "*shocks*"); III. i. 94.
Should be, appear to be; I. iii. 45.
Show, dumb-show; IV. i. 111-112.
Show, appear; I. iii. 54.
Shut up, enclosed, enveloped; II. i. 16.
Sicken, be surfeited; IV. i. 60.
Sightless, invisible; I. vii. 23.
Sights; Collier MS. and Singer MS., "*flights*"; Grant White, "*sprites*"; IV. i. 155.
Sinel, Macbeth's father, according to Holinshed; I. iii. 71.
Single, individual; I. iii. 140.
——, simple, small; I. vi. 16.
Sirrah, used in addressing an inferior; here used playfully; IV. ii. 30.

Skirr, scour; V. iii. 35.
Slab, thick, glutinous; IV. i. 32.
Sleave, sleave-silk, floss silk; II. ii. 37.
Sleek o'er, smooth; III. ii. 27.
Sleights, feats of dexterity; III. v. 26.
Slipp'd, let slip; II. iii. 51.
Sliver'd, slipped off; IV. i. 28.
Smack, have the taste, savour; I. ii. 44.
So, like grace, gracious; IV. iii. 24.
So well, as well; I. ii. 43.
Sole, alone, mere; IV. iii. 12.
Solemn, ceremonious, formal; III. i. 14.
Soliciting, inciting; I. iii. 130.
Solicits, entreats, moves by prayer; IV. iii. 149.
Something, some distance; III. i. 132.
Sometime, sometimes; I. vi. 11.
Sorely, heavily; V. i. 59.
Sorriest, saddest; III. ii. 9.

The soul leaving the body at death

Sorry, sad; II. ii. 20.
Soul's flight; III. i. 141. (The idea and its expression may be illustrated by the accompanying cut from Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare.*)
Speak, bespeak, proclaim; IV. iii. 159.
Speculation, intelligence; III. iv. 95.
Speed; "had the s. of him," has outstripped him; I. v. 36.
Spongy, imbibing like a sponge; I. vii. 71.
Spring, source; I. ii. 27.
Sprites, spirits; IV. i. 127.
Spy, v. Note; III. i. 130.
Stableness, constancy; IV. iii. 92.
Staff, lance; V. iii. 48.
Stamp, stamped coin; IV. iii. 153.
Stanchless, insatiable; IV. iii. 78.
Stand, remain; III. i. 4.
Stand not upon, do not be particular about; III. iv. 119.
State, chair of State; III. iv. 5.
State of honour, noble rank, condition; IV. ii. 65.
Stay, wait for; IV. iii. 142.
Stays, waits; III. v. 35.
Sticking-place, i.e. "the place in which the peg of a stringed instrument remains fast; the proper degree of tension"; I. vii. 60.
Stir, stirring, moving; I. iii. 144.
Storehouse, place of burial; II. iv. 34.
Strange, new; I. iii. 145.

Strange; "s. and self-abuse," *i. e.* (?) "my abuse of others and myself"; III. iv. 142.
Strangely-visited, afflicted with strange diseases; IV. iii. 150.
Stuff'd, crammed, full to bursting; V. 44.
Substances, forms; I. v. 50.
Sudden, violent; IV. iii. 59.
Suffer, perish; III. ii. 16.
Suffering; "our s. country," *i.e.* our country suffering; III. vi. 48.
Suggestion, temptation, incitement; I. iii. 134.
Summer-seeming, "appearing like summer; seeming to be the effect of a transitory and short-lived heat of the blood" (Schmidt); (Warburton, "*summer-teeming*"; Johnson, "*fume, or seething,*" etc.); IV. iii. 86.
Sundry, various; IV. iii. 48.
Surcease, cessation; I. vii. 4.
Surveying, noticing, perceiving; I. ii. 31.
Sway by, am directed by; V. iii. 9.
Swears, swears allegiance; IV. ii. 47.

Taint, be infected; V. iii. 3.
Taking-off, murder, death; I. vii. 20.
Teems, teems with; IV. iii. 176.
Temperance, moderation, self-restraint; IV. iii. 92.
Tending, tendance, attendance; I. v. 38.
Tend on, wait on; I. v. 42.
That, so that; I. ii. 58.
——; "to th.," to that end, for that purpose; I. ii. 10.
Therewithal, therewith; III. i. 34.
Thirst, desire to drink; III. iv. 91.
Thought; "upon a th.," in as small an interval as one can think a thought; III. iv. 55.
——, being borne in mind; III. i. 132.
Thralls, slaves, bondmen; III. vi. 13.
Threat, threaten; II. i. 60.
Till that, till; I. ii. 54.
Timely, betimes, early; II. iii. 50.
——, "to gain the t. inn," opportune; III. iii. 7.
Titles, possessions; IV. ii. 7.
To, in addition to; I. vi. 19.
——, according to; III. iii. 4.
——, compared to; III. iv. 64.
——, for, as; IV. iii. 10.
——, linked with, "prisoner to"; III. iv. 25.
Top, overtop, surpass; IV. iii 57.
Top-full, full to the top, brimful; I. v. 43.
Touch, affection, feeling; IV. ii. 9.
Touch'd, injured, hurt; IV. iii. 14.
Towering, turning about, soaring, flying high (a term of falconry); II. iv. 12.
Trace, follow; IV. i. 153.

Trains, artifices, devices; IV. iii. 118.
Trammel up, entangle as in a net; I. vii. 3.
Transport, convey; IV. iii. 181.
Transpose, change; IV. iii. 21.
Treble sceptres, symbolical of the three kingdoms—England, Scotland, and Ireland; IV. i. 121.
Trifled, made trifling, made to sink into insignificance; II. iv. 4.
Tugg'd; "t. with fortune," pulled about in wrestling with fortune; III. i. 112.
Two-fold balls, probably referring to the double coronation of James at Scone and Westminster (Clar. Pr.); according to others the reference is to the union of the two islands; IV. i. 121.
Tyranny, usurpation; IV. iii. 67.
Tyrant, usurper; III. vi. 22.

Unfix, make to stand on end; I. iii. 135.
Unrough, beardless; V. ii. 10.
Unspeak, recall, withdraw; IV. iii. 123.
Untitled, having no title or claim; IV. iii. 104.
Unto, to; I. iii. 121.
Upon, to; III. vi. 30.
Uproar, "stir up to tumult" (Schmidt); (Folios 1, 2, "*uprore*"; Keightley, "*Uproot*"); IV. iii. 99.
Use, experience; III. iv. 143.
Using, cherishing, entertaining; III. ii. 10.
Utterance; "to the u.," *i.e. à outrance* = to the uttermost; III. i. 72.

Vantage, opportunity; I. ii. 31.
Verity, truthfulness; IV. iii. 92.
Visards, masks; III. ii. 34.
Vouch'd, assured, warranted; III. iv. 34.

Want; "cannot w.," can help; III. vi. 8.
Warranted, justified; IV. iii. 137.
Wassail, revelry; I. vii. 64.
Watching, waking; V. i. 12.
Water-rug, a kind of poodle; III. i. 94.
What, who; IV. iii. 49.
What is, i.e. what is the time of; III. iv. 126.
When 'tis, i.e. "when the matter is effected"; II. i. 25.
Whether (monosyllabic); I. iii. 111.
Which, who; V. i. 66.
While then, till then; III. i. 44.
Whispers, whispers to; IV. iii. 210.
Wholesome, healthy; IV. iii. 105.
Wind; "I'll give thee a wind"; I. iii. 11. (*Cp.* illustration.)
With, against; IV. iii. 90.
——, by; III. i. 63.
——, on; IV. ii. 32.
Without, outside; III. iv. 14.
——, beyond; III. ii. 11, 12.

Witness, testimony, evidence; II. ii. 47.
Worm, small serpent; III. iv. 29.
Would, should; I. vii. 34.
Wrought, agitated; I. iii. 149.
Yawning peal, a peal which lulls to sleep; III. ii. 43.
Yesty, foaming; IV. i. 53.
Yet, in spite of all, notwithstanding; IV. iii. 69.

'*I'll give thee a wind*' (I. iii. 11).
From a print by "Hellish" Breugel, c. 1566.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 1. Perhaps we should follow the punctuation of the Folio, and place a note of interrogation after '*again.*'

I. ii. 14. '*damned quarrel*'; Johnson's, perhaps unnecessary, emendation of Folios, '*damned quarry*' (*cp.* IV. iii. 206); but Holinshed uses 'quarrel' in the corresponding passage.

I. ii. 20-21. Many emendations and interpretations have been advanced for this passage; Koppel's explanation (*Shakespeare Studien,* 1896) is as follows:—"he faced the slave, who never found time for the preliminary formalities of a duel, *i.e.* shaking hands with and bidding farewell to the opponent"; seemingly, however, '*which*' should have '*he*' (*i.e.* Macbeth) and not '*slave*' as its antecedent.

I. iii. 15. '*And the very ports they blow*'; Johnson conj. '*various*' for '*very*'; Pope reads '*points*' for '*ports*'; Clar. Press edd. '*orts*'; '*blow*' = 'blow upon.'

I. iii. 32. '*weird*'; Folios, '*weyward*' (prob. = '*weird*'); Keightley, '*weyard.*'

I. iii. 97-98. '*As thick as hail Came post*'; Rowe's emendation; Folios read '*As thick as tale Can post.*'

I. v. 24-26. The difficulty of these lines arises from the repeated words '*that which*' in line 25, and some editors have consequently placed the inverted commas after '*undone*'; but '*that which*' is probably due to the same expression in the previous line, and we should perhaps read '*and that's which*' or '*and that's what.*'

I. vi. 4. '*martlet*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*Barlet.*'

I. vi. 5. '*loved mansionry*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*loved mansonry*'; Pope (ed. 2), '*loved masonry.*'

I. vi. 6. '*jutty, frieze*'; Pope, '*jutting frieze*'; Staunton conj. '*jutty, nor frieze,*' etc.

I. vi. 9. '*most*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*must*'; Collier MS., '*much.*'

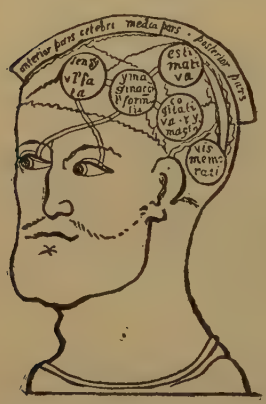
I. vii. 6. '*shoal*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios 1, 2, '*schoole*.'

I. vii. 45. '*Like the poor cat i' the adage*'; 'The cat would eat fyshe, and would not wet her feete,' Heywood's *Proverbs*; the low Latin form of the same proverb is:—

"*Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas.*"

I. vii. 47. '*do more*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*no more*.'

I. vii. 65-67. (*Cp.* the position as '*warder of the brain*' assigned to *vis memorati* (*va*) in the accompanying reproduction of a mediæval phrenological chart.



II. i. 51. '*sleep*'; Steevens conj. '*sleeper*,' but no emendation is necessary; the pause after '*sleep*' is evidently equivalent to a syllable.

II. i. 55. '*Tarquin's ravishing strides*'; Pope's emendation; Folios, '*Tarquins ravishing sides*.'

II. i. 56. '*sure*'; Pope's conj. adopted by Capell; Folios 1, 2, '*sowre*.'

II. i. 57. '*which way they walk*'; Rowe's emendation; Folios, '*which they may walk*.'

II. ii. 35-36. There are no inverted commas in the Folios. The arrangement in the text is generally followed (similarly, ll. 42-43).

III. i. 130. '*you with the perfect spy o' the time*'; Johnson conj. '*you with a*'; Tyrwhitt conj. '*you with the perfect spot, the time*'; Beckett conj. '*you with the perfectry o' the time*'; Grant White, from Collier MS., '*you, with a perfect spy, o' the time*'; Schmidt interprets '*spy*' to mean "an advanced guard; that time which will precede the time of the deed, and indicate that it is at hand"; according to others 'spy' = the person who gives the information; the simplest explanation is, perhaps, 'the exact spying out of the time,' *i.e.* 'the moment on 't,' which in the text follows in apposition.

III. ii. 20. '*our peace*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*our place*.'

III. ii. 52. '*night's black agents to their preys do rouse*.' (*Cp.* the accompanying illustration.)

From Pynson's edition of the *Shepherd's Kalendar*.

III. iv. 14. *''Tis better thee without than he within'*; probably '*he*' instead of '*him*' for the sake of effective antithesis with '*thee*'; unless, as is possible, '*he within* = 'he in this room.'

III. iv. 78. '*time has*'; Folio 1, '*times has*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*times have*'; the reading of the First Folio is probably what Shakespeare intended.

III. iv. 105-106. '*If trembling I inhabit then*'; various emendations have been proposed, *e.g.* '*I inhibit,*' = '*me inhibit,*' '*I inhibit thee,*' '*I inherit,*' etc.; probably the text is correct, and the words mean 'If I then put on the habit of trembling,' *i.e.* 'if I invest myself in trembling' (*cp.* Koppel, p. 76).

III. iv. 122. The Folios read:—

> "*It will have blood they say;*
> *Blood will have blood.*"

III. iv. 144. '*in deed*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*indeed*'; Hanmer, '*in deeds.*'

III. v. 13. '*Loves*'; Halliwell conj. '*Lives*'; Staunton conj. '*Loves evil.*'

III. vi. 27. '*the most pious Edward,*' *i.e.* Edward the Confessor.

IV. i. 97. '*Rebellion's head*'; Theobald's conj., adopted by Hanmer; Folios read '*Rebellious dead*'; Warburton's conj., adopted by Theobald, '*Rebellious head.*'

IV. ii. 18. '*when we are traitors And do not know ourselves,*' *i.e.* when we are accounted traitors, and do not know that we are, having no consciousness of guilt. Hanmer, '*know 't o.*'; Keightley, '*know it ourselves*'; but no change seems necessary.

IV. ii. 19-20. '*when we hold rumour,*' etc.; *i.e.* 'when we inter-

pret rumour in accordance with our fear, yet know not exactly what it is we fear.'

IV. ii. 22. '*Each way and move*'; Theobald conj. '*Each way and wave*'; Capell, '*And move each way*'; Steevens conj. '*And each way move*'; Johnson conj. '*Each way, and move* —'; Jackson conj. '*Each wail and moan*'; Ingleby conj. '*Which way we move*'; Anon. conj. '*And move each wave*'; Staunton conj. '*Each sway and move*'; Daniel conj. '*Each way it moves*'; Camb. edd. conj. '*Each way and none*'; perhaps '*Each way we move*' is the simplest reading of the words.

IV. ii. 70. '*do worse,*' *i.e.* "let her and her children be destroyed without warning" (Johnson); (Hanmer, '*do less*'; Capell, '*do less*').

IV. iii. 15. '*deserve*'; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Folios 1, 2, '*discerne*'; Folios 3, 4, '*discern*'; ——, '*and wisdom*'; there is some corruption of text here, probably a line has dropped out. Hanmer reads ''*tis wisdom*'; Steevens conj. '*and wisdom is it*'; Collier conj. '*and 'tis wisdom*'; Staunton conj. '*and wisdom 'tis*' or '*and wisdom bids*'; Keightley, '*and wisdom 'twere.*'

IV. iii. 111. '*Died every day she lived*'; "lived a life of daily mortification" (Delius).

IV. iii. 235. '*tune*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*time.*'

V. i. 26. '*sense is shut*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*sense are shut*'; S. Walker conj., adopted by Dyce, '*sense' are shut.*' The reading of the Folio probably gives the right reading, 'sense' being taken as a plural.

V. iii. 1. '*them,*' *i.e.* the thanes.

V. iii. 21. '*cheer*'; Percy conj., adopted by Dyce, '*chair*'; ——; "*dis-seat,*' Jennens and Capell conj., adopted by Steevens; Folio 1, '*dis-eate*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*disease*'; Bailey conj. '*dis-seize*'; Daniel conj. '*defeat*'; Furness, '*dis-ease*'; Perring conj. '*disheart.*'

V. iii. 22. '*way of life*'; Johnson proposed the unnecessary emendation '*May of life,*' and several editors have accepted the conjecture.

V. iii. 44. '*stuff'd*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*stuft*'; Pope, '*full*'; Steevens conj., adopted by Hunter, '*foul*'; Anon. conj. '*fraught,*' '*press'd*'; Bailey conj. '*stain'd*'; Mull conj. '*steep'd*'; ——; '*stuff*'; so Folios 3, 4; Jackson conj. '*tuft*'; Collier (ed. 2), from

Collier MS., '*grief*'; Keightley, '*matter*'; Anon. conj. '*slough*,' '*freight*'; Kinnear conj. '*fraught*.'

V. iii. 55. '*senna*'; so Folio 4; Folio 1, '*Cyme*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Caeny*'; Bulloch conj. '*sirrah*.'

V. iii. 58. '*it*,' *i.e.* the armour.

V. v. 19. '*To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow*.' "Possibly Shakespeare recollected a remarkable engraving in Barclay's *Ship of Fooles*, 1570, copied from that in the older Latin version of 1498," and here reproduced.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

3. *Hurlyburly*:—The origin and sense of this word are thus given by Peacham in his *Garden of Eloquence,* 1577: "Onomatopeia, when we invent, devise, fayne, and make a name imitating the sound of that it signifyeth, as *hurlyburly,* for an *uprore* and *tumultuous stirre.*" Thus also in Holinshed: "There were such *hurlie burlies* kept in every place, to the great danger of overthrowing the whole state of all government in this land." Of course the word here refers to the tumult of battle, not to the storm, the latter being their element.—The reason of this scene is thus stated by Coleridge: "In *Macbeth* the Poet's object was to raise the mind at once to the high tragic tone, that the audience might be ready for the precipitate consummation of guilt in the early part of the play. The true reason for the first appearance of the Witches is to strike the keynote of the character of the whole drama, as is proved by their reappearance in the third scene, after such an order of the king's as establishes their supernatural power of information."

11. "The Weird Sisters," says Coleridge, "are as true a creation of Shakespeare's as his Ariel and Caliban—fates, furies, and materializing witches being the elements. They are wholly different from any representation of witches in the contemporary writers, and yet presented a sufficient external resemblance to the creatures of vulgar prejudice to act immediately on the audience.

Their character consists in the imaginative disconnected from the good; they are the shadowy obscure and fearfully anomalous of physical nature, the lawless of human nature—elemental avengers without sex or kin." Elsewhere he speaks of the "direful music, the wild wayward rhythm, and abrupt lyrics of the opening of *Macbeth*." Words scarcely less true to the Poet's, than the Poet's are to the characters.

Scene II.

3. *Sergeants,* in ancient times, were not the petty officers now distinguished by that title; but men performing one kind of feudal military service, in rank next to esquires. In the stage direction of the original this *sergeant* is called a *captain.*

13. *Of* here bears the sense of *with,* the two words often being used indiscriminately.—Thus in Holinshed: "Out of Ireland in hope of the spoile came no small number of *Kernes* and *Galloglasses,* offering gladlie to serve under him, whither it should please him to lead them." Barnabe Rich thus describes them in his *New Irish Prognostication*: "The *Galloglas* succeedeth the Horseman, and he is commonly armed with a scull, a shirt of maile, and a Galloglas-axe. The *Kernes* of Ireland are next in request, the very drosse and scum of the countrey, a generation of villaines not worthy to live. These are they that are ready to run out with every rebel, and these are the very hags of hell, fit for nothing but the gallows."

14, 15. That is, seemed as in love with him, in order to betray him to ruin.

40. To *memorize* is to make memorable. "The style," says Coleridge, "and rhythm of the Captain's speeches in the second scene should be illustrated by reference to the interlude in *Hamlet,* in which the epic is substituted for the tragic, in order to make the latter be felt as the real life diction."

54. Steevens laughs over the Poet's ignorance in making Bellona, the Roman goddess of war, the wife of Mars. But Shakespeare makes Macbeth the husband of Bellona.—*Lapp'd in proof* is covered with "armour of proof," that is, armour impenetrable to ordinary weapons.

61. *Colme's* is here a dissyllable. *Colme's Inch,* now called *Inchcolm,* is a small island, lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it dedicated to St. Columba. *Inch* or *inse,* in Erse, signifies an island.

Scene III

6. *Ronyon* is a scurvy person or a mangy animal. *Rump-fed* means fed on refuse, or fattened in the rump. Another meaning is that [Glossary] of pampered or richly fed.

8, 9. Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft,* 1584, says it was believed that witches "could sail in an egg-shell, a cockle or muscle-shell through and under the tempestuous seas"; and in the *Life of Doctor Fian, a Notable Sorcerer*: "All they together went to sea, each one in a riddle or cive, and went in the same very substantially, with flagons of wine making merrie, and drinking by the way in the same riddles or cives." It was the belief of the times that, though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the *tail* would still be wanting.

10. *I'll do* means, "in the shape of a rat, I'll gnaw through the ship's hull."

11. This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship; for witches were supposed to have power to sell winds. So in *Summer's Last Will and Testament,* 1600:—

> "In Ireland and in Denmark both
> *Witches* for gold will *sell a man a wind,*
> Which, in the corner of a napkin wrapp'd,
> Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will."

21. That is, under a curse or ban.

23. This effect of *peaking* or *wasting* was supposed to be caused by means of a waxen figure. Holinshed, speaking of the witchcraft practised to destroy King Duff, says that one of the witches was found roasting, upon a wooden broach, an image of wax at the fire, resembling in each feature the king's person; and "as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king break forth in sweat: and as for the words of the inchantment, they served to keepe him still waking from *sleepe.*"

25. In the *Life of Dr. Fian,* already quoted: "Againe it is confessed, that the said christened cat was the cause of the *Kinge's majestie's shippe, at his coming forth of Denmarke, had a contrarie winde to the rest of his shippes* then being in his companie."

32. *Weird* is from the Saxon *wyrd,* and means the same as the Latin *fatum;* so that *weird sisters* is the *fatal sisters,* or the *sisters of fate.* Gawin Douglas, in his translation of Virgil, renders *Parcæ* by *weird sisters.* Which agrees well with Holinshed in the passage which the Poet no doubt had in his eye: "The com-

mon opinion was, that these women were either the *weird sisters,* that is (as ye would say), the *goddesses of destinie,* or else some nymphs or feiries, indued with knowledge of prophesie by their necromanticall science, bicause everie thing came to passe as they had spoken."

53. That is, creatures of fantasy or imagination.

71. According to Holinshed, "Sinell, the thane of Glammis, was Macbeth's father."

84. *Henbane* or *hemlock.* Thus Batman's *Commentary on Bartholome de Proprietate Rerum*: "Henbane is called *insana,* mad, for the use thereof is perillous; for if it be eate or dronke it breedeth madnesse, or slow lykenesse of sleepe. Therefore this hearb is called commonly mirilidium, for it taketh away wit and reason." And in Greene's *Never too Late*: "You have gazed against the sun, and so blemished your sight, or else you have eaten of the roots of *hemlock,* that makes men's eyes conceit unseen objects."

137. *Fears* here is put for the *objects of fear,* the effect for the cause; a not uncommon form of speech.

140. *Single* here bears the sense of *weak, feeble.* So in *The Tempest,* "A *single* thing, as I am now." And in what the Chief Justice says to Falstaff: "Is not your chin double, your wit *single?*"

142. That is, *facts* are lost sight of. Macbeth *sees* nothing but what is unreal, nothing but the spectres of his own fancy. So, likewise, in the preceding clause: the mind is crippled, disabled for its proper function or office by the apprehensions and surmises that throng upon him. Macbeth's conscience here acts through his imagination, sets it all on fire, and he is terror-stricken and lost to the things before him, as the elements of evil, hitherto latent within him, gather and fashion themselves into the wicked purpose. His mind has all along been grasping and reaching forward for grounds to build criminal designs upon; yet he no sooner begins to build them than he is seized and shaken with horrors which he knows to be imaginary, yet cannot allay. Of this wonderful development of character Coleridge justly says: "So surely is the guilt in its germ anterior to the supposed cause and immediate temptation." And again: "Every word of his soliloquy shows the early birthdate of his guilt. . . . He wishes the end, but is irresolute as to the means; conscience distinctly warns him, and he lulls it imperfectly." How greedily the swelling evil of his conception has kept snatching at and sucking in, one after

another, the offerings of occasion! thus proving indeed that the *elements* of crime were all in him before; yet his being surprised with such an ecstasy of terror equally proves that the guilty *purpose* is new to him, that his thoughts are unused to it.

Scene IV.

9. That is, well instructed in the art of dying. The behaviour of the thane of Cawdor corresponds in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate earl of Essex, as related by Stowe. His asking the queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian.

22-27. "Here, in contrast with Duncan's '*plenteous joys*,' Macbeth has nothing but the commonplaces of loyalty, in which he hides himself with 'our duties.' Note the exceeding effort of Macbeth's addresses to the king, his reasoning on his allegiance, and then especially when a new difficulty, the designation of a successor, suggests a new crime." Such is Coleridge's comment on the text.

39. Holinshed says, "Duncan, having two sons, made the elder of them, called Malcolm, prince of Cumberland, as it was thereby to appoint him his successor in his kingdome immediatelie after his decease. Macbeth sorely troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered, (where, by the old laws of the realme the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted,) he began to take counsel how he might usurpe the kingdome by force, having a just quarrel so to doe, (as he tooke the matter,) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might in time to come pretend, unto the crowne." Cumberland was then held in fief of the English crown.

54. Of course during Macbeth's last speech Duncan and Banquo were conversing apart, he being the subject of their talk. The beginning of Duncan's speech refers to something Banquo has said in praise of Macbeth. Coleridge says—"I always think there is something especially Shakespearian in Duncan's speeches throughout this scene, such pourings-forth, such abandonments, compared with the language of vulgar dramatists, whose characters seem to have made their speeches as the actors learn them."

Scene V.

26. "Macbeth," says Coleridge, "is described by Lady Macbeth so as at the same time to reveal her own character. Could he have everything he wanted, he would rather have it innocently; —ignorant, as alas! how many of us are, that he who wishes a temporal end for itself does in truth will the means; and hence the danger of indulging fancies."

30, 31. That is, *supernatural* aid. We find *metaphysics* explained *things supernatural* in the old dictionaries. *To have thee crown'd* is to *desire* that you should be crowned. Thus in *All's Well that Ends Well,* I. ii.: "Our dearest friend prejudicates the business and would *seem to have* us make denial."

41. This passage is often sadly marred in the reading by laying peculiar stress upon *my;* as the next sentence also is in the printing by repeating *come,* thus suppressing the pause wherein the speaker gathers and nerves herself up to the terrible strain that follows.

42. *Mortal* and *deadly* were synonymous in Shakespeare's time. In another part of this play we have "the *mortal* sword," and "*mortal* murders." The spirits here addressed are thus described in Nashe's *Pierce Penniless*: "The second kind of devils, which he most employeth, are those northern *Martii,* called the *spirits of revenge,* and the authors of massacres, and seedsmen of mischief, for they have commission to incense men to rapines, sacrilege, theft, murder, wrath, fury, and all manner of cruelties: and they command certain of the southern spirits to wait upon them, as also great Arioch, that is termed *the spirit of revenge.*"

54. A similar expression occurs in Drayton's *Mortimeriados,* 1596: "The sullen night in mistie *rugge* is wrapp'd."

Scene VI.

10. "The subject of this quiet conversation," says Sir J. Reynolds, "gives repose to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakespeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented. This also is fre-

quently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image or picture of familiar domestic life."

13. To *bid* is here used in the Saxon sense of to *pray*. God *yield* us, is God *reward* us. Malone and Steevens were perplexed by what they call the obscurity of this passage. If this be obscure, we should like to know what isn't. Is anything more common than to thank people for annoying us, as knowing that they do it from love? And does not Duncan clearly mean, that his love is what puts him upon troubling them thus, and therefore they will be grateful to him for the pains he causes them to take?

20. That is, "We remain as *hermits* or *beadsmen* to pray for you."—Here again we quote from Coleridge: "The lyrical movement with which this scene opens, and the free and unengaged mind of Banquo, loving nature, and rewarded in the love itself, form a highly dramatic contrast with the laboured rhythm and hypocritical over-much of Lady Macbeth's welcome, in which you cannot detect a ray of personal feeling, but all is thrown upon the 'dignities,' the general duty."

Scene VII.

4. *Surcease* is end, stop. Thus in Bacon's essay *Of Church Controversies*: "It is more than time that there were an end and *surcease* made of this immodest and deformed manner of writing lately entertained, whereby matter of religion is handled in the style of the stage."—*His* for *its*, referring to assassination.

7. "We'd *jump the life to come*," that is, we'd *risk* it. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. viii.: "Our fortune lies upon this *jump*."

23. *The sightless couriers of the air* are what the Poet elsewhere calls the *viewless winds*.

27. The using of *self* for *aim* or *purpose* is quite lawful and idiomatic; as we often say such a one *overshot himself*, that is, overshot his mark or aim.

47 *et seq.* It is said that Mrs. Siddons, in her personation of Lady Macbeth, used to utter the horrible words of this speech in a scream, as though she were almost frightened out of her wits by the audacity of her own tongue. And we can easily conceive how a spasmodic action of fear might lend her the appearance of

superhuman or inhuman boldness. At all events, it should be observed that Lady Macbeth's energy and intensity of purpose overbears the feelings of the woman, and that some of her words are spoken more as suiting the former, than as springing from the latter. And her convulsive struggle of feeling against that overbearing violence of purpose might well be expressed by a scream.

59. Three modes of pointing have been pitched upon here by different critics, namely, (!) (?) (.), of which we prefer the latter. Here, again, we have recourse to Mrs. Siddons, who, it is said, tried "three different intonations in giving the words *We fail.* At first, a quick, contemptuous interrogation, *We fail?* Afterwards, with a note of admiration, *We fail!* and an accent of indignant astonishment, laying the principal emphasis on the word *we.* Lastly, she fixed on the simple period, modulating her voice to a deep, low, resolute tone, which settled the issue at once; as though she had said, 'If we fail, why, then we fail, and all is over.' This is consistent with the dark fatalism of the character, and the sense of the following lines; and the effect was sublime."

64. Shakespeare has taken his metaphor from the *screwing up* of the cords of stringed instruments to their proper degree of tension, when the peg remains fast in its *sticking-place.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

7-9. It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the witches that his waking senses were shocked at; and Shakespeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose.

50. In the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida,* 1602, we have the following lines:—

> "'Tis yet the dead of night, yet all the earth is clutch'd
> In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep:
> No breath disturbs the quiet of the air,

No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
Save howling dogs, night-crows, and screeching owls,
Save meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.
. . . . . I am great in blood,
Unequall'd in revenge:—you horrid scouts
That sentinel swart night, give loud applause
From your large palms."

55. The original has *sides,* which Pope changed to *strides.* This, however, has been objected to as not cohering with "stealthy pace," and "moves like a ghost." But *strides* did not always carry an idea of violence or noise. Thus in the *Faerie Queene,* iv. 8, 37:—

"They passing forth kept on their readie way,
With *easie* step so *soft* as foot could *stryde.*"

And Shakespeare in his *Rape of Lucrece* says in like manner of Tarquin, while going about the *ravishing:*—

"Into her chamber wickedly he *stalks,*
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed."

56-60. Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such horror to the night, as well suited with the bloody deed he was about to perform. Burke, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,* observes, that "all general privations are great because they are terrible." The poets of antiquity have many of them heightened their scenes of terror by dwelling on the silence which accompanied them.

Scene II.

13, 14. Warburton has remarked upon the fine art discovered in this "one touch of nature." That some fancied resemblance to her father should thus rise up and stay her uplifted arm, shows that in her case conscience works quite as effectually through the feelings, as through imagination in the case of her husband. And the difference between imagination and feeling is, that the one acts most at a distance, the other on the spot. This gush of native tenderness, coming in thus after her terrible audacity of thought and speech, has often reminded us of a line in Schiller's noble

drama, *The Piccolomini*: "Bold were my words, because my deeds were *not*." And we are apt to think that the hair-stiffening extravagance of her previous speeches arose in part from the sharp conflict between her feelings and her purpose; she endeavouring thereby to school and steel herself into a firmness and fierceness of which she feels the want.

35-40. This whole speech is commonly printed as what Macbeth imagines himself to have heard; whereas all from *the innocent sleep* is evidently his own conscience-stricken reflections on the imaginary utterances.—Upon this appalling scene Coleridge thus remarks: "Now that the deed is done or doing—now that the first reality commences, Lady Macbeth shrinks. The most simple sound strikes terror, the most natural consequences are horrible, whilst previously everything, however awful, appeared a mere trifle; conscience, which before had been hidden to Macbeth in selfish and prudential fears, now rushes upon him in her own veritable person."

55. With her firm self-control, this bold, bad woman, when awake, was to be moved by nothing but *facts*: when her powers of self-control were unknit by sleep, then was the time for her to see things that were not, save in her own conscience.

62, 63. The old copy reads—"Making the Green one Red." *Multitudinous seas* would seem to require that *one* should not be coupled with *green*. Of course the sense of the line is—"Making the green *water all* red." Milton's Comus has a like expression: "And makes one blot of *all* the air."

68, 69. That is, your firmness hath *forsaken* you, *doth not attend* you.

73. This is an answer to Lady Macbeth's reproof. "While I have *the thought* of this deed, it were best not know, or *be lost* to myself."

Scene III.

5, 6. So in Hall's *Satires*, iv. 6:—

> "Each muckworme will be rich with lawless gaine,
> Altho' he smother up mowes of seven yeares graine,
> *And hang'd himself when corne grows cheap againe.*"

21, 22. So in *Hamlet*: "Himself the *primrose path* of dalliance treads." And in *All's Well that Ends Well*: "The *flowery way* that leads to the great fire."

26, 27. The *second cock* means *three* o'clock. So *Romeo and Juliet,* IV. iv. 3: "The *second cock* hath crowed, the curfew bell hath rung, 'tis *three* o'clock."

63, 64. The *owl* was always considered a bird of direful omen. The poet elsewhere has—"The ominous and fearful owl of death." And of Richard III. it is said—"The owl shriek'd at thy birth."

117. To *gild* with blood is a very common phrase in old plays. Johnson says, "It is not improbable that Shakespeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth, as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists of antithesis and metaphor."

131. That is, when we have clothed our half-dressed bodies.

136. *Pretence* is here used for *design,* intention: a usage quite frequent in Shakespeare. Thus in *The Winter's Tale,* III. ii.: "The *pretence* whereof being by circumstances partly laid open." And in *Coriolanus,* I. ii.: "Nor did you think it folly to keep your great *pretences* veil'd, till when they needs must show themselves."—Banquo's meaning is—Relying upon God, I swear perpetual war against this treason, and all the *secret plottings* of malice, whence it sprung.

146-148. Meaning that he suspects Macbeth, who was the next in blood.—Suspecting this murder to be the work of Macbeth, Malcolm thinks it could have no purpose but what himself and his brother equally stand in the way of; that the "murderous shaft" must pass through them to reach its mark.

Scene IV.

5 *et seq.* Collier and Verplanck change *travelling* to *travailing* here, on the ground that the former "gives a puerile idea"; whereupon Dyce remarks: "In this speech *no mention is made of the sun* till it is described as 'the *travelling* lamp,' the epithet 'travelling' determining *what* 'lamp' was intended: the instant, therefore that '*travelling*' is changed to 'travailing,' the word 'lamp' ceases to signify the sun." To which we will add, that if *travelling lamp* "gives a puerile idea," it may be thought, nevertheless, to have a pretty good sanction in Psalm xix.: "In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun; which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course." It should

be remarked that in the Poet's time the same form of the word was used in the two senses of *travel* and *travail*.—"After the murder of King Duffe," says Holinshed, "for the space of six months togither there appeared no sunne by daye, nor moone by night, in anie part of the realme; but still the sky was covered with continual clouds; and sometimes such outrageous winds arose, with lightenings and tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction."

18. Holinshed relates that after King Duff's murder "there was a *sparhawk* strangled by an *owl*," and that "*horses* of *singular beauty* and *swiftness* did *eat their own flesh*."

33. *Colme-kill* (meaning the cell or chapel of St. Columba) is the famous Iona, one of the Western Isles mentioned by Holinshed as the burial-place of many ancient kings of Scotland.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

14. This was the phrase of Shakespeare's time for a feast or banquet given on a particular occasion, to *solemnize* any event, as a birth, marriage, coronation.

72. That is, to the *uttermost*, to the last extremity. This phrase, which is found in writers who preceded Shakespeare, is borrowed from the French. The sense of the passage is—"Let fate, that has foredoomed the exaltation of Banquo's sons, enter the lists in aid of its own decrees, I will fight against it to the uttermost, whatever be the consequence."

95. The *valued file* is the *list* wherein their *value* and peculiar qualities are set down.

132, 133. Always remembered that I must stand clear of suspicion.

Scene II.

31. That is, do him the highest honour.

32-35. The sense of this passage appears to be—It is a sign that our royalty is unsafe, when it must descend to flattery and stoop to dissimulation.

38. Ritson has justly observed that *nature's copy* alludes to *copyhold* tenure; in which the tenant holds an estate for *life*,

having nothing but the *copy* of the rolls of his lord's court to show for it. A *lifehold* tenure may well be said to be not *eternal.*

42. That is, the beetle borne along the air by its *shards* or *scaly* wings. Steevens had the merit of first showing that *shard* or *sherd* was an ancient word for *scale;* as appears by the following lines from Gower's *Confessio Amantis*:—

> "She sigh, her thought a dragon tho,
> Whose *sherdes* shynen as the sonne."

And again, speaking of a serpent:—

> "He was so *sherded* all about,
> It held all edge tool without."

49. *That great bond* is Banquo's life—the copyhold tenure alluded to in line 38 above. So in Richard III., IV. iv.: "*Cancel his bond of life,* dear God, I pray."

50. Thus in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*:—

> "Fold your flocks up, for the air
> 'Gins to *thicken,* and the sun
> Already his great course hath run."

Scene III.

10. They who are set down in the list of guests, and expected at the banquet.

Scene IV.

5. Her *chair* of state; a royal chair with a canopy over it.

14. Better that his blood should be on you than in him.

34. The last clause of this sentence depends upon *vouch'd;* that feast which is not often vouch'd or declared to be given with welcome is as if sold to your guests.

63, 64. That is, these self-generated fears are imposters when compared with true fear.

71-73. The same thought occurs in *The Faerie Queene,* ii. 8, 16: "But be entombèd in the raven or the *kight.*"

92, 93. [*Re-enter Ghost*] Much question has been made, whether there be not two several ghosts in this scene; some maintaining

that Duncan's enters here, and Banquo's before; others, that Banquo's enters here, and Duncan's before. The whole question seems absurd enough. But perhaps it will be best disposed of by referring to Dr. Forman, who, as he speaks of Banquo's ghost, would doubtless have spoken of Duncan's, had there been any such. "The night, being at supper with his noblemen, whom he had bid to a feast, (to the which also Banquo should have come,) he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, *standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo* came, and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw *the ghost of Banquo,* which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth."

105. That is, if I *stay at home* then. The passage is thus explained by Horne Tooke: "Dare me to the desert with thy sword; if then I do not meet thee there; if trembling I stay in my castle or any *habitation;* if I then hide my head, or *dwell* in any place through fear, protest me the baby of a girl."

111. *Pass over* us without our wonder, as a casual summer cloud passes unregarded.

113. You make me a stranger even to my own disposition, now when I think you can look upon such sights unmoved.

128. That is, *what* say'st thou *to or of this circumstance*?

141. Johnson explains this, "*You want sleep,* which *seasons* or gives the relish to all natures." So in *All's Well that Ends Well*: "'Tis the best brine a maiden can *season* her praise in."

Scene V.

[*Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate*] Shakespeare has been censured for bringing in Hecate among the vulgar witches, as confounding ancient with modern superstitions. But, besides that this censure itself confounds the Weird Sisters with the witches of popular belief, the common notions of witchcraft in his time took classical names for the chiefs and leaders of the witches. In Jonson's *Sad Shepherd* Hecate is spoken of as mistress of the witches, "our *dame Hecate.*" Charles Lamb says of the Weird Sisters: "They are foul anomalies, of whom we know not whence they are sprung, nor whether they have beginning or ending. As they are without human passions, so they seem to be without

human relations. They come with thunder and lightning, and vanish to airy music. This is all we know of them. Except Hecate, they have no names, which heightens their mysteriousness." And the same charming critic elsewhere contrasts the Weird Sisters with the hags of popular superstition. Speaking of the witches of Rowley and Dekker, he says—"They are the plain, traditional, old-woman witches of our ancestors—poor, deformed, and ignorant, the terror of villages—themselves amenable to a justice. That should be a hardy sheriff, with the power of the county at his heels, that should lay hands on the weird sisters. They are of another jurisdiction." It is worth remarking, also, how Dr. Forman speaks of the Weird Sisters, as he saw them on the Poet's own stage. "There was to be observed, first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women *Fairies* or *Nymphs*, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, Macbeth," etc. Which looks as if this dealer in occult science knew better than to call them witches, yet scarce knew what else to call them.

24. *Profound* here signifies having deep or secret qualities. The *vaporous drop* seems to have been the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantments.

33. [*Song after this line*] We subjoin from Middleton's *Witch* the song which has always been used here in the representation, and which ought to go with the rest of the incantations, as having probably been sanctioned by the Poet's choice. Dyce says, "It is so highly fanciful, and comes in so happily, that one is almost tempted to believe it was written by Shakespeare, and had been omitted in the printed copies of his play."

"*Song above.*	Come away, come away,
	Hecate, Hecate, come away!
Hecate.	I come, I come, I come, I come,
	With all the speed I may,
	With all the speed I may.
	Where's Stadlin?
Voice above.	Here.
Hecate.	Where's Puckle?
Voice above.	Here;

And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too;
We lack but you, we lack but you:
Come away, make up the count.

Hecate. I will but 'noint, and then I mount.
[*A Spirit like a cat descends.*

Voice above. There's one come down to fetch his dues,
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood;
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse, I muse,
Since the air 's so sweet and good.

Hecate. O, art thou come? What news, what news?

Spirit. All goes still to our delight:
Either come, or else refuse, refuse.

Hecate. Now I 'm furnished for the flight.

Fire. Hark, hark! the cat sings a brave treble in her own language.

Hecate Going up. Now I go, now I fly,
Malkin my sweet spirit and I.
O, what a dainty pleasure 'tis
To ride in the air
When the moon shines fair,
And sing and dance, and toy and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas, our mistress' fountains,
Over steeples, towers, and turrets,
We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits;
No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
No howls of wolves, no yelps of hounds;
No, not the noise of water's breach,
Or cannon's throat, our height can reach.

Voices above. No ring of bells," etc.

Scene VI.

35. The construction is: "Free our feasts and banquets from bloody knives."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

33. That is, a tiger's *entrails.*—In sorting the materials wherewith the weird sisters celebrate their infernal orgies, and com-

pound their "hell-broth," Shakespeare gathered and condensed the popular belief of his time. Ben Jonson, whose mind dwelt more in the circumstantial, and who spun his poetry much more out of the local and particular, made a grand showing from the same source in his *Mask of Queens*. But his powers did not permit, nor did his purpose require him to select and dispose his materials so as to cause anything like such an impression of terror. Shakespeare so weaves his incantations as to cast a spell upon the mind, and force its acquiescence in what he represents; explode as we may the witchcraft he describes, there is no exploding the witchcraft of his description; the effect springing not so much from what he borrows as from his own ordering thereof.

43. [*Song after this line*] This song also, like the former, was not given in the printed copy of the play, and has been supplied from Middleton's *Witch*, the manuscript of which was discovered towards the close of the eighteenth century. The lines commonly used on the stage are:—

> "Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
> Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!"

Probably both songs were taken from the "traditional wizard poetry of the drama."

68. [*Armed head appears*] The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff, untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child, with a crown on his head and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane.—*Upton.*

70. Silence was necessary during all incantations. So in *The Tempest*: "Be *mute*, or else our spell is marr'd."

72. Spirits thus evoked were supposed to be impatient of being questioned.

78. So the expression still in use: "I listened with *all the ears I had.*"

93. The present accent of *Dunsinane* is right. In every other instance the accent is misplaced. Thus in Hervey's *Life of King Robert Bruce*, 1729:

> "Whose deeds let Birnam and *Dunsinnan* tell,
> When Canmore battled and the villain fell."

95. That is, *press* it into his *service*.

119. The notion of a magic *glass* or charmed mirror, wherein any one might see whatsoever of the distant or the future pertained to himself, seems to have been a part of the old Druidical mythology. There is an allusion to it in *Measure for Measure*, II. ii.: "And, like a prophet, looks in a *glass* that shows what *future evils*," etc. Such was the "brod mirrour of glas" which "the King of Arabie and of Inde" sent to Cambuscan, as related in *The Squieres Tale* of Chaucer. But the most wonderful glass of this kind was that described in *The Faerie Queene*, iii. 2, which

> "The great Magitien Merlin had devis'd
> By his deepe science and hell-dreaded might."
> "It vertue had to shew in perfect sight
> Whatever thing was in the world contaynd,
> Betwixt the lowest earth and hevens hight,
> So that it to the looker appertaynd:
> Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,
> Therein discover'd was, ne ought mote pas,
> Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd;
> Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,
> Like to the world itselfe, and seemd a World of Glas."

123. In Warwickshire, when a horse, sheep, or other animal perspires much, and any of the hair or wool, in consequence of such perspiration, or any redundant humour, becomes matted into tufts with grime, and sweat, he is said to be *boltered;* and whenever the blood issues out and coagulates, forming the locks into hard clotted bunches, the beast is said to be *blood-boltered.* When a boy has a broken head, so that his hair is matted together with blood, his head is said to be *boltered.*

Scene II.

3, 4. Our flight is considered as evidence of treason or of guilty fear.

20. That is, fear makes us credit rumour, yet we know not what to fear, because ignorant when we offend; meaning, of course, that under such a king as Macbeth "to do harm is often laudable, to do good sometime accounted dangerous folly." A condition wherein men believe the more, because they fear, and fear the more, because they cannot foresee the danger.

22. *Move* is for movement or motion.

65. That is, I am perfectly acquainted with your rank.

84. [*Exit Lady Macduff, etc.*] "This scene," says Coleridge, "dreadful as it is, is still a relief, because a variety, because domestic, and therefore soothing, as associated with the only real pleasures of life. The conversation between Lady Macduff and her child heightens the pathos, and is preparatory for the deep tragedy of their assassination. Shakespeare's fondness for children is everywhere shown;—in Prince Arthur in *King John*; in the sweet scene in *The Winter's Tale* between Hermione and her son; nay, even in honest Evans's examination of Mrs. Page's schoolboy."

Scene III.

4. *Birthdom,* for the place of our birth, our native land. To *bestride* one that was down in battle, was a special bravery of friendship.

19, 20. A good mind may recede from goodness under an imperial command.

24. That is, must still look *as it does.* A similar expression occurs in *All's Well that Ends Well,* II. iii.: "Good alone is good without a name; vileness *is so.*"

33, 34. "Wear thou thy *wrongs*"—that is, the *honours* thou hast won by *wrong*; or else wrongs as opposed to *rights.*—That is, the title is *confirmed* or ascertained, that none dare challenge it.

86. That is, summer-*resembling* lust; the passion that burns a while like summer, and like summer passes away; whereas the other passion, *avarice,* has no such date, but grows stronger and stronger to the end of life.

140 *et seq.* Holinshed has the following respecting Edward the Confessor: "As it has been thought, he was inspired with the gift of prophecy, and also to have the gift of healing infirmities and diseases. He used to help those that were vexed with the disease commonly called the king's evil, and left that virtue as it were a portion of inheritance unto his successors, the kings of this realm." The custom of touching for the king's evil was not wholly laid aside till the days of Queen Anne, who used it on the infant Dr. Johnson.—The *golden stamp* was the coin called *angel.*

177. Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra,* II. v.: "We use to say *the dead are well.*"

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

37. Probably Lady Macbeth fancies herself in talk with her husband; and, he having said through fear, "Hell is murky," she repeats his words, as in scorn of his cowardice.

47. She is alluding to the terrors of Macbeth when the ghost of Banquo broke in on the festivity of the banquet.

55. Upon this awful passage Verplanck has written in so high a style of criticism that we cannot forbear to quote him. After remarking how fertile is the sense of smell in the milder and gentler charms of poetry, he observes: "But the smell has never been successfully used as the means of impressing the imagination with terror, pity, or any of the deeper emotions, except in this dreadful sleep-walking of the guilty Queen, and in one parallel scene of the Greek drama, as wildly terrible as this. It is the passage of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, where the captive prophetess Cassandra, wrapt in visionary inspiration, scents first the smell of blood, and then the vapours of the tomb breathing from the palace of Atrides, as ominous of his approaching murder. These two stand alone in poetry; and Fuseli in his lectures informs us that when, in the kindred art of painting, it has been attempted to produce tragic effect through the medium of ideas drawn from 'this squeamish sense,' even Raphael and Poussin have failed, and excited disgust instead of terror or compassion."—And Mrs. Siddons, after quoting Lady Macbeth's—'All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand,' adds: "How beautifully contrasted is the exclamation with the bolder image of Macbeth, in expressing the same feeling: 'Will all great Neptune's ocean wash the blood clean from this hand?' And how appropriately either sex illustrates the same idea!"

Scene II.

5. By *the mortified man* is meant a *religious man*; one who has mortified his passions, is dead to the world.

10. That is, unbearded, smooth-faced. So in *The Tempest*: "Till new-born chins be *rough* and razorable."

Scene IV.

16-18. Evidently meaning, when we have a king that will rule by law we shall know both our rights and our duties. This note is made because some critics have vented an unworthy sneer, not at the Poet, but at the brave old warrior for speaking thus.

Scene V.

17. Lady Macbeth's dying thus before her husband has been justly remarked upon as a most judicious point in the drama. It touches Macbeth in the only spot where he seems to retain the feelings of a man, and draws from him some deeply-solemn, soothing, elegiac tones; so that one rises from the contemplation of his awful history "a sadder and a wiser man." A critic in the *Edinburgh Review* is almost eloquent upon these closing passages: "Macbeth, left alone, resumes much of that connection with humanity which he had so long abandoned: his thoughtfulness becomes pathetic; and when at last he dies the death of a soldier, the stern satisfaction, with which we contemplate the act of justice that destroys him, is unalloyed by feelings of personal wrath or hatred. His fall is a sacrifice, and not a butchery."

21. *The last syllable of recorded time* signifies the last syllable of the record or register of time.

28. Coleridge is eloquent upon this: "Alas for Macbeth! Now all is inward with him; he has no more prudential prospective reasonings. His wife, the only being who could have had any seat in his affections, dies; he puts on despondency, the final heart-armour of the wretched, and would fain think everything shadowy and unsubstantial, as indeed all things are to those who cannot regard them as symbols of goodness."

Scene VII.

2. This was a phrase of bear-baiting. "Also you shall see two ten-dog *courses* at the great bear" [*i.e.*, the bear attacked by ten dogs, an attack being called a *course*].—*Antipodes*, by Brome.

Scene VIII.

1. Alluding probably to the suicide of Cato of Utica, that of Brutus at Philippi, or both; or to such Roman suicides in general

7. Thus Casca, in *Julius Cæsar*: "Speak, hands, for me."

9. The air which cannot be cut. So in *Hamlet,* I. i.: "For it is, as the air, invulnerable."

12. In the days of chivalry, the champions' arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath that he used no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit. To this likewise Posthumus alludes in *Cymbeline,* V. iii.: "I, in mine own woe *charm'd,* could not find death."

34. To cry *hold!* when persons were fighting, was an authoritative way of separating them, according to the old military laws. This is shown by a passage in Bellay's *Instructions for the Wars,* declaring it to be a capital offence, "Whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold,* to the intent to part them." This illustrates the passage in I. v. of this play: "Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark *to cry Hold, hold!*"

49. The same incident is related in Camden's *Remains,* from Henry of Huntingdon: "When Siward, the martial Earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, 'in the fore part,' he replied, '*I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine.*'"

62-64. "Malcolm, immediately after his coronation," says Holinshed, "called a Parliament at Forfair; in which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth. Manie of them that were before *thanes* were at this time made *earles*; as Fife, Menteith, Atholl, Levenox, Murrey, Caithness, Rosse, and Angus."

Questions on Macbeth.

1. What play of Middleton bears some resemblance to *Macbeth*?

2. What arguments are found for joint authorship in certain parts of this play?

3. What probable date is assigned for the composition of *Macbeth*? Whence did Shakespeare derive the materials for this drama? In what part of the story did he make an important alteration?

4. What is the duration of the action of *Macbeth*? How much of it occurs during the night? Is great heightening of tragic feeling derived from the darkness?

ACT FIRST.

5. How does Shakespeare sound the keynote at the opening of every play? Illustrate by *Macbeth* and compare with *Hamlet*.

6. What was there in the beliefs of Shakespeare's time to warrant his use of witchcraft in *Macbeth*? What nature and powers were ascribed to witches then? What battle is dimly suggested by the Second Witch? Need the witches have possessed supernatural powers in order to fortell Macbeth's advancement?

7. Do Duncan's first words foreshadow anything of the tragic action of the play?

8. On what was Macbeth engaged at the time of the opening of the drama? What effect had his conduct of this enterprise upon his reputation?

9. Duncan addresses Macbeth as *cousin*; does this imply blood-relationship?

10. What poetic titles does Ross apply to Macbeth, and what is their significance?

11. What was a thane?

12. How were the minds of Banquo and Macbeth differently affected by the prophecies of the witches?

13. The First Witch threatens to take the form of *a rat without a tail*. Explain these words.

14. What kind of disposition does Shakespeare ascribe to Duncan? Was Duncan a weak king? Was he a reader of men? What was the ingratitude to which he refers, Sc. iv. 15?

15. What impression does Macbeth convey at his first entrance? By his dwelling on the witches' prophecies?

16. When does the changed feeling of Macbeth towards Banquo first show itself? What distinctness do you find in the character of the thane of Cawdor, although he does not appear on the stage?

17. How does Lady Macbeth differ in disposition from her husband? How does the letter to her from Macbeth bear upon the plot? How does she at her first entrance at once take an important part in the action?

18. Mention some of the minor characters who appear in the first act, and state what part they play.

19. *Are ye fantastical, or that indeed which outwardly ye show?* Explain these words and say how they occur in the play.

20. Analyze Macbeth's soliloquy (opening of Sc. vii.) as a whole.

ACT SECOND.

21. What *cursed thoughts* visited Banquo in his sleep.

22. Does the soliloquy that ends Sc. i. present a new phase of Macbeth's nature? How does he regard the dagger? Explain its appearance to him.

23. Interpret the lines in the soliloquy beginning, *Thou sure and firm-set earth.*

24. What bell is it that breaks the soliloquy?

25. *Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done't.* Explain these words. Who utters them?

26. Is poetic horror heightened by having the deed done off the stage? To what canon of the Greek drama does this conform?

27. What is felt at Lady Macbeth's first words to Macbeth on his return from the murder?

28. From recital (Sc. ii.) of his hallucination of hearing voices, Macbeth passes to highly poetic soliloquy. What revelation of his nature is made by this transition? At this point does Lady Macbeth understand him?

29. *My hands are of your colour, but I shame*
To wear a heart so white.

Explain these words. How do they occur in the play?

30. What do you think of Macbeth's loss of self-mastery in his refusal to return with the daggers?

31. *Wake Duncan with thy knocking!* Is this cry hortatory or grimly derisive?

32. *Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.* Explain these words and state how they occur.

33. What strange portents are said to have accompanied the murder of Duncan?

34. In the Porter's soliloquy can you find any expressions that seem to you un-Shakespearian? What dramatic and mechanical purposes does it serve? Is the burlesquing here broader than in the Grave-diggers' scene of *Hamlet*?

35. Give in your own words the sense of the passage (Sc. iii. 90) beginning, *Had I but died an hour before this chance.*

36. Describe and contrast the ways in which Macbeth and Macduff announce Duncan's death to Donalbain. What different mental states are indicated?

37. Who first suspects Macbeth of Duncan's murder?

38. Is Sc. iv. an adequate close for this act?

ACT THIRD.

39. How is the mutual distrust of Banquo and Macbeth after the latter has become king described by Shakespeare?

40. Is it for the sake of plot or of character that Macbeth is made (Sc. i. 30) to refer to the absent sons of Duncan? Could it help his case with Banquo? Was his course with Banquo already determined in his mind?

41. How does Macbeth draw from Banquo the facts he wants without arousing his suspicion? What quality of Banquo's makes Macbeth fear to have him live? What additional reason comes to his mind?

42. How does Macbeth contrive motives for the murderers he commissions to kill Banquo? What ulterior motive has he? Is he wise or foolish in showing the murderers why he wishes Banquo dead?

43. Why does Macbeth send a third murderer to the scene?

44. What is the significance of Banquo's parting words to Fleance?

45. *'Tis better thee without than he within.* Explain these words and state when they were uttered.

46. What dramatic purpose is served by making Macbeth speak of Banquo immediately after the entrance of his ghost and before Macbeth sees it? At what moment does Macbeth recognize the ghost? Should the ghost really appear on the stage?

47. How would you characterize Lady Macbeth's speech (Sc. iv. 60) to her husband, made at such a moment? What efforts does she make to save the situation?

48. Is there any significant hint of the hour at which the ghost scene occurs? Does anything develop here concerning Macbeth's relation to the supernatural? What change toward him is assumed by the Weird Sisters? Can you give any reason for this?

49. Show from the language of the play that Shakespeare represented the ghost of Banquo as being visible only to Macbeth.

50. Mention, giving examples, any different senses in which the word "mortal" is used in *Macbeth*.

51. What were the forces opposed to Macbeth, and what was the state of the kingdom?

ACT FOURTH.

52. What do the three figures signify, which rise from the witches' cauldron to speak to Macbeth?

53. In what mood is Macbeth when he first addresses the Weird Sisters? Note his multiplying of images.

54. How does Macbeth receive the prophecies of his visitants?

55. What is the symbolism of the eight kings?

56. Does Hecate accomplish her revenge?

57. What important news reaches Macbeth just after the witches vanish? What does it determine him to do?

58. Where are the second and third scenes of Act IV. placed? Is the unity of action marred by these changes? Do they give enlargement of view?

59. Compare with Act I. and Act II. and tell how the action centers around Macbeth.

60. What at this time was the relation of Ross to the king? How does Ross describe the condition of the times?

61. What is the effect of the dialogue between Lady Macduff and her son?

62. How and why does Malcolm defame himself in his conversation with Macduff?

63. When and how do we learn that Lady Macduff met her fate at the same time as her children?

64. What was Macduff's mission to Malcolm?

65. In this dialogue what trait of character does Macduff pre-eminently exhibit?

ACT FIFTH.

66. Why is the Gentlewoman reticent about the words of Lady Macbeth?

67. When did Lady Macbeth last appear upon the scene? Has she now ceased to take a part in the action of the play?

68. With what earlier scene is that of the sleep-walking intimately connected? What words of Lady Macbeth are reminiscent of previous words of hers?

69. In what different ways does remorse affect Macbeth and Lady Macbeth?

70. Describe the new phases of Macbeth's distemper which appear in the second and third scenes of Act V.

71. Is Macbeth really puzzled, as his words to the Doctor indicate, by the state of the country?

72. In saying (Sc. v. 9) *I have almost forgot the taste of fears,* does Macbeth appear to understand himself?

73. Is Macbeth moved by the news of the Queen's death?

74. Does the expectation of Macbeth hold out to the end? Does he abandon his hope in the unnatural prediction about one not born of woman?

75. What was the last fulfillment of the mysterious prophecies?

---

76. Consider the plot and principal characters of the play. What is its moral significance? Has it a historical basis?

77. Give reasons why *Macbeth* is a great drama. Do you consider it to be Shakespeare's greatest tragedy; if so, why?

78. Which is the strongest passage in the play, and why? Where does it reach its climax?

79. Name some of the qualities of Lady Macbeth. What impression of womankind does she give you in her first soliloquy?

80. Summarize the traits of Macbeth's character. Is he more

complex than Lady Macbeth? Which has the more conscience? What utterances or actions prove it?

81. What is the clue to the great change in Macbeth's will power?

82. At what point of the play does Macbeth begin to act independently of Lady Macbeth?

83. Why does Shakespeare put so much beautiful poetry into the mouth of such a character as Macbeth. Compare Macbeth in this respect with Iago.

84. How long before the murder does Macbeth contemplate the deed. Compare him in this with Hamlet. But for Lady Macbeth would Macbeth have killed Duncan?

85. In what does Macbeth's punishment consist? What one word says it all?

86. What really breaks down Lady Macbeth at the end? Is it the same cause which breaks down Macbeth himself?

87. Is Macbeth a poet? Is he a coward? If he is a coward, how do you explain his bravery in battle? If he is not a coward, how do you explain his hesitancy and scruples?

88. Has Macbeth great powers of dissimulation? Is his deterioration through ambition sudden and contrary to the ordinary course of gradual moral decay?

89. Does Banquo take any determining part in the action of the play? How do you regard his character? Why did Shakespeare depart from Holinshed in not making Banquo accessory to the crime?

90. Malcolm and Macduff: were they weak or cowards in fleeing for their lives? Did anything justify Macduff in leaving his family?

91. What does the knocking at the gate typify? What the sleep-walking scene?

92. The Weird Sisters: why does Shakespeare make them real, instead of introducing them to Macbeth in a dream? What do they stand for in the play?

93. Contrast the use of the word *metaphysical* (I. v. 30) with its present ordinary meanings. Mention any other words used in *Macbeth* in senses different from those they have now.

94. What does this drama show beyond the ordinary point that "murder will out"?

Measure for Measure

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Preface.

The First Edition. *Measure for Measure* was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies pp. 61-84, and holds the fourth place among the 'Comedies.' No direct reference to the play has been found anterior to its publication in 1623, nor is there any record of its performance before the Restoration, when Davenant produced his *Law against Lovers,* a wretched attempt to fuse *Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado About Nothing* into one play.

The Date of Composition. All arguments for the date of composition of *Measure for Measure* must be drawn from general considerations of style, and from alleged allusions. As regards the latter, it has been maintained that two passages (Act I. i. 68-71 and Act II. iv. 27-30) offer "a courtly apology for King James I.'s stately and ungracious demeanour on his entry into England," and various points of likeness in the character of the Duke and James have been detected.* This evidence by itself would be of little value, but it certainly corroborates the æsthetic and metrical tests, which fix the date of composition about the year 1603-4. Further, in 1607, William Barksted, an admirer of our poet, published a poem, entitled *Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis,* wherein occurs an

* The entry usually cited from the accounts of the Revels at Court from Oct. 1604 to Oct. 1605 is now known to be a forgery. "By his Ma^tis Plaiers on Stivens night in the Hall, a Play called 'Mesur for Mesur'": probably, however, the forgery was based on authentic information.

obvious reminiscence of a passage in *Measure for Measure*:—

> "And like as when some sudden extasie
> Seizeth the nature of a sicklie man;
> When he's discerned to swoon, straight by and by
> Folke to his helpe confusedly have ran;
> And seeking with their art to fetch him backe,
> So many throng, that he the ayre doth lacke."

(*cp. Measure for Measure,* II. iv. 24-27).

Mr. Stokes has advanced the ingenious conjecture that Barksted, as one of the children of the Revels, may have been the original actor of the part of Isabella.*

The strongest argument for the date 1603, generally adopted by critics, is derived from the many links between this play and *Hamlet*; they both contain similar reflections on Life and Death, though *Measure for Measure* "deals, not like *Hamlet* with the problems which beset one of exceptional temperament, but with mere human nature" (W. Pater, *Appreciations,* p. 179). There are, moreover, striking parallelisms of expression in the two plays. Similarly, incidents in *Measure for Measure* recall *All's Well that Ends Well*; Isabella and Helena seem almost twin-sisters; but the questions at issue concerning the latter play are too intricate to warrant us in drawing conclusions as regards the date of the former play.

Source of the Play. The plot of *Measure for Measure* was ultimately derived from the *Hecatommithi* of Giraldi Cinthio† (Decad. 8, Nov. 5): the direct source,

* *Cp. The Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays*; H. P. Stokes; 106-109.

† Concerning the historical basis of the story, *cp. Notes and Queries,* July 29th 1893; in 1547 a Hungarian student in Vienna narrated the occurrence in a letter to a friend in Sárvár: (*cp.* also Goulast's *Histoires admirables et mèmorables advenues de Nostre* Temps, 1607). It would seem that the subject had already been dramatized by Claude Rouillet in his Philamire, published in 1563, two years before Cinthio's Hecatommithi.

however, was a dramatisation of the story by George Whetstone, whose *Promos and Cassandra,* never acted, was printed in 1578. The title of this tedious production is noteworthy as indicating the rough outline of Shakespeare's original:—

The Right Excellent and Famous| History| of Promos and Cassandra;| divided into two Comical Discourses.| In the first part is shown,| the unsufferable abuse of a lewd Magistrate,| the virtuous behaviour of a chaste Lady:| the uncontrolled lewdness of a favoured Courtesan,| and the undeserved estimation of a pernicious Parasite.| In the second part is discoursed,| the perfect magnanimity of a noble King| in checking Vice and favouring Virtue:| Wherein is shown| the Ruin and Overthrow of dishonest practices,| with the advancement of upright dealing.| (*Cp.* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare Library*; Part II. Vol. ii.)

In 1582 Whetstone included a prose version of the same story in his *Heptameron of Civil Discourses,*—a version probably known to Shakespeare; it has even been inferred that "in this narrative he may well have caught the first glimpse of a composition with nobler proportions."

The old play of *Promos and Cassandra* may claim *the* distinction of having provided the rough material for *Measure for Measure*; the earlier production should be read in order to understand, somewhat at least, how Shakespeare has transformed his crude original; how he has infused into it a loftier motive; how he has ennobled its heroine, and created new episodes and new characters. The picture of the wronged, dejected mistress of the moated grange is wholly Shakespeare's.

Duration of Action. The time of action consists of four days:—

Day 1. Act I. Scene i. may be taken as a kind of prelude, after which some little interval must be supposed in order to permit the new governors of the city to settle

to their work. The rest of the play is comprised in three consecutive days.

Day 2 commences with Act I. Scene ii. and ends with Act IV. Scene ii.

Day 3 commences with Act IV. Scene ii. and ends with Act IV. Scene iv.

Day 4 includes Act IV. Scenes v. and vi., and the whole of Act V. which is one scene only (P. A. Daniel; *On the Times in Shakespeare's Plays; New Shakespeare Soc.,* 877-79).

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Vincentio, Duke of Vienna, being desirous of introducing reforms into his government, particularly along the line of public morality, announces that he is to travel in distant lands, and delegates his authority to Angelo, a man renowned for probity in public and purity in private life. Instead of leaving the city, the Duke assumes the habit of a friar and remains to watch secretly the actions of his deputy. Claudio, a young gentleman of Vienna, wrongs his betrothed, Juliet, who is with child by him. Though the lovers contemplate early marriage, Claudio becomes amenable to an old law—till then obsolete—which fixes capital punishment for his sin. And the stern Angelo, anxious to make a striking example of the first offender brought before him, sentences Claudio to death. The latter's sister, Isabella, is on the point of entering a nunnery, but being advised of her brother's peril, resolves to intercede with the deputy.

II. Angelo vigorously prosecutes his work of reform in morality. In his zeal he has scant time for mercy; and Isabella at her first interview with him can obtain no leniency for her brother. But she awakens in Angelo a passion that had hitherto lain dormant in his cold nature. At her second interview with him he proposes in so many words that she purchase her brother's pardon with her own honour.

III. The virtuous maiden spurns the proffered terms and hastens to Claudio, in prison, whom she exhorts to

prepare for death, since his life can be procured only by her disgrace. Claudio at first upholds her decision; but the fear of death weakens his resolution and he implores her to yield for his sake. Isabella, deeply angered, is on the point of leaving him to his fate, when the disguised Duke—who has heard their conversation—enters the cell. He tells Isabella privately of a way by which she can save her brother without compromising herself. It is by appearing to yield to Angelo, appointing a rendezvous with him, and then sending in her stead one Mariana, who had been engaged in marriage to and then deserted by Angelo.

IV. The Duke takes Isabella to Mariana's house, where the details of the plan are arranged. Angelo, having accomplished his purpose with the supposed Isabella, sends an order to prison for the immediate execution of Claudio. The Duke is in the prison when the order arrives, and finds means to save Claudio by displaying the head of another man who had just died and who resembled him. The Duke then advises his deputy by letter that he will shortly return to the city.

V. The Duke appears at the city gates, clad in his proper costume. He is met by Angelo and other officials. Isabella publicly accuses Angelo of seduction and murder. The Duke feigns anger towards her and places her under arrest. Mariana in turn brings accusation. The Duke retires, leaving the inquiry in his deputy's hands, and shortly returns in his costume of friar in order to act as witness in the testimony of the two women. Circumstances in the trial force him to resume suddenly his rank as Duke; whereupon he visits merited condemnation upon Angelo, who is sentenced to death, after being married to Mariana for her own protection. The penalty is averted by the entreaties of the wife, seconded by the gentle Isabella. Claudio is released from prison and enjoined to wed with Juliet, while the Duke sues for the hand of Isabella.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

The Poet's Purpose in this Play.

The Puritans, who dreamed of leading the Christian Church back to its original purity, and who had returned home after their banishment during the reign of Mary with the ideal of a democratic Church before their eyes, could not possibly approve of a State Church subject to the crown, or of such an institution as Episcopacy. Some of them looked to Scottish Presbyterianism as a worthy model, and desired to see Church government by laymen, the elders of the congregation, introduced into England, in place of the spiritual aristocracy of the bishops. Others went still farther, denied the necessity of one common form of worship for all, and desired to have the Church broken up into independent congregations, in which any believer might officiate as priest. We have here the germs of the great party division in Cromwell's time into Presbyterians and Independents.

So far as we can see, Shakespeare took no interest whatever in any of these ecclesiastical or religious movements. He came into contact with Puritanism only in its narrow and fanatical hatred of his art, and in its severely intolerant condemnation and punishment of moral, and especially of sexual, frailties. All he saw was its Pharisaic aspect, and its often enough only simulated virtue.

It was his indignation at this hypocritical virtue that led him to write *Measure for Measure.* He treated the subject as he did, because the interests of the theatre demanded that the woof of comedy should be interwoven with the severe and sombre warp of tragedy. But what a comedy! Dark, tragic, heavy as the poet's mood—a tragi-comedy, in which the unusually broad and realistic comic scenes, with their pictures of the dregs of society, cannot relieve the painfulness of the theme, or disguise the positively criminal nature of the action. One feels throughout, even in the comic episodes, that Shakespeare's

burning wrath at the moral hypocrisy of self-righteousness underlies the whole structure like a volcano, which every moment shoots up its flames through the superficial form of comedy and the interludes of obligatory merriment.

And yet it is not really against hypocrisy that his attack is aimed. At this stage of his development he is far too great a psychologist to depict a ready-made, finished hypocrite. No, he shows us how weak even the strictest Pharisee will prove, if only he happens to come across the temptation which really tempts him; and how such a man's desire, if it meets with opposition, reveals in him quite another being—a villain, a brute beast—who allows himself actions worse a hundredfold than those which, in the calm superiority of a spotless conscience, he has hitherto punished in others with the utmost severity.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

III.

Isabella.

The humorous scenes would be altogether repulsive were it not that they are needed to present, without disguise or extenuation, the worst of moral license and corruption out of and above which rise the virginal strength and severity and beauty of Isabella. At the entrance to the dark and dangerous tragic world into which Shakspere was now about to pass stand the figures of Isabella and of Helena—one the embodiment of conscience, the other the embodiment of will. Isabella is the only one of Shakspere's women whose heart and eyes are fixed upon an impersonal ideal, to whom something abstract is more, in the ardor and energy of her youth, than any human personality. Out of this Vienna, in which

> "Corruption boils and bubbles
> Till it o'errun the stew,"

emerges this pure zeal, this rectitude of will, this virgin

sanctity. Isabella's saintliness is not of the passive, timorous, or merely meditative kind. It is an active pursuit of holiness through exercise and discipline. She knows nothing of a Manichæan hatred of the body; the life runs strongly and gladly in her veins; simply her soul is set upon things belonging to the soul, and uses the body for its own purposes. And that the life of the soul may be invigorated, she would bring every unruly thought into captivity, "having in a readiness to revenge all disobedience." . . .

Isabella does not return to the sisterhood of Saint Clare. Putting aside from her the dress of religion, and the strict conventual rule, she accepts her place as Duchess of Vienna. In this there is no dropping-away, through love of pleasure or through supineness, from her ideal; it is entirely meet and right. She has learned that in the world may be found a discipline more strict, more awful, than the discipline of the convent; she has learned that the world has need of her. Her life is still a consecrated life; the vital energy of her heart can exert and augment itself through glad and faithful wifehood, and through noble station, more fully than in seclusion. To preside over this polluted and feculent Vienna is the office and charge of Isabella, "a thing ensky'd and sainted."

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

IV.

Angelo.

Angelo is not so properly a hypocrite as a self-deceiver. For it is very considerable that he wishes to be, and sincerely thinks that he is what he affects and appears to be; as is plain from his consternation at the wickedness which opportunity awakens into conscious action within him. For a most searching and pregnant exposition of this type of character the reader may be referred to Bishop Butler's Sermon before the House of Lords on the 30th

of January; where that great and good man, whose every sentence is an acorn of wisdom, speaks of a class of men who "try appearances upon themselves as well as upon the world, and with at least as much success; and choose to manage so as to make their own minds easy with their faults, which can scarce be done without management, rather than to mend them." Thus Angelo for self-ends imitates sanctity, and gets taken in by his own imitation. His original fault lay in forgetting or ignoring his own frailty. As a natural consequence, his "darling sin is pride that apes humility"; and his pride of virtue, his conceit of purity, "my gravity wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride," while it keeps him from certain vices, is itself a far greater vice than any it keeps him from; insomuch that Isabella's presence may almost be said to *elevate* him into lust. And perhaps the array of low and loathsome vices, which the Poet has clustered about him in the persons of Lucio, the Clown, and Mrs. Over-done, was necessary to make us feel how unspeakably worse than any or all of these is Angelo's pride of virtue. It can hardly be needful to add, that in Angelo this "mystery of iniquity" is depicted with a truth and sternness of pencil, that could scarce have been achieved but in an age fruitful in living examples of it.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

The Duke.

The Duke has been rather hardly dealt with by critics. The Poet—than whom it would not be easy to find a better judge of what belongs to wisdom and goodness—seems to have meant him for a wise and good man; yet he has represented him as having rather more skill and pleasure in strategical arts and roundabout ways than is altogether compatible with such a character. Some of his alleged

reasons for the action he is going about reflect no honour on him: but it is observable that the result does not approve them to have been his real ones: his conduct at the end infers better motives than his speech offered at the beginning; which naturally suggests that there may have been more of purpose than of truth in his statement of them. A liberal, sagacious, and merciful prince, but with more of whim and caprice than suits the dignity of his place, humanity speaks richly from his lips; yet in his action the philosopher and divine is better shown than the statesman; and he seems to take a very questionable delight in moving about as an unseen providence, by secret counsels leading the wicked designs of others to safe and wholesome issues. Schlegel thinks "he has more pleasure in overhearing his subjects than in governing them in the usual way of princes"; and sets him down as an exception to the old proverb,—"A cowl does not make a monk": and perhaps his princely virtues are somewhat obscured by the disguise which so completely transforms him into a monk. Whether he acts upon the wicked principle with which that fraternity is so often reproached, or not, it is pretty certain that some of his means can be justified by nothing but the end: so that if he be not himself wrong in what he does, he has no shield from the charge but the settled custom of the order whose functions he undertakes. Schlegel justly remarks, that "Shakespeare, amidst the rancour of religious parties, delights in painting monks, and always represents their influence as beneficial; there being in his plays none of the black and knavish specimens, which an enthusiasm for Protestantism, rather than poetical inspiration, has put some modern poets upon delineating. He merely gives his monks an inclination to be busy in the affairs of others, after renouncing the world for themselves; though in respect of pious frauds he does not make them very scrupulous." As to the Duke's pardon of Angelo, though Justice seems to cry out against the act, yet in the premises it were still more unjust in him to do otherwise; the deception he has

practised upon Angelo in the substituting of Mariana having plainly bound him to the course he takes.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

The Minor Characters.

They [the comic scenes], as well as the loftier scenes of the piece, are but too faithful pictures of the degrading and hardening influence of licentious passion, from the lighter profligacy of Lucio, the dissipated gentleman, to the grosser and contented degradation of the Clown; and if these are all painted with the truth of Hogarth or Crabbe, they are depicted with no air of sport or mirth, but rather with that of bitter scorn. The author seems to smile like his own Cassius, "as if he mocked himself." Thus Elbow, in his self-satisfied conceit and pedantic ignorance, would appear, as some of the critics regard him, simply as an inferior version of Dogberry. But he is not a Dogberry in whose absurdities the author himself luxuriates, but one whose peculiarities are delineated with a contemptuous sneer. Lucio, again, is a character unfortunately too common in civilized, and especially in city, life—a gentleman in manners and education, and of good natural ability, made frivolous in mind and debased in sentiment and disposition by licentious and idle habits—thus substantially not a very different character from some of the lighter personages of the prior dramas; but he differs mainly from them because exhibited under a very different light, and regarded in a different temper. The others are represented in his scenes as they appeared to the transient acquaintance, or the companions of their pleasures. But the poet looks deeper into the heart and life of Lucio, and portrays this man of pleasure in the same mood which governs the higher and more tragic scenes of this drama—a mood sometimes contemptuous,

sometimes sad, often indignant, but never such as had been his former wont, either merely playful or imaginative. Thus it seems to me that, if his comic scenes excite mirth from their truth, it is a mirth in which the author did not participate; and their sarcastic humour assimilates itself in feeling to that of the stern and grave interest of the plot, and the strong passion of its poetic scenes. Characters, in themselves light and amusing, are branded with contempt from the degradation of licentious habits; while the same passion, in a form of less grossness, but of deeper guilt, prostrates before it high reputation, talent, and wisdom. The intellectual and amiable Claudio, willing to purchase "the weariest and most loathed worldly life," at any cost of shame and sin, is strangely contrasted with the drunken Barnardine, "careless, reckless, and fearless of what is past, present, or to come." Indeed, the higher characters are mainly discriminated from the lower ones, in this moral delineation, in that conscience is dull or dead in the latter, while it appears in all its terrors in Angelo and Claudio, and in all the majesty of purity in Isabella.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

VII.

The Play as a Whole.

There is very much in *Measure for Measure* that of itself would assign it to the period of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona, All's Well that Ends Well, Titus Andronicus, Love's Labour's Lost*—plays which are all equally remarkable for imperfections, and for the beauties and displays of genius associated with them. . . .

The city of Vienna is the scene of the play—it is represented as a very sink of sensual defilement, corrupted and ravaged in every physical and moral quality, the consequence of the suspension, for fourteen years, of the activity of most severe statutes framed to check the national tendency to grossness and licence. The delineation of

such a state of course presents us with images and persons disgusting and contemptible in every sense; and this is one great cause of the uncongenial effect of the entire play. The progress of public demoralization is rather exaggerated than relieved by the character of the reaction to which it has conduced. Dissoluteness in one quarter is compensated by austerity equally in excess in another, and the pride of unblushing and ostentatious vice is matched by equal parade of ostentatious virtue. The picture is a true one of the effect on morals of laws or maxims too severe to be executed; and the action of the play exhibits the farther disorder and complication resulting from the mere revival of unamended statutes, that had never become obsolete but for their need of amendment, and can scarcely have a better fate again. All the questions involved are brought to issue in the play, though it scarcely leaves assurance in conclusion that the instructive experience will have its full weight for the future. We are spectators of a receptacle of stagnant impurities in vehement ferment, and working through stages of decomposition, but the hope of ultimate purification is scarcely set forth so cheeringly as to compensate for the disagreeableness of what we witness.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

[*Measure for Measure*] is perhaps, after *Hamlet, Lear,* and *Macbeth,* the play in which Shakspeare struggles, as it were, most with the over-mastering power of his own mind; the depths and intricacies of being, which he has searched and sounded with intense reflection, perplex and harass him; his personages arrest their course of action to pour forth, in language the most remote from common use, thoughts which few could grasp in the clearest expression; and thus he loses something of dramatic excellence in that of his contemplative philosophy. . . . I do not value the comic parts highly: Lucio's impudent profligacy, the result rather of sensual debasement than

of natural ill disposition, is well represented; but Elbow is a very inferior repetition of Dogberry. In dramatic effect, *Measure for Measure* ranks high: the two scenes between Isabella and Angelo, that between her and Claudio, those where the Duke appears in disguise, and the catastrophe in the fifth act, are admirably written and very interesting; except so far as the spectator's knowledge of the two stratagems which have deceived Angelo may prevent him from participating in the indignation at Isabella's imaginary wrong which her lamentations would excite.

HALLAM: *Introduction to the Literature of Europe.*

In *Measure for Measure* Shakspeare was compelled, by the nature of the subject, to make his poetry more familiar with criminal justice than is usual with him. All kinds of proceedings connected with the subject, all sorts of active or passive persons, pass in review before us: the hypocritical lord deputy, the compassionate provost, and the hard-hearted hangman; a young man of quality who is to suffer for the seduction of his mistress before marriage, loose wretches brought in by the police, nay, even a hardened criminal, whom even the preparations for his execution cannot awaken out of his callousness. But yet, notwithstanding this agitating truthfulness, how tender and mild is the pervading tone of the picture! The piece takes improperly its name from punishment; the true significance of the whole is the triumph of mercy over strict justice; no man being himself so free from errors as to be entitled to deal it out to his equals. The most beautiful embellishment of the composition is the character of Isabella, who, on the point of taking the veil, is yet prevailed upon by sisterly affection to tread again the perplexing ways of the world, while, amid the general corruption, the heavenly purity of her mind is not even stained with one unholy thought: in the humble robes of the novice she is a very angel of light. When the cold and stern Angelo, heretofore of unblemished reputation,

whom the duke has commissioned, during his pretended absence, to restrain, by a rigid administration of the laws, the excesses of dissolute immorality, is even himself tempted by the virgin charms of Isabella, supplicating for the pardon of her brother Claudio, condemned to death for a youthful indiscretion; when at first, in timid and obscure language, he insinuates, but at last impudently avouches, his readiness to grant Claudio's life to the sacrifice of her honour; when Isabella repulses his offer with a noble scorn; in her account of the interview to her brother, when the latter at first applauds her conduct, but at length, overcome by the fear of death, strives to persuade her to consent to dishonour—in these masterly scenes, Shakspeare has sounded the depths of the human heart. The interest here reposes altogether on the represented action; curiosity contributes nothing to our delight, for the duke, in the disguise of a monk, is always present to watch over his dangerous representative, and to avert every evil which could possibly be apprehended; we look to him with confidence for a happy result. The duke acts the part of the monk naturally, even to deception; he unites in his person the wisdom of the priest and the prince. Only in his wisdom he is too fond of round-about ways; his vanity is flattered with acting invisibly like an earthly providence; he takes more pleasure in overhearing his subjects than governing them in the customary way of princes. As he ultimately extends a free pardon to all the guilty, we do not see how his original purpose, in committing the execution of the laws to other hands, of restoring their strictness, has in any wise been accomplished.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

In *Measure for Measure,* in contrast with the flawless execution of *Romeo and Juliet,* Shakespeare has spent his art in just enough modification of the scheme of the older play to make it exponent of this purpose, adapting its ter-

rible essential incidents so that Coleridge found it the only painful work among Shakespeare's dramas, and leaving for the reader of to-day more than the usual number of difficult expressions; but infusing a lavish color and a profound significance into it, so that under his touch certain select portions of it rise far above the level of all but his own best poetry, and working out of it a morality so characteristic that the play might well pass for the central expression of his moral judgements. It remains a comedy, as indeed is congruous with the bland, half-humorous equity which informs the whole composition, sinking from the heights of sorrow and terror into the rough scheme of the earlier piece; yet, it is hardly less full of what is really tragic in man's existence than if Claudio had indeed "stooped to death." Even the humorous concluding scenes have traits of special grace, retaining in less emphatic passages a stray line or word of power, as it seems, so that we watch to the end for the traces where the nobler hand has glanced along, leaving its vestiges, as if accidentally or wastefully, in the rising of the style. . . .

The action of the play, like the action of life itself for the keener observer, develops in us the conception of this poetical justice, and the yearning to realize it, the true justice of which Angelo knows nothing, because it lies for the most part beyond the limits of any acknowledged law. The idea of justice involves the idea of rights. But at bottom rights are equivalent to that which really is, to facts; and the recognition of his rights therefore, the justice he requires of our hands, or our thoughts, is the recognition of that which the person, in his inmost nature, really is; and as sympathy alone can discover that which really is in matters of feeling and thought, true justice is in its essence a finer knowledge through love.

> "'Tis very pregnant:
> The jewel that we find we stoop and take it,
> Because we see it; but what we do not see
> We tread upon, and never think of it."

It is for this finer justice, a justice based on a more delicate appreciation of the true conditions of men and things, a true respect of persons in our estimate of actions, that the people in *Measure for Measure* cry out as they pass before us; and as the poetry of this play is full of the peculiarities of Shakespeare's poetry, so in its ethics it is an epitome of Shakespeare's moral judgements. They are the moral judgements of an observer, of one who sits as a spectator, and knows how the threads in the design before him hold together under the surface: they are the judgements of the humourist also, who follows with a half-amused but always pitiful sympathy, the various ways of human disposition, and sees less distance than ordinary men between what are called respectively great and little things.

PATER: *Appreciations.*

Measure for Measure.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

VINCENTIO, *the Duke.*
ANGELO, *Deputy.*
ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord.*
CLAUDIO, *a young gentleman.*
LUCIO, *a fantastic.*
Two other gentlemen.
PROVOST.
THOMAS, } *two friars.*
PETER, }
A Justice.
VARRIUS.
ELBOW, *a simple constable.*
FROTH, *a foolish gentleman.*
POMPEY, *servant to Mistress Overdone.*
ABHORSON, *an executioner.*
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *sister to Claudio.*
MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*
JULIET, *beloved of Claudio.*
FRANCISCA, *a nun.*
MISTRESS OVERDONE, *a bawd.*

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Vienna.*

Measure for Measure.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus.
Escal. My lord.
Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency [you add
Due diligency] as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people, 10
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you're as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo. [*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love, 20
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th' observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings 30
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor, 40
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, Angelo:—
In our remove be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,

Before so noble and so great a figure 50
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you 60
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple; your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand:
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well 70
Their loud applause and Aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:

A power I have, but of what strength and nature 80
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I 'll wait upon your honour.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

Sec. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

Sec. Gent. 'Thou shalt not steal'? 10

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

First Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There 's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

Sec. Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said. 20

Sec. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

First Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

First Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

First Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list. 30

First Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou 'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee. 40

First Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

Sec. Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

Sec. Gent. To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

Sec. Gent. To three thousand dolours a year. 50

First Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

First Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Mistress Overdone.

First Gent. How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs Ov. Well, well; there 's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all. 60

Sec. Gent. Who 's that, I pray thee?

Mrs Ov. Marry, sir, that 's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

First Gent. Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Mrs Ov. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this? 70

Mrs Ov. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Sec. Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

First Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away! let 's go learn the truth of it. 80

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*

Mrs Ov. Thus, what with the war, what with the

sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter Pompey.

How now! what 's the news with you?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs Ov. Well; what has he done?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs Ov. But what 's his offence?

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs Ov. What, is there a maid with child by him? 90

Pom. No, but there 's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs Ov. What proclamation, man?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Mrs Ov. And what shall become of those in the city?

Pom. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Mrs Ov. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down? 100

Pom. To the ground, mistress.

Mrs Ov. Why, here 's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Pom. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I 'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Mrs Ov. What 's to do here, Thomas tapster? let 's 110 withdraw.

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost
to prison; and there 's Madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.
Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.
Claud. Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will; 120
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Re-enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?
Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.
Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I 130
would send for certain of my creditors: and yet,
to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery
of freedom as the morality of imprisonment.
What 's thy offence, Claudio?
Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.
Lucio. What, is 't murder?
Claud. No.
Lucio. Lechery?
Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir! you must go. 140

Claud. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they 'll do you any good.
Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract
I got possession of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends; 150
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new Deputy now for the Duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know 160
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name. 170

Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he 's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends 180
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as move men; besides, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I 'll to her. 190

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love

Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps. 10
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this.

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds, 20
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart 30
Goes all decorum.

Fri. T. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased:

And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office; 40
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight
To do in slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. Moe reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise; 50
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A nunnery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.
Lucio. [*within*] Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isab. Who 's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress: 11
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*
Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio? 20
Isab. Why, 'her unhappy brother'? let me ask
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he 's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! for what?
Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.
Isab. Sir, make me not your story.
Lucio. It is true. 30

I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:—
Your brother and his lover have embraced: 40
As those that feed grow full,—as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison,—even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain, though apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence; 50
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge 60

With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He—to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that 's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother. 71

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censured him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability 's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power? Alas, I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue, 80
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I 'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight:
No longer staying but to give the Mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:

Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I 'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good sir, adieu. 90
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A hall in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and a Justice, Provost, Officers, and other Attendants, behind.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father!
Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections, 10
Had time cohered with place or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two 20
Guiltier than him they try. What 's open made to justice,
That justice seizes: what know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgement pattern out my death, 30
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For that 's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. [*Aside*] Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone. 40

Enter Elbow, and Officers with Froth and Pompey.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What 's your name? and what 's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors. 50

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here 's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pom. He cannot, sir; he 's out at elbow. 60

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How? thy wife? 70

Elb. Ay, sir;—whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all unclean- 80 liness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stewed 90 prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,—

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for 100 prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well;—you being then, if you be re-

membered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,— 110

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Pom. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well, then,—

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was 120 done to her.

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—was 't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?—

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, 130 sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Pom. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I 'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you 'll find good cause to whip them all. 140

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.
[*Exit Angelo.*
Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pom. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I 'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He 's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer. Prove this, thou 180 wicked Hannibal, or I 'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest 190 what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what 's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, sir? 200

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you. 210

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit Froth.*] Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What 's your name, Master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing 220 about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade? 230

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to 't, then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging. 240

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you 'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I 'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well. 250

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel: [*Aside*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade:
The valiant heart 's not whipt out of his trade.

[*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow: come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable? 261

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.
Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They
do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't: are 270
there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?
Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as
they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for
them; I do it for some piece of money, and go
through with all.
Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six
or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.
Elb. To your worship's house, sir?
Escal. To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit Elbow.*]
What 's o'clock, think you? 280
Just. Eleven, sir.
Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.
Just. I humbly thank you.
Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there 's no remedy.
Just. Lord Angelo is severe.
Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet,—poor Claudio! There is no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.* 300

Scene II.

Another room in the same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He 's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I 'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*]
I 'll know
His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for 't!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what 's the matter, provost?
Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?
Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen, 10
When, after execution, Judgement hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.
Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She 's very near her hour.
Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.
Ang. Hath he a sister?
Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid, 20
And to be shortly of a sisterhood.
If not already.
Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*

See you the fornicatress be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for 't.

Enter Isabella and Lucio.

Prov. God save your honour!
Ang. Stay a little while. [*To Isab.*] You 're welcome: what 's your will?
Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.
Ang. Well; what 's your suit?
Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must; 31
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.
Ang. Well; the matter?
Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Prov. [*Aside*] Heaven give thee moving graces!
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault 's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record, 40
And let go by the actor.
Isab. O just but severe law!
I had a brother, then.—Heaven keep your honour!
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Give 't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say!

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy. 50

Ang. I will not do 't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He 's sentenced; 'tis too late.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword, 60
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, touch him; there 's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law, 71
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I condemn your brother: 80
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that 's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He 's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There 's many have committed it.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dared to do that evil, 91
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
Either now, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.
Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice; 100
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] That 's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder 110
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder.
Nothing but thunder! Merciful heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape, 120
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] O, to him, to him, wench! he will relent;
He 's coming; I perceive 't.

Prov. [*Aside*] Pray heaven she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou 'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.
Isab. That in the captain 's but a choleric word, 130
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Art avised o' that? more on 't.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue 140
Against my brother's life.
Ang. [*Aside*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me; come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark how I 'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.
Ang. How? bribe me?
Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You had marr'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond sicles of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor 150
As fancy values them; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Go to; 'tis well; away!
Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. [*Aside*] Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your worship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon. 160

Isab. 'Save your honour!

[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*

Ang. From thee,—even from thy virtue!
What 's this, what 's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough, 170
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, 180
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,

With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smiled, and wonder'd how.
[*Exit.*

Scene III.

A room in a prison.

Enter, severally, Duke disguised as a friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.
Prov. I am the provost. What 's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine, 10
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
And he that got it, sentenced; a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.
Duke. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you: stay awhile, [*To Juliet.*
And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently. 20

Duke. I 'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Jul. I 'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So, then, it seems your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
Jul. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent, 30
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—
Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you, *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*
Jul. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love, 40
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray

To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride, 10
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter a Servant.

How now! who 's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart, 20
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general subject to a well-wish'd king
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid? 30

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour!

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted 40
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth. 50

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather,—that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd!

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I 'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:— 60
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?
Isab. Please you to do 't,
I 'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleased you to do 't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit, 70
If that be sin, I 'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.
Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that 's not good.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder 80
Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me;
To be received plain, I 'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.
Isab. So.
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister, 90
Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-building law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death, 100
The impression of keen whips I 'ld wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I 'ld yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so? 110

Isab. Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love. 120

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well: 130
And from this testimony of your own sex,—
Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you 're none;
If you be one,—as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,—show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language. 140

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in 't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't: 151
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I 'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein: 160
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I 'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. 170
[*Exit.*

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will:
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,

To follow as it draws! I 'll to my brother:
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down 180
On twenty bloody blocks, he 'ld yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I 'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A room in the prison.

Enter Duke disguised as before, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. So, then, you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?
Claud. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I 've hope to live, and am prepared to die.
Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st, 10
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st

Are nursed by baseness. Thou 'rt by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains 20
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins, 30
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth not age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths: yet death we fear, 40
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Isab. [*Within*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who 's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.
Duke. Dear sir, ere long, I 'll visit you again.
Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.
Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here 's your sister.
Duke. Provost, a word with you. 50
Prov. As many as you please.
Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*
Claud. Now, sister, what 's the comfort?
Isab. Why,
As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.
Claud. Is there no remedy? 61
Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.
Claud. But is there any?
Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you 'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Claud. Perpetual durance?
Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.

Claud. But in what nature? 70
Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to 't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the point.
Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great 80
As when a giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word 90
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The prenzie Angelo!
Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In prenzie guards? Dost thou think, Claudio?—
If I would yield him my virginity,

Thou mightst be freed.

Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night 's the time 101
That I should do what I abhor to name.
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I 'ld throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin; 110
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become 120
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst

Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling:—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment 130
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair! 141
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I 'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd: 150
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Claud. O, hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile. [*Walks apart.* 160

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgement with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are 170 fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit Claudio.*] Provost, a word with you!

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. What 's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company. 180

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Provost. Isabella comes forward.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and 190 to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good Duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore 200 fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit 210 to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo. 220 230

Isab. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail? 240

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. 250 Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course,—and now follows all,—we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may 260 compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection. 270

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene II.

The street before the prison.

Enter, on one side, Duke disguised as before; on the other, Elbow, and Officers with Pompey.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Pom. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than inno- 10
cency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd! 20
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think

What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove— 30

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, 40
Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free!

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

Pom. I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here 's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest thou 50 to this tune, matter and method? Is 't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which

is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey? 60

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house. 70

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. 'Bless you, friar. 80

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pom. You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey; go. [*Exeunt Elbow, Pompey and Officers.*] What news, friar, of the Duke? 90

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't. 100

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you? 110

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But

it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative; that 's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace. 120

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way. 130

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing. 140

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise! why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice. 150

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love. 160

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the Duke. 170

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you 'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I 'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no? 180

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the Duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, 190 good friar: I prithee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He 's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here? 200

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Officers with Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs Ov. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Mrs Ov. My lord, this is one Lucio's information 210
against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promised her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license: let him be called before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Officers with Mistress Ov.*] Provost, my brother 220
Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you? 230

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. 240
There is scarce truth enough alive to make

societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurst:—much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation. 250

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die. 260

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty: but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice. 270

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you! [*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go; 280
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes,
Making practice on the times, 290
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The moated grange at St. Luke's.

Enter Mariana and a Boy.

Boy sings.

Take, O, take those lips away,
  That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
  Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
[*Exit Boy.*

Enter Duke disguised as before.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish 10
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; though music hath oft such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day. 20

Enter Isabella.

Duke. I do constantly believe you. The time is

come even now. I shall crave your forbearance
a little: may be I will call upon you anon, for
some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and well come.
What is the news from this good Deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate, 30
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this
way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me 40
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid; 51
She comes to do you good.
Isab. I do desire the like.
Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?
Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.
Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.
Mari. Will 't please you walk aside?
[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.*
Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes 60
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies!

Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.

Welcome, how agreed?
Isab. She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.
Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.
Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother.'
Mari. Fear me not. 70
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract:

To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tilth 's to sow.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in the prison.

Enter Provost and Pompey.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he 's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What, ho! Abhorson! Where 's Abhorson, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here 's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.* 30

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine. 40

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed? 50

Pom. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hang-

man is a more penitent trade than your bawd;
he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe
to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my
trade; follow.

Pom. I do desire to learn, sir: and I hope, if you
have occasion to use me for your own turn, you
shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kind- 60
ness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:
[*Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.*
The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here 's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where 's Barnar-
dine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him? 70
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*] But,
hark, what noise?
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit Claudio.*]
By and by.—
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter Duke disguised as before.

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night

Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of
late?
Prov. None, since the curfew rung.
Duke. Not Isabel?
Prov. No.
Duke. They will, then, ere 't be long.
Prov. What comfort is for Claudio.
Duke. There 's some in hope. 80
Prov. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he 's just. [*Knocking within.*
Now are they come.
[*Exit Provost.*
This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men. 90
[*Knocking within.*
How now! what noise? That spirit 's possess'd
with haste
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
Prov. None, sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we: 100
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mes. [*Giving a paper*] My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.* 110

Duke. [*Aside*] This is his pardon, purchased by such sin
For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy 's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he 120 hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let 's hear.

Prov. [*Reads*]
Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfac-

tion, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril. 130
What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent Duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: 140 and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what 's past, present, or to come; 150 insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution,

and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my self in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy. 160 170

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo. 180

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath. 190

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out 200 of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance of the Duke's death; 210 perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. 220

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another room in the same.

Enter Pompey.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here 's young Master Rash; he 's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now 'for the Lord's sake.'

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Bar. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [*Within*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy. 30

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Enter Barnardine.

Bar. How now, Abhorson? what 's the news with you? 40

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant 's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter Duke disguised as before.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how 50 hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all

night, and I will have more time to prepare me,
or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I
will not consent to die this day, that 's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's 60
persuasion.

Duke. But hear you.

Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to
me, come to my ward; for thence will not I
to-day. [*Exit.*

Duke. Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart!
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.
[*Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.*

Enter Provost.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is 70
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined;
And satisfy the Deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on 80
Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,

And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.
Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?
Duke. Let this be done.
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting 90
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.
Prov. I am your free dependant.
Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.
[*Exit Provost.*
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I 'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount, 100
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I 'll carry it myself.
Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.
Prov. I 'll make all speed. [*Exit.*
Isab. [*Within*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She 's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither: 110
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho, by your leave!
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world:
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter, 120
In your close patience.
Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isab. Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity:
The Duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes; 130
One of our covent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give: 140
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I 'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order, 150
If I pervert your course.—Who 's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where 's the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't. But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. 160 [*Exit Isabella.*

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do: he 's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you 'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I 'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke. 170

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar. 180

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I 'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we 'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness; pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why

meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street? 10

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed betimes i' the morn; I 'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir. Fare you well. 20

Ang. Good night. [*Exit Escalus.*

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body that enforced
The law against it! But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no;
For my authority bears of a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense, 31
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.

[*Exit.*

Scene V.

Fields without the town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me: [*Giving letters.*
The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.
Fri. P. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit.* 10

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk. There 's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Street near the city-gate.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I am advised to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.
Mari. Be ruled by him.
Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure

He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic
That 's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would Friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit, 10
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entering: therefore, hence, away!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The city-gate.

Mariana veiled, Isabella, and Friar Peter, at their stand. Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, Officers, and Citizens, at several doors.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met!
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. }
Escal. } Happy return be to your royal Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul

Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, 10
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand:
And good supporters are you.

Friar Peter and Isabella come forward.

Fri. P. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard 20
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? be brief.
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak 30
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me. here!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice,—

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo 's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo 's a murderer; is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief, 40
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her!—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion 50
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince:
If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,

If she be mad,—as I believe no other,— 60
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication 70
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger,—

Lucio. That 's I, an 't like your Grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That 's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have 80
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. A warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant 's for yourself; take heed to 't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of a tale,—
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right; but you are i' the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.
Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy,—
Duke. That 's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter. 90
Duke. Mended again. The matter;—proceed.
Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour, 100
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is most likely!
Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!
Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended, 110
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,

And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou camest here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know you 'ld fain be gone.—An officer! 120
To prison with her!—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly. 130

Duke. Words against me! this 's a good friar belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Fri. P. Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute, 140
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

Fri. P. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he 's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villanously; believe it.

Fri. P. Well, he in time may come to clear himself; 150
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,—
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo,—came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear,
Whensoever he 's convented. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused, 160
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let 's hear it.

[*Isabella is carried off guarded; and Mariana comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?—
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo:
In this I 'll be impartial: be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord: I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me. 170

Duke. What, are you married?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. Are you a maid?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. A widow, then?
Mari. Neither, my lord.
Duke. Why, you are nothing, then:—neither maid, widow, nor wife?
Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk: for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife. 180
Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.
Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord: it can be no better.
Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too! 190
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.
Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I 'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.
Ang. Charges she moe than me?
Mari. Not that I know. 200
Duke. No? you say your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.
Ang. This is a strange abuse. Let 's see thy face.
Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou sworest was worth the looking on;
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body 210
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.
Duke. Know you this woman?
Lucio. Carnally, she says.
Duke. Sirrah, no more!
Lucio. Enough, my lord.
Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman:
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but in chief, 220
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden-house

He knew me as a wife. As this is true, 230
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure. 240
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that 's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That 's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Fri. P. Would he were here, my lord! for he, indeed, 250
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly. [*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you;
But stir not you till you have well determined

Upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we 'll do it thoroughly. [*Exit Duke.*] Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person? 260

Lucio. 'Cucullus non facit monachum': honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I 'll handle her. 270

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she 'll be ashamed.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That 's the way; for women are light at midnight. 280

Re-enter Officers with Isabella; and Provost with the Duke in his friar's habit.

Escal. Come on, mistress: here 's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time: speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: did you set these women on to
slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you 290
did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne!
Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke 's in us; and we will hear you speak.
Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? 300
Good night to your redress! Is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The Duke 's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar,
Is 't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear, 310
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To the Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to the rack with him! We 'll
touse you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.
What, 'unjust'!

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,

Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble 320
Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman baldpate: do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your 330 voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke 340 so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the Duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses!

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal. Away with him to prison! Where is the provost? Away with him to prison! lay bolts

enough upon him: let him speak no more. 350
Away with those giglets too, and with the other
confederate companion!

Duke. [*To the Provost*] Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir!
Why, you bald-pated lying rascal, you must be
hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage,
with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face,
and be hanged an hour! Will 't not off?

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er madest a
Duke. 360
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.
[*To Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar
and you
Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. [*To Escalus*] What you have spoke I pardon: sit
you down.
We 'll borrow place of him. [*To Angelo*] Sir, by
your leave.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord, 370
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your Grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,

Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord. 380

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again. Go with him, provost.
[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter and Provost.*

Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd 390
Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose. But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death, 401
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother,—
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,— 410
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR MEASURE.
Then, Angelo, thy fault 's thus manifested;
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.
Away with him!
Mari. O my most gracious lord, 420
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.
Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.
Mari. O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man. 430
Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [*Kneeling.*
Duke. You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death! [*To Lucio*] Now, sir, to you.
Mari. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I 'll lend you all my life to do you service.
Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
Mari. Isabel, 440
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I 'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.
Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother lived: I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds, 450
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents, but merely thoughts.
Mari. Merely, my lord.
Duke. Your suit 's unprofitable; stand up, I say.

I have bethought me of another fault. 460
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died, 470
I have reserved alive.

Duke. What 's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.
[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy; 480
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, with Barnardine, Claudio muffled, and Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squarest thy life according. Thou 'rt condemn'd:
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow 's that?
Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved, 491
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself.
[*Unmuffles Claudio.*
Duke. [*To Isabella*] If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: but fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he 's safe;
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well: 500
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here 's one in place I cannot pardon.
[*To Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward.
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?
Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipt. 510
Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow,—

As I have heard him swear himself there 's one
Whom he begot with child, let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a Duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold. 520

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.

[*Exeunt Officers with Lucio.*

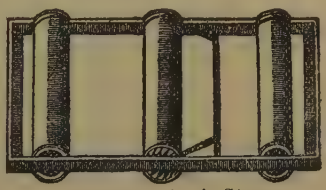
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo: 530
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There 's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you 'll a willing ear incline, 540
What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So, bring us to our palace; where we 'll show
What 's yet behind, that 's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Absolute, decided; "be abs.," *i.e.* "make up your mind"; III. i. 5; perfect, V. i. 54.
Abuse, delusion; V. i. 205.
Accommodations, comforts; III. i. 14.
Advertise, instruct; I. i. 42.
Advertising, instructing; V. i. 387.
Advice, consideration; V. i. 468.
Affection, feeling; II. iv. 168.
Affections, passions; III. i. 108.
After, at the rate of; II. i. 246.
All-building, being the ground and foundation of all; II. iv. 94 (other suggested emendations; all-binding; all-holding).
Appliances, remedies, means; III. i. 89.
Appointment, equipment; III. i. 60.
Approbation; "receive her ap.," *i.e.* enter upon her probation; I. ii. 178.
As, though indeed; II. iv. 89.
Avised, advised, aware; II. ii. 132.

Bark, peel away; III. i. 72.
Bastard (used equivocally), a kind of sweet wine; III. ii. 4.
Bay, an architectural term for a division of a building, marked by the single windows or other openings; II. i. 246.
Beholding, beholden; IV. iii. 163.
Belongings, endowments; I. i. 30.
Billets, small logs of wood; IV. iii. 55.
Bite by the nose, to treat with contempt; III. i. 109.
Blench, start away; IV. v. 5.
Boldness, confidence; IV. ii. 163.
Bonds, obligations; V. i. 8.
Boot, advantage, profit; II. iv. 11.
Bore in hand, kept in expectation; I. iv. 51-2.
Borne up, devised; IV. i. 48.
Bosom, heart's desire; IV. iii. 137.
Bottom; "to look into the b. of my place," *i.e.* "to know it thoroughly"; I. i. 79.
Brakes, instruments of torture. (See Notes.)



From an engraving in Steevens.

Bravery, finery; I. iii. 10.
Breeds; "my sense b. with it," *i.e.* "many new thoughts are awakened by it in me"; II. ii. 142.
Bum, alluding to Bumbast, cotton used to stuff out garments; II. i. 220.

From Bulwer's Pedigree of the English Gallant (1653).

Bunch of grapes, name of a room; it was the custom to name the several rooms in taverns; II. i. 132.

Censure, to pass judgement, or sentence, upon; I. iv. 72; II. i. 29.
Character, writing, outward mark; I. i. 28; handwriting, IV. ii. 202.
Characts, characters; V. i. 56.
Cheap, of small value; III. i. 183.
Circummured, walled round; IV. i. 28.
Clack-dish, a wooden dish or box carried by beggars; III. ii. 134.

From an old French painting in the Ashmolean Museum.

Clap, to begin without delay; IV. iii. 41.
Close, to make peace, come to an agreement; V. i. 345.
Close, silent, secret; IV. iii. 121.
Cold, cool, deliberate; IV. iii. 102.
Combinate, betrothed; III. i. 229.
Combined, bound; IV. iii. 147.
Comes off well, is well told; II. i. 57.
Commodity, quantity of wares, parcel; IV. iii. 5.
Compact, leagued; V. i. 242.
Composition, compact; V. i. 220.
Concerning; "c. her observance," *i.e.* "which it concerns her to observe"; IV. i. 42.
Concupiscible, concupiscent; V. i. 98.
Confixed, fixed; V. i. 232.
Conserve, preserve; III. i. 88.
Constantly, firmly; IV. i. 21.
Consummate, being consummated; V. i. 382.
Continue, blunderingly misunderstood by Elbow to refer to some penalty or other; II. i. 195; to let live, IV. iii. 86.

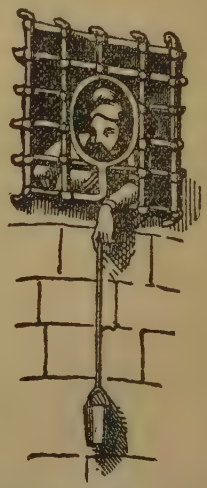
Contrarious, contradictory; IV. i. 62.
Convenient, fitting; IV. iii. 105.
Convented, summoned; V. i. 158.
Countenance, hypocrisy; V. i. 118.
Covent, convent; IV. iii. 131.
Creation; "their cr.," *i.e.* "their (men's) nature"; II. iv. 127.
Credent bulk, weight of credit; IV. iv. 28.
Credulous, readily yielding; II. iv. 130. "*Cucullus* non facit monachum," *i.e.* "All hoods make not monks"; V. i. 263.
Cunning, sagacity; IV. ii. 163.

Defiance, rejection, refusal; III. i. 143.
Definitive, resolved; V. i. 431.
Delighted, accustomed to ease and delight; III. i. 121.
Denunciation, declaration; I. ii. 147.
Deputation, deputyship; I. i. 21.
Desperately; "d. mortal," *i.e.* "terribly near death"; others, "desperate in his incurring of death"; "destined to die without hope of salvation"; IV. ii. 151.
Detected, charged, accused; III. ii. 129.
Determined, limited, bounded; III. i. 70.
Determines, assigns; I. i. 39.
Detest, Elbow's blunder for "protest"; II. i. 68.
Discover, recognise; IV. ii. 181.
Discover, expose; III. i. 197.
Dispenses with, excuses; III. i. 135.
Dissolution, death; III. ii. 237.
Disvalued, depreciated; V. i. 221.
Disvouched, contradicted; IV. iv. 1.
Dolours, used quibblingly with play upon "dollar"; I. ii. 50.
Draw; "as it refers to the tapster it signifies to drain, to empty"; as it is related to "hang" it means "to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle"; in Froth's answer it is the same as "to bring along by some motive or power"; II. i. 208.
Drawn in, taken in, swindled; II. i. 213.
Dressings, habiliments; V. i. 56.
Dribbling, weak; I. iii. 2.

Effects, expressions; III. i. 24.
Emmew, to coop up, "to force to lie in cover without daring to show themselves"; III. i. 91.
Enshield, concealed, enclosed; II. iv. 80.
Ensky'd, placed in heaven; I. iv. 34.
Entertain, desire to keep; III. i. 75.
Escapes, sallies; IV. i. 63.
Estimation, reputation; IV. ii. 28.
Evasion, excuse; I. i. 51.
Evils, privies; II. ii. 172.

Fact, crime; IV. ii. 141.

False, illegal; II. iv. 49.
Falsely, dishonestly, illegally; II. iv. 47.
Fault; "fault and glimpse," *i.e.* the faulty glimpse; a fault arising from the mind being dazzled by a novel authority; I. ii. 157.
Favour, used equivocally with a play upon "favour" = "countenance"; IV. ii. 32; face, IV. ii. 182.
Fear, affright; II. i. 2.
Fear; "to give fear," = "to intimidate"; I. iv. 62.
Feodary (so Folios 2, 3, 4; Fol. 1 fedarie), originally one who holds an estate by suit or service to a superior lord, hence one who acts under the direction of another; here, "one of the human fraternity"; II. iv. 122.
Fewness and truth, briefly and truly; I. iv. 39.
Pile, multitude; III. ii. 144.
Fine, punish; II. ii. 40; III. i. 115.
Fine, punishment; II. ii. 40.
Flourish, adorn; IV. i. 75.
Flowery tenderness, i.e. a tender woman "whose action is no stronger than a flower" (*cp.* Sonnet LXV. 4); III. i. 83.
Foison, plenty; I. iv. 43.
Fond, foolish; II. ii. 187; V. i. 105; foolishly overprized; II. ii. 149.
Foppery, folly; I. ii. 132.
Forfeit, liable to penalty; III. ii. 205.
"*For the Lord's sake,*" the supplication of imprisoned debtors to the passers-by; IV. iii. 21.



For the Lord's Sake.
From Braithwait's Honest Ghost, or A Voice from the Vault (1658).

Free, liberal; V. i. 392.
French crown, a bald head produced by a certain disease; used equivocally; I. ii. 52.

Garden-house, summer-house; V. i. 212.
General, populace; II. iv. 27.
Generation, race; IV. iii. 91.
Generative, (?) begot; "a motion g."; "a puppet born of a female being" (but probably Theobald's emendation is correct—"ungenerative"); III. ii. 119.

Generous and gravest, i.e. most generous and most grave; IV. vi. 13.
Ghostly, spiritual; IV. iii. 48.
Giglets, giglots; wantons; V. i. 351.
Glassy essence; "that essential nature of man which is like glass, from its faculty to reflect the image of others in its own, and from its fragility, its liability to injury or destruction"; II. ii. 120.
Grace, good fortune, happiness; I. iv. 69.
Gradation, regular advance from step to step; IV. iii. 102.
Grange, a solitary farmhouse; III. i. 275.
Gratulate, gratifying; V. i. 533.
Gravel, flinty; IV. iii. 66.
Guard; "stands at a guard with," *i.e.* "is on his guard against"; I. iii. 51.
Guards, facings, trimmings; III. i. 97.

Hannibal, Elbow's error for "cannibal"; II. i. 181.
Happily, haply; IV. ii. 98.
Heavy, drowsy; sleepy; IV. i. 35.
Helmed, directed; III. ii. 151.
Hent, seized, taken possession of; IV. vi. 14.
Hide, suppress; V. i. 67.
His, its; IV. i. 31.
Home and home, to the quick; IV. iii. 146.
Hot-house, bathing-house; II. i. 65.

Ignomy (so Folio 1) = ignominy (which word suits the metre better); II. iv. 111.
Impartial, taking no part; V. i. 166.
Imports, carries with it; V. i. 108.
Importune, urge; I. i. 57.
Incertain, unsettled, vague; III. i. 127.
Informal, insane; V. i. 236.
In good time, so be it, very well; III. i. 181.
Iniquity, see Justice.
Insensible of, indifferent to; IV. ii. 151.
Instance, intimation; IV. iii. 132.
Invention, imagination; II. iv. 3.
Inward, intimate friend; III. ii. 138.
Issues, purposes; I. i. 37.

Journal, diurnal; IV. iii. 90.
Justice or Iniquity; "that is the constable or the fool; Escalus calls the latter Iniquity in allusion to the old Vice, a familiar character in the ancient moralites and dumb-shows"; II. i. 174.

Keeps, dwells; I. iii. 10.

Lapwing ("the bird diverts attention from its nest by flying to a distance and attracting the sportsman there by fluttering"); I. iv. 32.
Leaven'd, well fermented, ripened; I. i. 52.
Leiger, a *resident* ambassador at a foreign court; III. i. 59.

Like, likely to be believed; V. i. 104.
Limit, appointed time; III. i. 222.
Limited, appointed; IV. ii. 174.
Lists, bounds, limits; I. i. 6.
Loss of question, absence of any better argument; II. iv. 90.
Lower chair, an easy chair; II. i. 131.
Luxury, lust; V. i. 505.

Meal'd, sprinkled; IV. ii. 86.
Medlar, used wantonly for "woman"; IV. iii. 180.
Mere, particular; V. i. 152.
Metre (refers probably to the ancient metrical graces arranged to be said or sung); I. ii. 22.
Moe, more; "moe thousand deaths," *i.e.* "a thousand more deaths"; III. i. 40.
Mortality, death; I. i. 45.
Mother, abbess; I. iv. 86.
Motion, a thing endowed with movement; III. i. 120.
Mystery, trade; IV. ii. 29.

Nature, life; II. iv. 43.
No; "reason dares her no," *i.e.* "admonishes her not to do it"; IV. iv. 27.

Obstruction, stagnation of the blood; III. i. 119.
Office, service; V. i. 368.
Omit, pass by; IV. iii. 75.
Opposite, opponent; III. ii. 175.
Owe, possess, have; I. iv. 83; II. iv. 123.

Pace, to make to go (lit. to teach a horse to move according to the will of the rider); IV. iii. 135.
Pain, penalty; II. iv. 86.
Pain'd, put to trouble; V. i. 390.
Parcel-bawd, part bawd; II. i. 62.
Part; "my p. in him," *i.e.* "my office delegated to him"; I. i. 42.
Partial; "nothing come in p." *i.e.* "no partiality be allowed"; II. i. 31.
Particular, private; IV. iv. 29.
Passes, proceedings; V. i. 374.
Passing on, i.e. passing sentence on; II. i. 19.
Peaches, impeaches; IV. iii. 12.
Pelting, paltry; II. ii. 112.
Perdurably, everlastingly; III. i. 115.
Philip and Jacob, i.e. the feast of St. P. and St. J. (May 1st); III. ii. 214.
Piled; "a quibble between *piled,* peeled, stripped of hair, bald (from the French disease), and *piled* as applied to velvet; three-piled velvet meaning the finest and costliest"; I. ii. 35.
Planched, planked; IV. i. 30.
Pluck on, draw on; II. iv. 147.
Possess'd, informed; IV. i. 44.
Practice, plot; V. i. 107, 123.
Precept, instruction; "in action all of p." = "with actions intended to instruct me" (*i.e.* shewing the several turnings of the way with his hand); IV. i. 40.

Prefers itself, places itself before everything else; I. i. 55.
Pregnant, expert; I. i. 12; evident; II. i. 23.
Prenzie, prim; III. i. 94, 97.
Present; "p. shrift," *i.e.* "immediate absolution"; IV. ii. 217.
Presently, immediately; IV. iii. 80.
Preserved, kept pure; II. ii. 153.
Prints, impressions; II. iv. 130.
Probation, proof; V. i. 157.
Profanation, Elbow's blunder for "profession"; II. i. 55.
Profession, business; IV. iii. 2.
Profiting, taking advantage; II. iv. 128.
Prolixious, tiresome and hindering; II. iv. 162.
Prone and speechless, probably to be considered as equivalent to "speechless prone," *i.e.* speaking fervently and eagerly without words (or perhaps "prone" = deferential); I. ii. 183.
Proper, own; III. i. 30; V. i. 412; personally, peculiarly; I. i. 31.
Proper to, belonging to; V. i. 110.
Proportion, measure; I. ii. 23.
Proportions, portion, fortune; V. i. 219.
Provincial; "here p." = "under the jurisdiction of this ecclesiastical province"; V. i. 318.
Provokest, invokest; III. i. 18.
Put, compelled; I. i. 5.
Putting-on, incitement; IV. ii. 120.

Qualify, check; IV. ii. 86.
Question, consideration; I. i. 47.
Quests, spyings; IV. i. 62.
Quit, acquit, forgive; V. i. 487.

Race, natural disposition; II. iv. 160.
Rack, distort; IV. i. 65.
Ravin down, ravenously devour; I. ii. 128.
Rebate, make dull; I. iv. 60.
Received, understood; II. iv. 82.
Refell'd, refuted; V. i. 94.
Remission; "apt r." = a ready pardon, readiness to forgive; V. i. 502.
Remonstrance, demonstration; V. i. 396.
Remorse, pity; II. ii. 54; V. i. 100.
Remove, absence; I. i. 44.
Renouncement, renunciation of the world; I. v. 35.
Resolve, inform; III. i. 192.
Respected, misapplied by Elbow and Pompey (= suspected); II. i. 164, 167.
Restrained, forbidden; II. iv. 48.
Retort; "to refer back (to Angelo the cause in which you appealed from Angelo to the Duke)"; V. i. 303.

Salt, lustful; V. i. 405.
Satisfy your resolution, sustain your courage; III. i. 170.

Saucy, wanton; II. iv. 45.
Scaled, weighed (or perhaps "stripped" as of scales, unmasked; "foiled" has been suggested as an emendation); III. i. 264.
Scope, power; I. i. 65; licence; I. ii. 126; I. iii. 35.
Scruple, very small quantity; I. i. 38; doubtful perplexity; I. i. 65.
Secondary, subordinate; I. i. 47.
Sects, classes, ranks. II. ii. 5.
See = Rome; III. ii. 233.
Seeming, hypocrisy; II. iv. 150.
Seldom when, i.e. 'tis seldom that; IV. ii. 89.
Serpigo, a dry eruption on the skin; III. i. 31.
Several, different; II. iv. 2.
Shears; "there went but a pair of shears between us," *i.e.* "we are both of the same piece"; I. ii. 28.
Sheep-biting, thievish; V. i. 358.
Shield, forfend; "Heaven s. my mother play'd my father fair," *i.e.* "God grant that thou wert not my father's true son"; III. i. 141.
Shrewd, evil, mischievous; II. i. 253.
Sicles (the Folios "sickles"), shekels; II. ii. 149.
Siege, seat; IV. ii. 101.
Sith, since; I. ii. 35.
Smack, have a taste, savour; II. ii. 5.
Snatches, repartees; IV. ii. 6.
Sort and suit, rank and service (*i.e.* suit-service, due to a superior lord); IV. iv. 18.
Soul, "with special s.," *i.e.* with special liking; I. i. 18.
Spare, forbear to offend; II. iii. 33.
Splay (so first Folio; Steevens "spay"), to castrate; II. i. 234.
Stage, to make a show of; I. i. 69.
Stagger, waver, hesitate; I. ii. 164.
Starkly, stiffly, as if dead; IV. ii. 69.
Stays upon, waits for; IV. i. 47.
Stead, be of service to; I. iv. 17.
Stead up, to supply; III. i. 258.
Stew, cauldron; V. i. 321.
Story, subject of mirth; I. iv. 30.
Straitness, strictness; III. ii. 271.
Stricture, strictness; I. iii. 12.
Succeed, inherit; II. iv. 123.
Sufferance, suffering;; III. i. 80.
Sweat, the plague was popularly known as "the sweating sickness"; I. ii. 82.
Sweetness, self-indulgence; II. iv. 45.
Swinged, whipped; V. i. 130.

Tax, accuse; II. iv. 79.
Temporary meddler, one who meddles with temporal matters; V. i. 145.

Tick-tack. From a picture by Teniers.

Terms; "the technical language of the courts. An old book called *Les Terms de la Ley* was in Shakespeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law" (Blackstone); I. i. 11.

Tickle, unstable; I. ii. 171.

Tick-tack, a sort of backgammon (used equivocally); I. ii. 191.

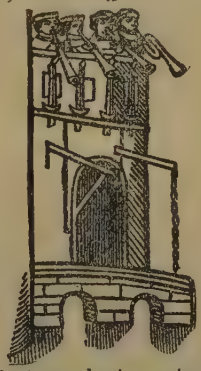
Tilth, tillage; I. iv. 44.

Tithe, seed to be sown; tenth of the harvest (probably an error for "tilth," *i.e.* land to be sown); IV. i. 76.

Touches, vices; III. ii. 25.

Touse, pull, tear; V. i. 313.

Trade, custom; established habit; III. i. 149.



From 'La tryumphante...entree faicte sur le...advenement de...prince... Charles des Hespaignes (*i.e.* Emperor Charles V.)...en sa ville de Bruges' (1515).

Transport, remove from one world to another; IV. iii. 70.
Trick, fashion; V. i. 509.
Trot, a contemptuous name, applied properly to an old woman; III. ii. 52.
Trumpets ("t. to the gate"), trumpeters; IV. v. 9.
Tub, the sweating-tub, used as a cure for certain diseases; III. ii. 59.
Tun-dish, funnel; III. ii. 182.

From Holme's Academy of Armory (1688).

Unfolding, releasing from the fold or pen; IV. ii. 213.
Ungenitured (?), impotent (perhaps "unbegotten"); III. ii. 184.
Ungot, not begotten; V. i. 142.
Unpitied, unmerciful; IV. ii. 13.
Unpregnant, unready, inapt; IV. iv. 22.
Unshunned, inevitable; III. ii. 62.
Unsisting, probably a misprint (in Folios 1, 2, 3) for "insisting" (the reading of Fol. 4), *i.e.* "persistent"; IV. ii. 92.
Untrussing; "untying the points or tagged laces which attached the hose or breeches to the doublet"; III. ii. 190.
Unweighing, injudicious; III. ii. 147.
Use, practices long countenanced by custom; I. iv. 62.
Use, interest, probably with a secondary sense of "exertion"; I. i. 41.

Vail your regard, lower your look; V. i. 20.
Vain; "for v." = in vain, to no purpose; II. iv. 12.
Vantage; "denies thee v.," *i.e.* "will avail thee nothing"; V. i. 417.
Vastidity, vastness; III. i. 69.
Veil full purpose, to cover his full p.; IV. vi. 4.
Viewless, invisible; III. i. 124.
Virtuous, beneficial; II. ii. 168.
Voice; "in my v." = "in my name"; I. ii. 180.
Vouch, affirmation; II. iv. 156.
Vulgarly, publicly; V. i. 160.

Warp, deviate; I. i. 15.
Warped, crooked, wry, unnatural; III. i. 142.
Wear, fashion; III. ii. 78.
Weeds; "*weed* is a term still commonly applied to an ill-conditioned horse" (Collier); emendations proposed: "steeds," "wills"; I. iii. 20.
Who = which; I. ii. 190.
Widow, to give as jointure; V. i. 428.
Wilderness, wildness; III. i. 142.
Woodman, one who hunts female game; IV. iii. 166.

Wrong; "done myself w.," *i.e.* "put myself in the wrong"; I. ii. 41.

Yare, ready; IV. ii. 60.

Yield; "y. you forth to public thanks," *i.e.* "yield public thanks to you"; V. i. 7.

Zodiacs, circuits of the sun, years; I. ii. 167.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 8, 9. There is no gap between '*sufficiency*' and '*as*' in the Folios. Theobald first advanced the plausible theory that the obscurity of the passage was due to some careless omission on the part of the printers. The Camb. Ed., accepting Theobald's theory, indicates the omission by means of dots. Various attempts have been made to explain the lines, *e.g.* "*But that to your sufficiences your worth is abled*" (Johnson); "*But your sufficiency as worth is able*" (Farmer); Theobald's suggestion has been adopted in the present edition.

I. i. 43. '*Hold therefore, Angelo*'; the Duke probably says these words on tendering commission to Angelo.

I. ii. 28. '*There went but a pair of shears between us;*' *i.e.* 'we are of one piece.'

I. ii. 119. '*by weight the words,*' so Ff., '*by weight; I' the words,*' Hanmer; perhaps, as Johnson conjectured, a line has dropped out.

I. ii. 120. *Cp. St. Paul to the Romans,* ix. 15, 18: "For He saith to Moses, I will have mercy *on whom I will* have mercy," and again, "Therefore hath He mercy *on whom He will* have mercy, and *whom He will* He hardeneth."

I. ii. 133. '*Morality*'; the Folios misprint '*mortality.*'

I. ii. 149. '*Propagation*'; Folio 1 reads *propogation,* corrected in Folio 2; *prorogation, procuration, preservation,* have been suggested by various editors, but the text as it stands is probably correct, though not altogether clear; '*propagation*' = 'increase'; perhaps the word implies 'increase of interest,' and '*for propagation*' = 'that she might continue to receive the interest, which was to be hers while she remained unmarried.'

I. iii. 10. '*and witless,*' F_2 F_3 F_4; F_1 '*witless*'; Nicholson conj. '*a* witless.'

I. iii. 27. '*Becomes,*' added by Pope (after Davenant); Ff. omit the verb.

I. iii. 43. '*To do in slander*'; so the Folios; '*me*' and '*it*' have

been suggested for '*in*,' but no change seems necessary; '*do in*' = 'bring in, bring upon me.'

I. iv. 54. '*givings-out*,' Rowe; Ff. '*giving-out*.'

I. iv. 78. '*make*'; Ff. '*makes*.'

II. i. 39. '*Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;*' the line as it stands in the Folios—'*brakes of ice*'—which is kept by the Camb. ed., is obviously corrupt, and has occasioned much discussion. Shakespeare probably wrote '*brakes of vice*'; *brakes* = 'tortures, instruments of torture' (see Glossary); '*of vice*' = resulting from, or due to, vice; '*brakes of vice*' is antithetical to '*a fault alone*,' *cp. Henry VIII.*, I ii. 75—

> "*the rough brake*
> *That virtue must go through.*"

The passage seems to mean: 'some escape scot-free from the penalties of vice—*the rough brakes* that vice ought to go through, while others are condemned for a mere fault.'

II. i. 135. '*an open room*'; Schmidt, "public room"; perhaps it means 'open to sun, light, cheerful.'

II. ii. 79. '*Like man new made*'; commentators are strongly tempted to refer the words to '*new made man*,' *i.e.* Adam; Holt White paraphrased thus:—"And you Angelo, will breathe new life into Claudio, as the Creator animated Adam, by breathing into his nostrils the breath of life." Malone explains:—"You will then appear as tender-hearted and merciful as the first man was in his days of innocence, immediately after his creation." Schmidt and others, "like man redeemed and regenerated by divine grace." The lines are perhaps capable of this interpretation:—And mercy will breathe within your lips, even as Mercy (*i.e.* God) breathed within the lips of new made man.

II. ii. 90. "*Dormiunt aliquando leges, moriuntur nunquam*," is a well-known maxim in law (Holt White).

II. ii. 159. '*Where prayers cross*,' *i.e.* where his prayer to possess Isabella crosses with hers, "Heaven keep your *honour* safe!"

II. iii. 11. '*the flaws of her own youth*'; possibly Warburton's correction, "*flames*," should be adopted; *cp.*

> '*To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,*
> *And melt in her own fire.*'—HAMLET, III. iv. 84.

II. iii. 40. '*O injurious love*' (Folios '*loue*'); Hanmer's suggestion, '*law*' for '*loue*,' has been generally accepted; the law respited her 'a life whose very comfort' was 'a dying horror.'

II. iv. 9. *fear'd*; probably a misprint = '*feared*,' *i.e.* '*seared*.'

II. iv. 103. '*That longing have been sick for*'; Rowe suggested, '*I've been sick for*'; for the omission of pronoun, *cp.* '*Has censured him*,' I. iv. 72.

II. iv. 172. '*O perilous mouths*'; the line is defective as it stands. (?) '*O pernicious mouths*' (Walker), or '*these perilous*' (Seymour).

III. i. 11. '*thou art death's fool;*' the phrase was possibly suggested by the introduction of the *fool* into most of the old *dances of death*, one of which was the original source of the accompanying initial from Stowe's Survey of London (1618).

III. i. 94, 97. *Prenzie*; the source of this strange word has baffled students; it seems identical with the Scottish *primsie*, 'demure, precise,' which in its turn is connected with *prim* (in Old French *prin pren*): under any circumstances there is no reason why the word should be changed, as has been proposed, to 'princely,' the reading of the 2nd Folio, or 'priestly,' 'pensive,' etc.

III. i. 123.

> "*or to reside*
> *In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;*"

Cp. the following cut from Pynson's edition of the *Kalender of Shepherdes* (1506).

III. ii. 9. "The passage seems to us to imply, furred (that is, lined with lamb-skin fur inside, and trimmed with fox-skin fur outside) with both kinds of fur, to show that craft (fox-skin), being richer than innocency (lamb-skin), is used for decoration" (Clarke).

III. ii. 12-14. '*Good father friar*' . . . '*good brother father*'; the joke, as Tyrwhitt pointed out, would be clearer in French, '*mon père frère*' . . . '*mon frère père*.'

III. ii. 41. '*Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free!*'

so F_2 F_3 (with comma after *seeming*); F_1 '*from our faults,*' etc., retained by Camb. Ed., but the reading adopted commends itself from metrical and other considerations, *i.e.*, "Would that we were as free from faults, as our faults are from seeming (hypocrisy)." Hanmer proposed, '*from our faults as from faults seeming free.*' If any correction is really necessary, one feels inclined to hazard—

'*Free from our faults, as from false seeming, free.*'

(*Cp.* '*thy false seeming,*' II. iv. 15.)

III. ii. 242. '*security enough to make fellowships accurst*'; *cp.* Prov. xi. 15.

III. ii. 276-298. These lines are in all probability not Shakespeare's.

III. ii. 280. '*Grace to stand, and virtue go;*' *i.e.* 'To have grace to stand firm, and virtue to go forward.'

III. ii. 289-292. '*How may likeness made in crimes,*' etc.; these lines do not readily admit of interpretation, and some corruption has probably crept into the text; Malone suggested *wade* for

made, i.e. "How may hypocrisy wade in crimes;" Hanmer, '*that likeness shading crimes,*' etc. None of the suggestions seem very satisfactory. Perhaps *to draw* = '*to—draw,*' *i.e.* 'pull to pieces' (?).

IV. i. 1. This song appears in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bloody Brother,* with the addition of the following stanza, assuredly not Shakespeare's, though found in the spurious edition of his poems, (1640)—

> "*Hide, O hide those hills of snow*
> *Which thy frozen bosom bears,*
> *On whose tops the pinks that grow*
> *Are of those that April wears;*
> *But first set my poor heart free,*
> *Bound by those icy chains by thee.*"

IV. i. 13. "Though the music soothed my sorrows, it had no tendency to produce light merriment" (Johnson).

IV. i. 76. '*tilth*'; Theobald's emendation for '*tithe,*' the reading of Ff., retained by Camb. Ed.

IV. ii. 45-49. *if it be too little—thief*; the Folios give this to *Clo.* (Pompey); Capell first transferred it to Abhorson, and he has been followed by most editors. Cowden Clarke defends the Folio arrangement; among other arguments he maintains that "the speech is much more in character with the clown's snip-snap style of chop-logic than with Abhorson's manner, which is remarkably curt and bluff."

IV. iv. 6. '*redeliver*'; Folio 1, '*re-liuer*'; Folio 2, '*deliuer*'; Capell first suggested '*redeliver.*'

IV. iv. 28. '*bears of a credent bulk*'; so Folios 1, 2, 3; many emendations have been proposed; the reading of F_4 seems the most plausible—'*bears off a credent bulk*'; '*credent bulk*' = 'weight of credit.'

V. i. 64. '*do not banish reason For inequality; i.e.* because of 'improbability,' 'incongruity,' or, according to some, 'partiality.'

V. i. 323. "These shops," according to Nares, "were places of great resort, for passing away time in an idle manner. By way of enforcing some kind of regularity, and perhaps at least as much to promote drinking, certain laws were usually hung up, the transgression of which was to be punished by specific *forfeitures.* It is not to be wondered that laws of that nature were as often laughed at as obeyed."

V. i. 359. '*be hanged an hour*' seems to have been a cant phrase, meaning little more than 'be hanged!'

V. i. 360. '*madest*,' monosyllabic; Ff. '*mad'st*'; Capell '*made*.'

V. i. 496. '*Give me your hand*'; *i.e.* 'if you give me your hand.'

V. i. 526. "*pressing to death*," = "*peine forte et dure*": illustrated by the accompanying drawing.

From 'The Life and Death of Griffin Hood . . .' (1623).

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

11. *terms*:—Blackstone says: "An old book, called *Les Termes de la Ley,* was in Shakespeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law." The book was written in the time of Henry VIII., and was used in Blackstone's time.

31. *so proper*:—So much or so exclusively thy own property.

37. *to fine issues*:—That is, to noble ends, to high purposes.

37. *nor Nature*:—Two negatives, not making an affirmative, are common in Shakespeare's writings. So in *Julius Cæsar,* III. i.: "*Nor* to *no* Roman else."

43. *Hold therefore, Angelo*:—Tyrwhitt thinks the Duke here checks himself—*Hold, therefore:* and that *Angelo* begins a new sentence. But *hold* seems addressed to Angelo; the sense being—"Hold, therefore, our power"; referring to the commission which the Duke has in his hand. "These," says Douce, "are words of great import, and ought to be made clear, as on them depends the chief incident of the play."

45, 46. *Mortality,* etc.:—That is, I delegate to thy tongue the power of pronouncing sentence of death, and to thy heart the privilege of exercising mercy.

Scene II.

94. *houses in the suburbs*:—In one of the Scotch Laws of James

it is ordered, "that *common women* be put at the utmost endes of townes, queire least peril of fire is."

120. *The words of heaven*:—Authority, being absolute in Angelo, is finely styled by Claudio *the demigod,* whose decrees are as little to be questioned as *the words of heaven.* The Poet applies to this uncontrollable power a passage from Paul's *Epistle to the Romans,* ix. 15, 18, which he styles *the words of heaven*: "for he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy," etc.; and again: "Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy," etc.

128. *Like rats that ravin down,* etc.:—In the same sense of *ravenously devour, ravin up* is used in *Macbeth,* II. iv. In Chapman's *Revenge for Honour* are these lines:—

> "Like poison'd rats, which, when they 've swallow'd
> The pleasing bane, rest not until they *drink,*
> And can rest then much less, until they burst."

147. *denunciation*:—*Denounce* was sometimes used in the sense of publish, proclaim, or *announce.* Thus in Holinshed and others we have the phrase, "*denouncing* war." So, also, in Raleigh's *History of the World*: "But Gracchus's soldiers, which were all, in a manner, the late armed slaves, had received from their general a peremptory *denunciation,* that, this day, or never, they must purchase their liberty, bringing every man, for price thereof, an enemy's head."

149. A singular use of *propagation.* The word here probably means *continuance,* or perhaps increase. In Chapman's *Odyssey,* xvi., occurs this passage:—

> "to try if we,
> Alone, may propagate to victory
> Our bold encounters;"

and again, in Chapman's *Iliad,* iv.:—

> "I doubt not but this night
> Even to the fleete to propagate the Greek's unturned flight."

So also in Dryden's *Virgil*:—

> "Afric and India shall his power obey;
> He shall extend his *propagated* sway
> Beyond the solar year, without the starry way."

In the present case the meaning would be, that the lovers put off their marriage with a view to *continue* the prospect, to *keep up* the chance, of a dower, until time should favourably dispose the wills of those upon whom the lady's fortune was dependent.

183. *prone*:—There are many different explanations of this word among the editors and commentators. Malone takes it to mean "significant, expressive"; Steevens and White, "humble"; Nares, "prompt, ready"; Clarke, "deferential, gently submissive"; Hunter, "affectionate". Hudson (Harvard ed.) makes it signify "apt, ready, prompt," and adds: "The meaning of the passage seems to be, 'There is an apt and silent eloquence in her looks such as moves men.'" Upon Davenant's change of the word to "sweet," Steevens remarks that it shows "that what appear difficulties to us were difficulties to him, who, living nearer the time of Shakespeare, might be supposed to have understood his language more intimately."

Scene III.

2. *dribbling*:—"*Dribble,*" says Richardson, "is a diminutive of *drib,* from *drip,* and means to do a thing by drips or drops." The sense of *dribbling,* therefore, is *trifling, ineffective.* Thus in Holland's *Livy*: "Howbeit, there passed some *dribbling* skirmishes between the rearward of the Carthaginians and the vauntcouriers of the Romans." So also in Milton's *Apology for Smectymnus*: "For small temptations allure but *dribbling* offenders!" Respecting the use of the term in archery, Ascham, in his *Toxophilus,* says of one who, having learned to shoot well, neglects to practise with the bow: "He shall become, of a fayre archer, a starke squyrter and *dribber.*"

3. *complete bosom*:—A bosom completely armed. Accented on the first syllable.

41-43. *Who may . . . slander*:—This is the reading of the original. The passage has often been printed thus:—

> "And yet my nature never in the *sight*
> To do *it* slander."

The words *ambush* and *strike home* show the image of a *fight* to have been in the Poet's mind. As the text stands, the speaker's purpose apparently is to avoid any open contest with crime, where his action would expose him to slander; not to let his person be

seen in the fight, where he would have to work, *to do,* in the face of detraction and censure.

Scene IV.

30. *make me not your story*:—Such is the reading of the original; the *me* being expletive, as in the well-known passage setting forth the virtues of sack. "It ascends *me* into the brain," etc. So that the meaning is, "Make not your tale, invent not your fiction." Malone changed the passage thus: "Sir, mock me not,—your story"; which, surely, renders Lucio's reply, *'tis true,* very unapt.

32. *lapwing*:—This bird diverts pursuers from her nest by fluttering and crying in other places. "The lapwing cries most, farthest from her nest," is an old proverb. So in *The Comedy of Errors,* IV. ii. 27, 28:—

> "Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
> My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse."

So again, in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*: "You resemble the lapwing, who cryeth most where her nest is not; and so, to lead me from espying your love for Campaspe, you cry Timoclea."

51, 52. *Bore . . . in hand*:—To bear in hand is to carry along with one, or lead along with false hopes or expectations. The phrase is frequent in Shakespeare. So in 2 *Henry IV.,* I. ii.: "A rascally yea-forsooth knave! to *bear a gentleman in hand,* and then stand upon security!"

62. *to give fear to use,* etc.:—That is, to put the restraint of fear upon licentious custom and abused freedom.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

6. *fall*:—A causative verb here, *fall* means to *throw down,* make fall, or let fall. Often so in Shakespeare.

15. *which now,* etc.:—To complete the sense of this line *for* seems to be required—"which now you censure him *for.*" But Shakespeare frequently uses elliptical expressions.

65. *she professes a hot-house*:—Professes, or pretends, *to keep* a hot-house. *Hot-houses* were bagnios supplied with vapour-baths; but under this name other accommodations were often furnished.

92. *distant*:—Pompey, catching Elbow's trick of speech, here uses *distant* for *instant*.

129. *All-hallond eve*:—The *eve of* (evening before) All Saints' day.

131. *a lower chair*:—Most houses had formerly what was called a *lower chair*, that is, an easy chair, designed for the comfort of sick people, and sometimes occupied by lazy ones.

132. *Bunch of Grapes*:—Such names were often given to rooms in the Poet's time. So in the Will of Henry Harte, we read of a "chamber called the Half-moon. In 1 *Henry IV.*, II. iv. are mentioned the *Half-moon* and the *Pomgarnet* (*Pomegranate*).

Scene II.

35, 36. *let it be his fault*, etc.:—That is, let my brother's fault die, but let not him suffer.

40. *fine the faults*:—To punish the faults whose punishment is provided for in the law.

85. *of season*:—In proper season; when they are mature or fit.

95. *Looks in a glass*:—Alluding to the magic glasses or mirrors of fortune-tellers and witches, whereby they professed to reveal the future. See *Macbeth*, IV. i. for the use made of such a glass by the Weird Sisters.

100-104. *I show it most*, etc.:—So in Sir Matthew Hale's *Memorials*: "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember that there is a mercy likewise due to the country."

122, 123. *with our spleens*, etc.:—By *spleens* Shakespeare meant that peculiar turn of the human mind, which inclines it to a spiteful and unseasonable mirth. Had the angels that, they would laugh themselves out of their immortality, by indulging a passion unworthy of that prerogative.

136. *skins the vice o' the top*:—Shakespeare has used this metaphor again in *Hamlet*, III. iv.: "It will but skin and film the ulcerous place." Only in these two passages does the Poet use the verb *skin*.

142. "Such sense as breeds a response in my mind."

157. *Heaven keep your honour safe!*—Isabella prays that his

honour may be safe, meaning only to give him his title: his mind is caught by the word *honour*, he feels that it is in danger, and therefore says amen to her benediction.

159. *Where prayers cross*:—The petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," is here regarded as *crossing* or intercepting the way in which Angelo is going: he is exposing himself to temptation by the appointment for the morrow's meeting. The passage is thus explained by Heath: "'For I am labouring under a temptation of that peculiar and uncommon kind, that prayers, and every other act of piety and virtue, tend to inflame, instead of allaying it.' For it was the very piety and virtue of Isabella that gave an edge to the lust of Angelo."

172. *evils*:—This term for privies is used again in *Henry VIII.*, II. i.: "Nor build their evils on the graves of great men." No language could more forcibly express the aggravated profligacy of Angelo's passion. The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an eastern method of expressing contempt. See *2 Kings* x. 27.

Scene III.

36. *There rest*:—There stand or remain; or, keep yourself in that frame of mind.

Scene IV.

3. *Invention*:—This term for imagination is found in other plays. So in *Henry V.*, I., *Prologue, Chorus*:—

> "O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
> The brightest heaven of invention."

12-15. *O place, . . . seeming!*—Shakespeare judiciously distinguishes the different operations of high place upon different minds. Fools are frighted and wise men allured. Those who cannot judge but by the eye are easily awed by splendor; those who consider men as well as conditions, are easily persuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power.

17. *the devil's crest*:—The crest was often emblematic of something in the wearer; such, for example, as his ancestral name. *The devil's horn* is *the devil's crest*; but if we write "good angel" on it, the emblem is overlooked in the "false seeming"; we think it is not the devil's horn, because itself tells us otherwise, and is in no manner emblematic of him.

27. *The general*:—The *people* or *multitude* subject to a king. So in *Hamlet,* II. ii.: "The play . . . pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general." It is supposed that Shakespeare, in this passage, and in one before, I. ii., intended to flatter the unkingly weakness of James I., which made him so impatient of the crowds that flocked to see him, at his first coming, that he restrained them by a proclamation.

46-49. *'tis all as easy,* etc.:—The thought is, apparently, that murder is as easy as fornication; and the inference which Angelo would draw is, that it is as wrong to pardon the latter as the former.

56. *give my body*:—Isabel uses the words *give my body* in a different sense than Angelo. Her meaning is, "I had rather *die* than forfeit my eternal happiness by the prostitution of my person."

57, 58. *our compell'd sins,* etc.:—That is, actions that we are compelled to, however numerous, are not imputed to us by heaven as crimes.

79. The *masks* worn by female spectators of the play are here probably meant. At the beginning of *Romeo and Juliet* we have a passage of similar import:—

> "These happy *masks* that kiss fair ladies' brows,
> Being *black,* put us in mind they hide the fair."

90. *in the loss of question*:—That is, conversation that tends to nothing.

121, 123. *Else let my brother die,* etc.:—A very obscure passage. The word *this* is adopted by Mr. Collier from an old manuscript note in a copy of the first Folio belonging to Lord Francis Egerton. With this change, the passage, though still obscure, makes good sense enough: "If we are not *all frail*—if my brother have no *feodary,* that is, no companion, one holding by the same tenure of frailty—if he alone be found to *own and succeed* to this weakness—then let him die."

127. *men their creation mar*:—The meaning appears to be, that men debase their natures by taking advantage of women's weakness. She therefore calls on Heaven to assist them.

145-147. *your virtue,* etc.:—Your virtue assumes an air of *licentiousness,* which is not natural to you, on purpose to try me.

162. *prolixious blushes*:—What Milton has elegantly called "sweet, reluctant, amorous *delay.*"

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

11. Death and his fool were personages that once figured on the stage. Douce relates having seen a play at a fair, in which Death bore a part, attended by a fool or clown; the person that represented Death being habited in a close black vest so painted as to look like a skeleton. Douce also had an old woodcut, one of a series representing the Dance of Death, in which the fool was engaged in combat with his adversary, and buffeting him with a bladder filled with peas or small pebbles. In all such performances, the rule appears to have been, that the fool, after struggling long against the stratagems of Death, at last became his victim.

17. *Worm* is put for any creeping thing or *serpent.* Shakespeare adopts the vulgar error, that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked.* In old tapestries and paintings the tongues of serpents and dragons always appear barbed like the point of an arrow.

34. *Dreaming on both*:—This is exquisitely imagined. When we are young, we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amuse the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances; so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening.

36. *palsied eld*:—*Trembling old age.* In youth, which is or ought to be the *happiest* time, man commonly wants means to obtain what he could enjoy; he is dependent on *palsied eld*; must beg alms from the coffers of hoary avarice; and, being very niggardly supplied, *becomes as aged,* looks like an old man on happiness beyond his reach. And when he is *old and rich,* when he has wealth enough for the purchase of all that formerly excited his desires, he has no longer the powers of enjoyment.

70. *To a determined scope*:—A confinement of your mind to one idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be suppressed nor escaped.

79-81. *the poor beetle,* etc.:—This beautiful passage is in all our minds and memories, but it most frequently stands in quotation detached from the antecedent line—"The sense of death is most

in apprehension;" without which it is liable to an opposite construction. The meaning is, that fear is the principal sensation in death, which has no pain; and the giant when he dies feels no greater pain than the beetle.

100, 101. *he would give't thee,* etc.:—That is, "*from the time* of my committing this offence, you might persist in sinning with safety."

108 *et seq. Has he affections,* etc.:—"Has *he* passions that impel him to transgress the law at the very moment that he is enforcing it against others? Surely then it cannot be a sin so very heinous, since Angelo, who is so wise, will venture it." Shakespeare shows his knowledge of human nature in the conduct of Claudio.

121-123. *the delighted spirit,* etc.:—This passage is a standing puzzle to commentators; "fiery floods" and "region of thick-ribbed ice" being, as one would think, among the last places to be *delighted* in. The most common explanation is, that *delighted spirit* means the spirit that has been delighted, or is accustomed to delight.

123. *region of thick-ribbed ice*:—So in Ben Jonson's *Catiline,* I. i.: "We are spirit-bound in *ribs of ice,* our whole bloods are one stone, and honour cannot thaw us;" and in *Paradise Lost,* Book ii.—

> "From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
> Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
> Immovable-infix'd, and frozen round,
> Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire."

275. *grange*:—A *grange* was a large farm-house, such as are often kept for summer residence by wealthy citizens. The grange was sometimes *moated* for defence and safety. The dreary and desolate solitude of Mariana at the moated grange is wrought out with great power by Tennyson, in a poem from which we have room for but one stanza:

> "Her tears fell with the dews at even,
> Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
> She could not look on the sweet heaven,
> Either at morn or eventide.
> After the flitting of the bats,
> When thickest dark did trance the sky,
> She drew her casement curtain by,
> And glanc'd athwart the glooming flats

She only said, 'The night is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'"

The whole poem is a rare specimen in the art of creating imagery so fitted to a given tone of feeling as to reproduce the feeling itself.

Scene II.

18. *picklock*:—It is not necessary to take honest Pompey for a housebreaker: the locks he had occasion to pick were Spanish padlocks. In Jonson's *Volpone,* Corvino threatens to make his wife wear one of these strange contrivances.

41. That is, as free from faults as faults are from *seemliness.*

42. His neck will be tied, like your waist, with a cord. The friar wore a rope for a girdle.

47, 48. *is there none of Pygmalion's images,* etc.:—That is, have you no new courtesans, as fresh as Pygmalion's living statue, to recommend to your customers?

59. *in the tub*:—The method of cure for a certain disease was grossly called *the powdering tub.*

74. *keep the house*:—That is, stay at home, alluding to the etymology of *husband.*

134. *clack-dish*:—This wooden dish, formerly carried by beggars, had a movable cover, which they *clacked* or clattered to show that it was empty. It was one mode of attracting attention. Lepers and other paupers deemed infectious originally used it, that the sound might give warning not to approach too near, and alms be given without touching the object.

144. "The *greater file,*" the majority of his subjects.

184. *ungenitured*:—That is, unfathered, not begotten after the ordinary course of nature; in accordance with what Lucio says of him a little before.

192. *mutton*:—A wench was called a *laced mutton.* In *Doctor Faustus,* 1604, Lechery says, "I am one that loves an inch of raw *mutton* better than an ell of stock-fish." See the *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* I. i.

242. *security*:—The allusion is to those legal *securities* into which fellowship leads men to enter for each other. For this quibble Shakespeare has high authority: "He that hateth *suretyship is sure.*"—Proverbs, xi. 15.

264. *resolved*:—That is, satisfied; probably because conviction leads to decision or resolution.

280. Coleridge, in his *Literary Remains,* remarks upon this passage: "Worse metre indeed, but better English would be, 'Grace to stand, virtue to go.'"

286. *my vice*:—The Duke's *vice* may be explained by what he says himself, I. iii.: "'Twas *my fault* to give the people scope." Angelo's vice requires no explanation.

287 *et seq. O, what may man,* etc.:—This passage, though rather dark in itself, is intelligible enough, when we consider that the speaker has Angelo in his mind; who, bad as he is, has by his hypocrisy managed to raise himself as high as merit could lift him. *Likeness* apparently has much the same meaning here as what the Poet elsewhere calls "virtuous-seeming." So that the passage may be rendered thus: How may seeming virtue, unsubstantial as it is, and wickedly put on, by practising upon the times draw to itself the greatest of earthly honours and emoluments, even while it is rioting in crime!

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

1 *et seq.* It does not appear certain to whom this beautiful little song rightly belongs. It is found with an additional stanza in Fletcher's *Bloody Brother.* Malone prints it as Shakespeare's, Boswell thinks Fletcher has the best claim to it, Weber that Shakespeare may have written the first stanza, and Fletcher the second. It may indeed be the property of some unknown or forgotten author.

Scene II.

53. *ask forgiveness*:—It was formerly the custom for an executioner, before proceeding to his office, to *ask forgiveness* of the person to be executed.

83. *Stroke* is here put for the *stroke* of a pen, or a line.

135. *a prisoner nine years old*:—That is, nine years in prison.

151. Perhaps we should read *mortally desperate*; as we have *harmonious charmingly* for *charmingly harmonious* in *The Tempest.*

163. *in the boldness of my cunning*:—That is, in the *confidence* or my *sagacity*.

186. *bared*:—This probably alludes to a practice of desiring to receiv the *tonsure* of the monks before they died.

213 *the unfolding star*:—So Milton in *Comus*:—

> "The star that bids the shepherd fold
> Now the top of heaven doth hold."

Scene III.

4 *et seq.* This enumeration of the inhabitants of the prison affords a very striking view of the practices predominant in Shakespeare's age. Besides those whose follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveller. It is not unlikely that the originals of the pictures were then known. *Rash* was a silken stuff formerly worn in coats; all the names are characteristic.

6. *brown paper . . . ginger*:—It was the practice of money-lenders in Shakespeare's time, as well as more recently, to make advances partly in goods and partly in cash. The goods were to be resold generally at an enormous loss upon the cost price, and of these commodities it appears that *brown paper* and *ginger* often formed a part. In Greene's *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592: "If he borrow a hundred pound, he shall have forty in silver, and threescore in wares as lute-strings, hobby-horses, or *brown paper*."

21. *for the Lord's sake*:—It appears from an ancient Epigram, that this was the language in which prisoners who were confined for debt addressed passengers: "Good gentle writers, *for the Lord's sake, for the Lord's sake,* like *Ludgate prisoners,* lo, I, begging, make my mone." And in Nash's *Pierce Penniless,* 1593: "At that time that thy joys were in the *fleeting,* and thus crying *for the Lord's sake* out of an iron window."

91. That is, to the people dwelling on the earth below.

102. *well-balanced form*:—The original has "*weal-balanc'd* form"; which may indeed possibly be right, referring to the state —*balanc'd* for the public *weal*; but this sense is so far-fetched and improbable, that it can scarcely be the Poet's.

164. *lives not in them*:—That is, he depends not on them.

166. *woodman*:—A *woodman* was a hunter. It is here used in a wanton sense for a hunter of a different sort of game. So, Falstaff asks his mistresses in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"Am I a woodman? Ha!" This use of the word may have sprung from the consonance of *deer* and *dear*; as in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, *The Chances,* I. viii.:—

> "Well, well, son John,
> I see you are a *woodman,* and can choose
> Your *deer,* though it be i' the dark."

Scene IV.

18. Figure and rank.

27. *dares her no*:—This is commonly printed thus: "Yet reason dares her? no; for my authority," etc.; in which case *dares* has the sense of *prompt, challenge,* or *call forth,* as in 1 *Henry IV.*, V. ii.:—

> "Unless a brother should a brother *dare*
> To gentle exercise and proof of arms."

"Does reason move her to expose me?—No; the drawings of reason are all the other way"; which certainly yields an apt and clear meaning enough. Yet we give the passage as it stands in the original. Nor is the sense much less clear and apt as there printed. For *dare,* used transitively, may well have, and often has, the effect to keep or dissuade one from doing a thing; as if one should say—"I *dared* him to strike me, and he *durst* not do it." So in the text as we give it the sense plainly is—"Yet reason bids her *not* expose me"; the effect of that bidding being expressed by *no*; reason *threatens* and *overawes* her, so that she *dare not* do it. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, *The Chances,* III. iv.:—

> "His sister that you nam'd 'tis true I have long lov'd,
> As true, I have enjoy'd her; no less truth,
> I have a child by her: but that she, or he,
> Or any of that family, are tainted,
> Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my pleasures,
> I wear a sword to satisfy the world *no*."

That is, to satisfy the world that *'tis not so.* So also in *A Wife for a Month,* by the same authors: "I'm sure he did not, for I charged him *no*"; that is, charged him *not to do it.* But indeed this use of *no* is not uncommon in the old writers. The *of* after *bears,* in the next line, seems to have a partitive sense: "For my authority *carries so much of weight,*" etc.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

64, 65. *do not banish . . . inequality*:—The meaning appears to be, "Do not suppose me mad because I speak inconsistently or *unequally*."

66. Let your reason serve to discover the truth, where it lies hid, and to refute the false, where it seems true.

90. That is, *suited* to the matter; as in *Hamlet*: "The phrase would be more germane to the matter."

205. *Abuse* stands in this place for *deception* or *puzzle*. So in *Macbeth*: "My strange and self-*abuse*"; meaning this *strange deception* of myself.

212. *Garden-houses* were formerly much in fashion, and often used as places of clandestine meeting and intrigue. They were chiefly such buildings as we should now call *summer-houses*, standing in a walled or enclosed garden in the suburbs of London.

236. *Informal* signifies *out of their senses*. So in *The Comedy of Errors*, V. 1: "To make of him a *formal* man again." The speaker had just before said that she would keep Antipholus of Syracuse, who is behaving like a madman, till she had brought him to his right wits again.

280. *light*:—This is one of the words on which Shakespeare delights to quibble. Thus Portia, in *The Merchant of Venice*: "Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*."

318. *Provincial* is pertaining to a province; most usually taken for the circuit of an ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The chief or head of any religious order in such a province was called the provincial, to whom alone the members of that order were accountable.

323, 324. *barber's shop*, etc.:—Barbers' shops were anciently places of great resort for passing away time in an idle manner. By way of enforcing some kind of regularity, and perhaps as much to promote drinking, certain laws were usually hung up, the transgression of which was to be punished by specific *forfeits*; which were *as much in mock as mark*, because the barber had no authority of himself to enforce them, and also because they were of a ludicrous nature.

359. *be hanged an hour!*—"What, Piper ho! be *hang'd awhile*," is a line in an old madrigal. And in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* we have: "Leave the bottle behind you, and be *curst awhile*."

That is, be *hang'd,* be *curst*; *awhile* being, like *an hour* in the text, merely a vulgar expletive.

396. *rash remonstrance*:—That is, "a premature *display*" of it. Perhaps we should read *de*monstrance; but the word may be formed from *remonstrer,* French, *to show again.*

400. *That brain'd my purpose*:—We still use in conversation a like phrase: "that knocked my design on the head."

415. *Measure* still *for measure* appears to have been a current expression for retributive justice. So in 3 *Henry VI.,* II. vi.: "*Measure for Measure* must be answered." Perhaps the proverb grew from the Scripture—"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

417. *though thou wouldst deny,* etc.:—That is, "To deny which will avail thee nothing."

438. *kneel down in mercy*:—That is, to beg for mercy on this act.

443-445. *best men . . . bad*:—On the principle that Nature or Providence often uses our vices to scourge down our pride; as in *All's Well that Ends Well,* IV. iii.: "Our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not."

456, 457. *must be buried,* etc.:—Like the traveller, who dies on his journey, is obscurely interred, and thought of no more.

501. *her worth worth yours*:—That is, "her value is equal to yours; the match is not unworthy of you."

Questions on

Measure for Measure.

1. What is the first printed record of the play? Is there any evidence that it was produced in Shakespeare's day? What facts are used to fix the probable date of the play?

2. Indicate the Italian and English sources of the plot. What part is wholly Shakespeare's? How much time is employed in the action of the play?

3. Does it take place on consecutive days?

4. Mention the attributive epithets that Shakespeare affixes to some of the dramatis personæ. What do you take this to indicate as to the nature, in the main, of the play?

ACT FIRST.

5. What tribute does the Duke pay to Escalus's talents? With what office does he invest Angelo? How are the two men to be associated?

6. What is Escalus's opinion of Angelo?—what is the Duke's?

7. What is the keynote of Angelo's first speech?

8. In what condition does the Duke leave the State? Is he to renounce all duties and functions during his absence?

9. What view of himself does the Duke give in declining an escort out of the city?

10. How do you characterize Sc. i. as contributory to the plot? What time is likely to have elapsed between Scenes i. and ii.?

11. Give your inference concerning the spirit of the play from the pitch that is taken in Sc. ii. before the entrance of Mistress Overdone.

12. What trait of character allies her with Mistress Quickly; the Nurse of *Romeo and Juliet,* etc.?

13. To indicate Shakespeare's breadth of tolerance, what mention of a virtue of Claudio's do we find following close upon the heels of his besetting vice?

14. What edict does Pompey report? Point out the comedy of this whole passage between Pompey and Mistress Overdone.

15. Of Angelo's administration what first act do we see? What is its moral implication?

16. Does Claudio, in his first speech, suggest something of the quality of Hamlet's nature?

17. Explain the nature of the relation between Claudio and Juliet. What does Claudio say of the legal act that was applied to their case? In what light does Angelo's rigor place himself?

18. What traits of Isabella does Claudio expect will aid his case? Do we find that Isabella is thus underestimated?

19. Explain, *Believe not that the dribbling dart of love can pierce a complete bosom.*

20. Give in detail the Duke's purposes as he describes them to Friar Thomas.

21. Which of the two motives, that the Duke advances as explaining his aloofness, do you consider the stronger with him?

22. What is the subject of conversation between Isabella and Francisca when Lucio enters in Sc. iv.?

23. What indictment of Angelo does Lucio make? What does he say of the Duke's action? What was evidently Lucio's social standing?

24. Does Lucio convey the message of Claudio in suggesting the arts that Isabella should use with Angelo? What effect is produced by the arrangement of scenes in this Act, instead of the possible inversion of Scenes ii. and iii.?

ACT SECOND.

25. How does Escalus advise Angelo (Sc. i.) concerning the application of the law to Claudio? What irony is there in Angelo's reply?

26. Is the scene that follows with Elbow too long? How does Elbow compare in humour with Dogberry in *Much Ado About Nothing*? What Shakespearian humour do you see in Pompey's *Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live*?

27. There is evidently a dramatic purpose in this scene that travesties justice;—what is it? Speaking in extenuation of Angelo's severity, Escalus says, *Mercy is not itself that oft looks so.* Interpret this.

28. How is the thought of pardoning Claudio managed in Sc. ii.

so as to grow in intensity and to take its place as a part of the justice of things?

29. What is the temper of Angelo's speech (Sc. iii. 37-41)? May it be said to contain the very kernel of the play?

30. Explain lines 74-79.

31. When does justice become pity in Angelo's philosophy? How near right was he? Is the ground that Angelo took too high for human agency to stand upon?

32. By what turn in Isabella's pleading was Angelo won to reconsider Claudio's case?

33. Was it to avenge his injured self-pride that Angelo meditated the damage to Isabella's chastity? How does Angelo himself think his temptation comes?

34. Sc. iii., while adding little to the action, yet adds what to the plot? Does the Duke stand for the overruling Providence?

35. Compare the speech of Angelo (Sc. iv.) with the prayer-scene of the King in *Hamlet*. What is the difference between a man whose conscience is weighted with a crime and one whose mind is preoccupied with a crime to be committed?

36. What passage here helps to establish the date of the play?

37. Angelo implies what in lines 35, 36? Is there honesty in Angelo's apostrophe to *these filthy vices* (line 43 *et seq.*)?

38. When Angelo accuses Isabella of craft in not following his meaning, is he not himself employing craft to lead her into a trap?

39. Did Angelo add cruelty to his other traits? Why could not Isabella denounce Angelo for what he is?

ACT THIRD.

40. What is the general tenor and temper of the Duke's monologue in the beginning of Act III.? Does anything in *Hamlet* match it for bitterness?

41. What is the dramatic purpose in Isabella's delay in coming to the point of Angelo's demand, as she repeats it to Claudio? What reflection of herself do you see in Claudio?

42. Is it the real Claudio who breaks down later and begs Isabella to make the sacrifice?

43. Compare the speech of Claudio with Hamlet's reflection upon the hereafter. How do they show the difference between the man of senses and the man of thought?

44. How do you account for the words with which Claudio leaves the stage?

45. How does the Duke undertake to solve the difficulty?

46. What covert allusions may Shakespeare have intended (Sc. ii.) in Pompey's speech of the "two usuries"?

47. Had it been Claudio, instead of Lucio, who was asked, would he have gone bail for Pompey?

48. Does Shakespeare intend "poetic justice" in the Scene where Lucio berates the Duke to his face, thus punishing him for his masquerading?

49. Are the reflections of the Duke (lines 196 *et seq*) in character?

50. What motive had Escalus for wishing to mitigate the severity of Angelo's sentence upon Claudio?

51. Analyze the thought of the speech with which the Duke concludes this Act.

ACT FOURTH.

52. What is the emotional effect of the song with which the Act opens? Compare this episode with Tennyson's "Mariana of the Moated Grange," and say what is the internal harmony of the two.

53. What suitability to the time and occasion do you see in the speech of the Duke beginning with line 60? Compare it with Act III. Sc. ii. 196-200.

54. Does Pompey turned hangman become more or less repellent than he was before?

55. How, through the manner of leading up to the point, is the surprise of Angelo's letter (line 123) made keener? How does it affect one's feeling about the character of Angelo?

56. From the Barnardine episode what impression does one get of the nature of the Duke's government?

57. What change in the natural evolution of events does the Duke introduce in Sc. ii.? Through what supporting authority is he able to effect this?

58. What picture of prison life do you find in Sc. iii.? Was it a picture of contemporaneous conditions?

59. How is the audience made aware that the term of the Duke's masquerading is about to close?

60. What part of the action of the play takes place at the Moated Grange of Mariana?

61. How does Lucio turn the tables upon himself?

62. What is the episodic value of Sc. iv.?

63. Explain the reflections of Angelo beginning with line 21.

64. What preparations for the events of Act V. are made in the fourth Act?

ACT FIFTH.

65. Recount the train of events as they develop in the fifth Act.

66. Is the interest abated by the fact that the action of the play becomes artificial, and controlled by the Duke as *deus ex machina*?

67. Is there still an interest derived from the fact that Isabella and Mariana only partly understand the purposes of the Duke?

68. How does Angelo bear up under the uncovering of his crimes?

69. Does it seem a hardship that Lucio alone of all the evil-doers has to suffer punishment?

70. Had Shakespeare not insisted upon turning the play into a comedy, how would the action have run on to a natural conclusion?

71. What evidences do you see throughout the play of a comic purpose, even though the elements dealt with are tragic?

72. Mention qualities in Lucio that count on the nobler side of life.

73. Does Shakespeare find in Claudio any trait that is distinctly condemnable? What is the complete impression that you derive of his character?

74. Compare the appeal to mercy that Isabella makes to Angelo with that that Portia makes to Shylock and account for the differences in spirit and character.

75. What can you say of the Duke? What justice is there in Lucio's description of him as the *fantastical Duke of dark corners?*

76. When is it likely that the Duke first knew of the story of Mariana and consequently of Angelo's relation to her? How does this bear upon the point of his selecting Angelo to represent him?

---

77. Which is the more subtle character—the Duke or Angelo?

78. Did the Duke ever suspect Angelo?

79. If not, what view thereby do you get of Angelo and of the Duke?

80. Is not Angelo the greatest ironic conception of Shakespeare?

81. Does Shakespeare in this play often violate consistency of

character for the apparent purpose of proving a moral standpoint—notably in the case of the Duke?

82. What is the difference between moralizing and treating a subject morally?

83. Trace the affiliated humorous characters in other plays of Shakespeare.

84. What effect of contrast is seen between the characters of Angelo and Isabella and the other people of the play? Which group more stirs the sympathies?

85. Weigh internal evidences, comparing this with other plays as to characters and situations; consider the development of such a character as Isabella; observe the arrest of natural evolution in the plot, as seen in the last Act; then say where you would place this drama in the chronology of Shakespeare's works.

SCHEELE MEMORIAL LIBRARY
3 6655 00105595 2

PR William Shakespeare.
2754
.H3
vol.6

MAY 1 7 1983
OCT 25 1988
NOV 3 - 1993
DEC 1 0 1993

Concordia College Library
Bronxville, NY 10708